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August, 1919

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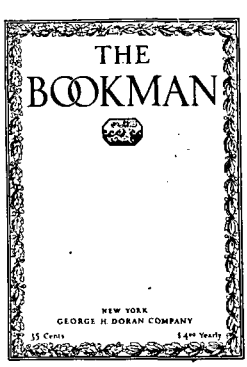

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THE BOOKMAN

HIGH POINTS ON A READER'S PATH

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

The late Henry Austen Clapp, in his pleasant book called, I think, "Recollections of a Dramatic Critic", has a chapter about the most memorable evenings he recalls in the theatre, the high points in his playgoing career. As we grow older, most of us, in conversation with a crony, fall naturally into the spirit of such a chapter, and swap recollections of great evenings in the past, which, no doubt, lose nothing of essential glamour in the process, but rather shine the brighter for the opalescent lustre of memory. But has it ever occurred to anyone to set down the memorable moments—or hours, or days—of his reading; not to tell of "books that have influenced me" —Heaven forfend!—but simply to recall the glorious zest of certain hours when the imagination has been fully caught up by an author and the experience has endured like a bit of vivid reality? I do not now think of any such attempt, except by the way, though it seems certain someone must have made it. At any rate, I have been thinking much of late of my own aureoled hours with books—perhaps because I have had so few in recent years. I find my memory far richer than my present—which is, no doubt, a sign of advancing years. I have reached my anecdotage.

When I was a small boy, every book was an adventure, as Jacob Gordin, the Yiddish dramatist, said every "she" is. I was alike thrilled by juveniles about the Maine woods, by "The Boys of '76", and by "The Scarlet Letter", which I read one Sunday afternoon at the age of nine, because I was forbidden to. My reading then had no high lights, because it had no low lights. I had read all of Dickens, too, before I was fourteen, drawn to him at first by the Cruikshank and Phiz pictures, in our Chatto and Windus edition. My elder sister, myself, and my younger sister, between us, quite ruined that edition commercially, reading its old red bindings off, and dislocating the engravings. But though I knew my Dickens as I knew my schoolmates, still the peculiar thrill I refer to was yet lacking.

It came to me first, as far as I can recall, in bed one Sunday morning, when I was about thirteen or fourteen. I occupied a little bedroom over the front hall, in our ancient house, and my bookcase could be reached

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from the bed. On Sundays, occasionally, my old gray cat was restrained from coming upstairs to wake me, and I was allowed to sleep as long as I chose. But I seldom slept. Rather, I loved to doze, half awake, and hear the church bells a mile away, and the soft rush of the wind in our big cherry-tree, the drone of domestic life under the floor. But this particular Sabbath I reached out and took down Scott's "The Lay of the Last Minstrel", in a "supplementary reading" edition. Poetry to me then meant nothing, or at most something tiresome we had to copy in blue "memory gem" books. A poet, par excellence, was Longfellow, whom I hated with an intensity that would have done credit to Penrod. The only poems I remember to have read with any pleasure up to that time were "Old Ironsides", Moore's "Go Where Glory Waits Thee" (which, for some inexplicable reason, made me weep, and I enjoyed weeping), and "Kentucky Belle", one of those ballads of the Civil War now happily extinct. I cannot say why, on this particular Sabbath, I selected a poem to read. There may have been some picture in the book which inveigled me.

> The way was long, the night was cold,
> The minstrel was infirm and old—

I was off on the galloping iambics, and I never stopped galloping till I fell, breathless and exhausted, off the last one into the prose of every day. I came down, in a kind of daze, to Sunday dinner (which I probably ate, however, with good zest), and from that day to this, perhaps you think I am going to say, I have read poetry by preference. But I am not going to say it. I cannot remember that I read any more poetry, even by Scott, with any increase of pleasure, till I reached college. This was a romantic oasis in the desert of my adolescence. At any rate, I well remember detesting Shakespeare at prep school and being mildly bored by "The Lady of the Lake", as well, of course, as abominating the prose "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" (I do still), and really enjoying only two books—"A Tale of Two Cities" (reread for an examination) and "The Prisoner of Zenda". The latter I read at a sitting, after my roommate had gone to bed. It was exciting, but not opalescent. Perhaps I should admit a certain interest in the novels of one "Albert Ross", which in those days were surreptitiously passed about among schoolboys, but it must have been a rather forced interest. I cannot recall a one of them now—which is, perhaps, just as well. His real name, by the way, was Porter, which seems to be the right name to have if you wish to die rich as an author.

I had just turned eighteen when I entered college, and had recently made two discoveries—women and authorship. I was in love, and I wanted to learn to write. One, at least, of those conditions is rather common, and it is rumored that both are. At any rate, they were responsible for my immediate immersion in English literature courses, and my astounding discovery of the "Golden Treasury".

I can still behold Professor Barrett Wendell parading up and down the lecture platform, twirling his watch-charm around and around by the chain, and reciting,—

> Full fathom five thy father lies—

with appropriate comments on its beauties, while I sat spellbound, wondering how these beauties had escaped me when I studied Shakespeare in school. I flew to the bookstore for the recommended "Golden Treasury", and taking it to my room, curled up

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on the window-seat and consumed Elizabethan lyrics while my heart sang to their daybreak tunes. Nor did I stop with them. I galloped ahead of the professor. I had reached Collins and Blake while he was still in the Restoration. Then I dipped into Book 4, and in very truth sat silent upon a window-seat in Weld. I didn't know whether I was happy or miserable. Some of the poems exalted me, but then would come one which stabbed. Lines sang in my ears, images swam before my eyes. And at length I reached,—

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—

and without ever having heard of Matthew Arnold and his "Celtic magic", I knew I was in the very holy of holies of English poetry—I had come upon Keats!

His poems had always stood upon our bookcase at home, but I had never opened them. I did not wait now for the course to catch up with me; I did not wait to hear a lecture on the "Lyrical Ballads" and Wordsworth's "Preface" (which, by the way, expressed so admirably a century ago much of what the "new poets" today are trying to phrase). I hastened to the college library to read Keats. It was a rainy, dismal afternoon when I went, and I should have been at a four-hour session in the physics laboratory. But what was physics to me? I had but two objects in life just then. One was to read Keats till supper, the other was to rush to see my adored one immediately after. And I did both. While the nasty winter rain dashed against the windows, and the trolleys complained on the curve of the avenue outside, I sat oblivious, under a green-shaded lamp, and looked on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn, and saw the warm gules on Madeleine's fair breast, while my thoughts, too, made purple riot in my heart. Indeed, I remember that afternoon far better than the ensuing evening. Neither, alas! can ever come again, but age and wisdom teach us that there is more permanence to a poem than a passion.

It is only natural, of course, that the aura of enchantment should attach to our reading more during college years than at any other time. I cannot now recall when or how I first read Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat", but I cannot forget the night, cold, bitter, brittle, when I rode out from Boston on the front platform of a trolley-car (at that time unshielded) and declaimed quatrain after quatrain under my breath, my blood singing warm with the beauty of them. They must have come over me inside the car, and driven me out into the cold. Finally I got off and walked, through the snow and starlight, that I might declaim them aloud. Their fatalistic melancholy, their haunting beauty, filled me with a great elation, a joyous, robust sadness.

Stevenson and Kipling were the popular literary idols in my college days, but I don't remember ever encountering any profound adventures in reading either. Perhaps the nearest approach was the night I read "Weir of Hermiston", and for once forgot to note Stevenson's paragraphing methods and tricks of description. "Soldiers Three" bored me, and while, in his poems, Kipling sometimes seemed drawing near some kind of a new and more intimate poetic medium, they never moved me beyond the pleasures of mere tune or martial rhythm. I had progressed from Keats to Rossetti, and had lived an exquisite evening in "The House of Life"; Kipling seemed second-rate. I have

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changed many a judgment since those days, but not that one. It was Mrs. Voynich and Thomas Hardy among the moderns who took me up on an exceeding high mountain.

Does anyone today remember "The Gadfly"? Immortality certainly was not in it; perhaps it was fantastic, turgid, overwrought. But it must have had a certain intensity of passion in it, or it could not have so roused us youngsters of the later 'nineties. To me it seemed to open many doors, and through them I heard idols crashing down, and reveled in the sound. But it was reserved for "Jude the Obscure" to move me as no book has ever done, before or since. It would seem as if I then had a penchant for the morbid!

I began "Jude", I remember, late one evening, just as my roommate, a sweet, joyous soul, who usually went to bed early and rose cheerful before breakfast, was retiring. Our sitting-room was heated by a coal grate, and I sat in the Morris chair before this fire, absorbed in the opening pages, and bade him a rather curt good night. I read on for some time, dozed an hour or two from sheer physical weariness, then woke and read again, the only sound being the occasional gurgle in my student's lamp. I had just reached the point where Sue goes to the closet and finds the dangling bodies of her babies, when my roommate suddenly emerged from his bedroom, whistling "Up the Street". It chanced that the iron poker was still in my hand, after a recent stirring of the coals. Half-hysterical, presumably, I let it fly at him. He ducked, and it smashed a panel in the door. Saint that he was, he picked it up, stood it by the grate, gave me a single reproachful look, and departed for breakfast.

I read on. He had not come back when I finished. I threw the book across the room, put on my stout boots and a sweater, rolled my pajamas into my pocket, got a cup of coffee and some eggs in a lunch-room, and ignoring all recitations and lectures tramped out into the country, as hard as I could walk. I tramped till dark, but still the dreadful tale tramped at my heels, and I could not return to my fellows. I could not bear cheerful association with my kind. I put up at a country hotel for the night. The next day I tramped back, by a round-about way—a full thirty miles. As I drew near the familiar buildings, the world looked, finally, almost right again. I could speak once more to my roommate. I entered our rooms.

"Going to dinner?" I asked.

"Got it out of your system?"

"Yes", said I.

"All right", he laughed.

That was all we ever said about it, but I am rather glad Hardy has written no more novels.

The books which have given us profound intellectual pleasure are, naturally, debarred from consideration in such reminiscences as these, unless the pleasure has been accompanied, or transfused, with spiritual and emotional glow. A first reading of Emerson's "Self Reliance" has probably given many a youth such transfused emotional and intellectual satisfaction. But it was not so much Emerson who thus affected me in my college days as Tolstoi. Pater's "Conclusion" of course we all read with vast interest, but Pater always obtruded his style so much upon our fastidious technical interest that we could not give his message undivided attention. Tolstoi, however, seemed to me then to have no style. I began "What is Art?"

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scornfully, I who was a thoroughgoing, Paterian disciple of "art for art's sake". Though my interest was soon captured, it was not until I reached the description of a rehearsal of "Siegfried" that I suddenly saw a great vision, and fell before the book even as Paul on the road to Damascus. I must confess that my whole attitude toward art has been different since I read that book, though I had hoped to refrain from such sententiousness. However, I can in no other way convey the tremendous emotion of *revolution* within me which that book, and especially that section about the Siegfried rehearsal, evoked. I have never read the book since, and I have reread Pater many times; but the emotion of revolution did its work, none the less. I never again threw the bolt in my ivory tower, even when I entered it for a breathing spell.

"What is Art?" precipitated me into settlement work, volunteer night-class instruction, even Sunday preaching, and very nearly cost me my degree. I don't remember to have surrendered myself completely to a book again until some time after I was out of college. It happened on a summer vacation, after midnight on a hot night. The book—why I had never read it before, I cannot imagine—was "The House of the Seven Gables". I grew colder and colder as the tale gripped me. I closed the windows. I donned a bath-robe. I was swept along, upon the icy current of Hawthorne's sombre soul. A rooster crowed, the tale was finished—and I was suddenly in a furnace. But that is the way to read a book—unconditional surrender must be imposed, or stick to the newspapers!

Other memorable surrenders on my part have been to "The Hound of Heaven" and to Patmore's "The Unknown Eros". Patmore has always peculiarly fascinated me, both as a man and a poet. There is something about him I don't like; his point of view has always seemed arrogant, aloof, egotistical, and his mysticism curiously flavored with sex. I cannot escape the impression that there was a taint of the sensualist in him. Yet when I first read "The Azalea", and "The Toys", for example, I experienced the joyous shock of finding poetry wrought out of unadorned speech, and attaining directly to the imaginative rendering of common things. The so-called "new poetry" of today has, as yet, never given me the same joyous shock—though it aims to do so—save in one or two poems by Robert Frost. Reading "The Hound of Heaven", of course, was an aeroplane excursion into the interstellar spaces. I have to add that, twenty years later, Francis Thompson rather bores me. I prefer the earthly excursions of Frost and Masters and Sandburg.

No doubt it is as inevitable as it is sad that the capacity for complete and joyous spiritual surrender to a book grows feebler with advancing years. Judgment, preconceptions, acquired tastes and habits, get between the author and his reader, and, of course, the lengthening "shades of the prison house" dim the aureole. We still surrender to whimsy and humor with much satisfaction, but that is not quite the same thing as the imaginative adventures I have tried to suggest. To "Seventeen", or "The Little White Bird", or "The Wind in the Willows" we have all given a response that is whole-hearted and unforgetable. But, after all, in no such case is it a spiritual adventure. Spiritual adventures are made of sterner stuff, or of stuff that touches more closely

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the primal emotions. I am afraid I must confess to something very akin to a spiritual adventure when I read George Moore's "The Lovers of Orelay", in the London edition, of course. No doubt that tale is shockingly immoral, but it is none the less lovely. In it Moore speaks of the songs of Schubert and Schumann as "the moonlit lakes and nightingales of music". It is a moonlit lake and nightingale of fiction.

It is not, perhaps, so odd that in the latter years my spiritual adventures with books have been with play books; it is not odd because the authentic voices in latter-day literature are so often the voices of dramatists, in spite of the plays we see in our theatre. The day I first read "Riders to the Sea" will be always marked in red in the journal of my memory. Here at last was the new poetry—in prose. Here at last, after a full century, was a theory of Wordsworth's in his preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" justified by accomplishment: that is, the actual language of humble people, with its daring metaphor, and its innate imaginative lift when touched by strong emotion, was employed by an author with propriety, sincerity, and the most chastened art, to create an effect astonishingly moving, and astonishingly original.

Somewhat later an American poet, Robert Gilbert Welch, sent me a copy of Dunsany's plays, then unknown and unperformed in this country. The first one I read was "The Gods of the Mountain", and, like Paolo and Francesca, I read no more that day. Here again was a new, an authentic voice, a new vision—and an old, forgotten language, the tongue of the English Bible, made flexible, alive once more, nervous, thrilling, splendid. And how perfect the art of the structure, the beginning, the middle, the end! How rare that sensation when the last word is read that no more *could* be said, that the perfect thing is perfectly completed! One puts on his dinner-coat and drags himself out to review the newest play on Broadway, with reluctant feet, after he has just come upon "The Gods of the Mountain" for the first time!

Whether the fault is mine or not, this has remained my last great adventure with a book, unless I except "The Education of Henry Adams", where, however, the adventure was primarily intellectual. I have read many excellent books in the past few years. I have had moments of exquisite enjoyment, as when I first read Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners" in a subway train; but no one has compelled of me that ultimate surrender, that complete yielding of the imagination, the emotions, the spiritual powers, which Aristotle long ago somewhat inelegantly but vividly described in relation to tragedy, and which always marks a milestone in one's æsthetic, and often in one's spiritual and practical life. If the fault is wholly mine, if it means simply that I am "chilly and grown old", I shall lock the cases in my library, and retire permanently to my perennials. I can still thrill to the immortal wonder of a painted trillium in the spring, and the tapestries of autumn. But I am going to cherish a little longer a faint hope of a new Dunsany, before my eyesight fails.

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THE IDEA

BY WILLIAM McFEE

Dinner was over, and little glasses of red and green liqueurs were being carefully transposed by the stewards as they withdrew the cloth. Most of us were smoking, and a game of chess was beginning at the foot of the table. The gramophone was rendering an Irish jig, and the Chief Engineer, from Londonderry, was incommoding the wardroom servants in front of the sideboard with a *pas seul* of his own invention. It was a typical scene. Half a dozen men were laughing and talking together at the top of the table, when someone suddenly remarked:

"Oh, I don't think there's much in it, you know, if you only get a good idea."

I looked at the speaker, a young seaplane observer, known chiefly to me as a devoted reader of poetry. I found, to my surprise, that they were talking of literature. Some friend at home had "made a hit" with a story, I gathered, and the talk had focused upon the fascinating subject of an idea.

"I have read somewhere", remarked the surgeon, filling his pipe, "that there are only nine original ideas for a story in the world, and they were all discovered ages ago by the Chinese."

"You mean the nine muses," murmured the Flight Commander.

"Oh no", said the surgeon, "I mean what I say—nine ideas. I forget what they are, but the argument of the writer was that all plots fall into these nine categories. You can't get away from the nine original ideas."

"Like a cat with her nine lives," suggested the Flight Commander. "No wonder magazine stories are piffle."

"I have an aunt who lives at Nine Elms," interjected the junior watchkeeper, and was suppressed.

"I don't think you've got it right, Doc," I remarked, moving nearer. "The actual number of ideas is, in my opinion, immaterial. Even granting only nine original plots, the combinations of nine numbers is infinite, I am given to understand by the mathematicians. Facts prove that it is so. I myself have known men who had ideas to burn, as they say."

"That's all my ideas are fit for . . . to burn," muttered the surgeon.

"I am convinced", I went on, "that in the matter of ideas he who meditates is lost. I used to know a man who spent his life hunting for ideas." The young seaplane observer was watching me, and I preserved an aspect of bland abstraction. Without betraying any confidences, I was aware that he had secret ambitions toward literature.

"This man", I resumed, "had been for many years librarian at a college in London where I was a student. His knowledge of literature was as comprehensive as mine was sketchy. He had been at a German university and was familiar not only with books, but with the art and music of western Europe. He had written a short play on some historical subject which had had a short run in London years before I met him. Of course he was

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much older than I, but we had in common a leaning toward a bohemian existence, which ultimately took the form of a flat in Chelsea, in the days when artists and authors lived along Cheyne Walk, and there was a sort of Latin Quarter to be found there.

"I had a job in an office in the city, and he, of course, had to be at the college till nine or ten o'clock at night. We used to go to a tavern in Knightsbridge and stay till midnight, when we would walk down Sloane Street and along the river-front to our flat, where the housekeeper had left a cold supper spread in our room overlooking the Thames. And all the time we talked. Whether it was brilliant talk or not, I am not prepared to say. The point is that this man, with whom I spent a great portion of my time, was consumed with a preposterous craving to discover what he defined as 'an idea for a play'. His puny little success with a one-act curtain raiser had thrown him slightly out of center and he had been wabbling ever since. And the curious thing about him was that this obsession kept company in his mind with the perfectly irreconcilable conviction that 'everything had been done'.

"He was an accomplished improvisator on the piano, and on fine summer evenings our open window on Cheyne Walk would be cluttered with quite a little crowd of home-going sweethearts and so forth, listening to him as he played in the darkness. But when I would say—'Why not write it down?'—he would make a gesture of negation and answer that it was no use; everything had been done. He would watch me scribbling away on Sundays, and assure me that it was all futile—everything had been done. Of course this was in his pessimistic periods. At other times he would rouse up and discuss the possibility of hitting upon 'an idea'.

"He had what I call a typical misconception of the very nature of literature. He seemed to imagine that ideas were like nuggets of gold which anyone might stumble upon at any moment. He was preoccupied with the notion of *wealth* to be obtained from the idea. With all his vast knowledge of books this man was forever looking at literature through the wrong end of the telescope. He would turn over the most imbecile suggestions for books; for instance—a novel in which all the characters were wicked, or a novel in which all the characters were good and came to a bad end. His desire, you see, was not to evolve something out of himself, but to do something superficially different from some well-known success. To write because he had to, because he would enjoy doing it, never entered his head.

"Don't imagine that he was a fool. On the contrary he had an instinct for the genuine which was unerring up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Here he lost himself and got involved in all sorts of mazes. And it was this sudden failure of his critical insight to cope with his contemporaries which led me one day to compare a man's intellectual life with a projectile fired from a gun. Each follows a hyperbolic curve which reaches its maximum height at a certain period and then begins to decline. Some never reach the point where the man himself is standing. Some are still flying ahead and are not understood by us. Of course, I added, I spoke in hyperbole. He was a man of nervous and disconcerting movements, gray but not old, and his pale eyes had the peculiar glaze of the idealist who is also a failure. He made a

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quick gesture and rapidly exclaimed:

" 'That's an idea! That's an idea! Now how can we work that out?' and he fell into a reverie which lasted till the saloon closed.

"It was the same when I told him that in a story I was writing a miser made the discovery that he could get his money back in the next world if his heirs squandered it in this. 'Now there's an idea!' he burst out, and began walking to and fro with his eternal cigarette. 'If I could only get an idea,' he would mutter. 'Something really original . . . there's a fortune in it.' He would bump into an idea and remain unaware of its proximity. I remember when he came down to join me in Chelsea, he was very much upset. He had been two years in lodgings in Bayswater, kept by a middle-aged widow, when suddenly she had come up to his room 'just as he was thinking out an idea for a play' and asked him to marry her. He was in a terrible state. He packed his portmanteaus and trunk, took a four-wheeler and came down at once to me. He had never heard of such a thing in his life, he assured me! He had never done or said anything that anyone could construe into an advance. It took him weeks to get over the shock and return to his hunt for an idea.

"He was like a traveler through a rich and pleasant land who is under the illusion of being in a barren desert. That is the point I want you to notice, for this friend of mine was typical of that period of thought in bohemian London. Oh dear no, he wasn't the only one by any means. I daresay there were thousands of well-meaning and cultured ladies and gentlemen in London in those days who were afflicted with the same peculiar perversion of vision. They were responsible for the notion spreading through schools and colleges, suburbs and country towns, that an idea is a nugget of gold to be suddenly found in a heap of dirt. Now if you will permit me to say so, you are quite wrong. My friend was wrong. I don't wish to convey the impression that I was a sort of youthful Socrates who amused himself by studying the habits of an elderly failure. But I never could satisfy myself that his mania for an 'idea' or an 'original plot' was the right way to go about."

"Then how do you propose to go about?" inquired the surgeon.

"Well, we'll come to that presently. What I was going to say was this. If we go back a little way in the history of story-writing, we shall find that, following on the unique success of Dickens as a serialist, a number of other men achieved a somewhat similar success without the greatness. That is to say, these men followed what they conceived to be Dickens's method. They planned interminable serials with a central mystery which remained undivulged until the end, and was supposed to keep the reader's tongue hanging out with anxiety. But as a matter of fact the anxiety was more the author's than the reader's, for the former was often driven to the craziest shifts to maintain the agony and extricate himself from the difficulties in which he found himself. As Oscar Wilde shrewdly and wittily remarked of these writers, 'the suspense of the author becomes unbearable'. Now, while it is true that Dickens usually had a few mysteries in his novels, mysteries which somehow seem strangely unnecessary and clumsy to us today, his success was in spite of, not because of them. His followers could not see that, and spent their lives devising problems which,

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to quote Wilde again, were not worth solving.

"If that were all, the evil would have died with them. Unfortunately some of these men became editors, and the evil that editors do lives after them, as well as the good. As editors these authors established a mandarinic control over the young men who were beginning to write. It gradually became impossible to sell a manuscript which did not conform to their conception of a story. Not only was the number of words fixed, but the whole business was reduced to a few rules. Every story had to have a 'plot'. By plot was understood either a love story, a ghost story, or a murder story. The story par excellence was one which combined all three. I am speaking now of the 'eighties and early 'nineties. If you want to know how they succeeded, turn over the old magazines in a second-hand bookstore and try to read the stories. You will discover, to your astonishment, many men who have since made their mark as originals, laboriously fitting together the sorriest hack-stuff at the command of some editor who had become famous in the same line. By virtue of their own genius they have escaped; but they are only a few out of the scores who lived and died in the grip of that highly organized convention.

"And the strange and terrible thing about it all was that every book produced at that time which is still alive broke every rule that the mandarins had made. Even that last infirmity of ignoble minds—the happy ending, was flouted on occasion. But I am not concerned either with the men who broke down the walls of this penitentiary, or with the men who saw their chance and followed out through the gap into freedom. What I want you to remember is that the great majority believed that story-writing did go by rule, that you could learn to do it just as you learned to play the piano or ride a bicycle. They paid for this belief with their lives, some of them. They lived in garrets and wrote stories of beautiful young ladies of high degree in love with diplomatists and landowners. They burst their poor heads looking for 'plots' and 'ideas'. They planned happy endings while their own hearts were breaking with failure. And it was all so futile, so stupidly wrong. The whole trouble lay in the fact that they were trying to write without in the first place getting any knowledge of life. They were so preoccupied with the technical details of a senseless conventionalism that they never became aware of the life around them. Do you remember the plaintive cry of one of them—'I could be a great poet if I only knew the names of things'!

"The man I have been telling you about was like that. New ideas were exploding all round him, and all he could do was to shrink into himself and mutter that 'everything had been done. All the ideas had been used.' It never entered his head to take hold and write about the first thing that came to hand, to go on writing. It never struck him that an idea was a living thing, which grows and develops and ultimately brings forth other ideas. He couldn't see that. I have often thought of the last time I ever saw him, early in the war. We had been to the terminal to get my baggage, for I was to spend the night at his place. He was talking of an idea he had for writing a series of articles on the dramatists of the seventeenth century. I applauded the notion, for he really knew more about the seven-

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teenth century than he did about the twentieth. But imagine it! Conceive the mentality of a man who proposed such a thing, with Antwerp falling, with a British Fleet destroyed off Coronel, with every heart in England on fire in one gigantic struggle with the powers of darkness! Nevertheless I applauded the notion, for he desired greatly to earn a few guineas. And as we came out of the terminal station into Liverpool Street, and he was complaining of the difficulty in getting a central idea for each essay, it seemed as if the whole world dissolved in a series of explosions. There was a sheet of green flame in front of us and the sound as of every window in London falling in shivers. We darted into the station and waited for death. It seemed impossible that we could escape. My friend collapsed into a fit of ague. Bomb after bomb fell and burst with its tremendous detonation and he sat there on my grip and muttered, 'My God! My God!' The mothers with children and the men who had collected with us on that stone stairway, looked curiously at him as he sat shuddering. I don't think he ever recovered from that little adventure. The twentieth century was too much for him. I often think of him, now that he is gone, wandering in the shades in his fruitless search for an idea. Or perhaps he has found one, and is spending eternity working it out!"

"Well", said the surgeon, ringing the bell for the bartender, "that doesn't seem to get us any nearer to the solution. You don't propose that a man should die or commit suicide in order to get an original idea for a story, do you?"

"Not at all. My point is that a young man must let his ideas grow, and not be continually rooting them up to see how they are getting on. The broad difference between us and the old conventionalists is this—that while they constructed what they called a plot, something like a Chinese puzzle, and fitted their highly conventional characters into it, we prefer to conceive one or more characters evolved out of our own souls by their impact upon others, and leave these characters to fashion the story in their own way. Just as the realists who followed them were not real, so the romanticists themselves were not really romantic. The very essence of a romance is its fortuitousness, if I may say so. It may be succinct or it may be rambling. It may have the clear-cut beauty of a jewel or the shadowy elusiveness of a dream. It will depend for its authenticity upon the genuine quality of your mood. But in nine cases out of ten the idea, as you call it, is not clearly apparent to the author himself until he has gone too far to go back. He sees it in a glass darkly and then, perhaps, face to face."

"What'll you have?" asked the surgeon.

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GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S PARIS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

Until a few years ago at least, a conspicuous figure in the afternoon parade along the Avenue des Champs Elysées out to the Bois de Boulogne and back again was a fastidiously dressed man, who, from the seat of his victoria, surveyed the *piétons* on the sidewalks and the occupants of passing horse-drawn vehicles with eyes that were half intolerant, half supercilious. Toward the stream of motor-cars that year by year grew in volume, his glances were of almost malignant hostility. The mechanical vehicle he held to be an intrusion, and the plaything of the vulgar. But the steeds that conveyed him to and fro were of the finest breed and the last word in grooming; and to the end his attitude toward the world was the attitude affected by the penniless young clerk in a railway office, who, one evening, met the journalist Forestier in the Boulevard des Italiens, and gladly accepted the loan of two louis which he never repaid. For the man was the original of George Duroy, later Du Roy de Cantel, of Guy de Maupassant's "Bel-Ami".

There is said to exist a set of Maupassant's books on the margins of which he jotted down the real names of every person and place he described. Even further than Alphonse Daudet he carried this passion for personalities. The George Duroy of "Bel-Ami" has been mentioned. The real Boule de Suif was one Adrienne Legay, who lived in Rouen at the time of the War of 1870, and who died in poverty about two years after Maupassant himself passed away in the *maison de santé* of Doctor Blanche. The heroine of "Une Vie" is said to have been drawn from his own mother, as Dickens put his mother in Mrs. Nickleby, and Thackeray drew upon his—together with his wife and Mrs. Brookfield—in the making of Amelia Sedley. It was about a year ago that a line from Paris told of the death of the man whom Maupassant invested with the complicated qualities of Olivier Bertin in "Fort Comme la Mort". The Madame de Burne of "Notre Cœur" is supposed to have been the mysterious lady—the "lady of the pearl-grey dress"—whose repeated visits to Maupassant, in the last years at Cannes, so distressed the valet François. The originals of the Comtesse de Guillery, of Forestier and Madame Forestier, later Madame Du Roy de Cantel, of Clotilde, and of M. and Madame Walter of "Bel-Ami" were perfectly well known to a score of Maupassant's personal friends. The chapters describing modern Parisian journalism were based upon his own experiences in the offices of certain papers, notably the "Gaulois".

For all practical purposes the Paris upon which Guy de Maupassant drew so freely in the course of his six novels, his fifteen or twenty stories, that range from twelve to twenty-five thousand words, and his innumerable *contes*, is the Paris of today, or, at least, the Paris that we knew prior to the 1st of August, 1914. It is the city of pleasure and industry that is

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reflected in his pages—the great sweep of the boulevards, the offices of the bureaucracy, the hives of journalism, the bowered driveways of the Bois, or the Rond Point glinting in the afternoon sunshine, the humming activity of the great shops of fashion that line the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra. But here and there a park plays its inevitable part, for when the warp of the story did not permit the author to carry his characters away, following his own inclination, to the waters of the Seine at Bougival or Malmaison, or to the Fôret de Fontainebleau, that love of the country that was in his blood turned him to the Parc Monceau, or the Gardens of the Luxembourg, or the Buttes-Chaumont, or the Cemetery of Montmartre or the Cemetery of Père Lachaise.

Among Maupassant's novels there is one that is blatant of modern Paris. There is Paris in "Fort Comme la Mort", in "Notre Cœur"; touches of it even in "Une Vie", "Mont Oriol", and "Pierre et Jean". But in these books the scenes are merely incidental; a home had to be found for Madame de Burne, André Mariolle, or Olivier Bertin—a background for this encounter, for that prearranged meeting. But the sweep of the city, its vastness, its complexity, its cruel energy, its pitiless struggle, throb in every page of "Bel-Ami". The book begins in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette; it ends in the Madeleine. That tells a significant story.

From the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, George Duroy—ex-trooper in Algeria, now a clerk in a railway office on a salary that barely permits him to exist—strolls of an evening down to the boulevards to watch enviously those more favored of fortune taking their amusement. Crossing the Place de l'Opéra, he meets Forestier, a comrade of former days in the service, and the encounter changes his entire life. The forty francs that the journalist thrusts in his hand lead to an adventure that night at the Folies Bergères. The following evening he dines with the Forestiers and their guests in the Rue Fontaine. Given a footing as a reporter on the "Vie Française", he soon acquires an intimate knowledge of that surface scum Paris which, to the eyes of the stranger, obscures the clearer waters below. The soul of the city he never probes; but with its body and the sores of its body he is soon as familiar as any glazed-hat driver of a night fiacre.

In the later years of his life in Paris Maupassant lived in the Rue Montchanin, a little street to the north of the Parc Monceau, near where the Avenue Villiers crosses the Boulevard Malesherbes. His was not the feverish physical activity of Balzac that sent the creator of the "Comédie Humaine" to every corner of Paris before selecting the edifice that was to serve as the setting for a projected tale. It was easier and it saved time to describe structures nearer at hand; so almost within a stone's throw of the house in the Rue Montchanin will be found the streets associated with more than half of the Maupassant tales. They lie along the line of what are generally known as the Boulevards Extérieurs, the Boulevard de Courcelles, the Boulevard des Batignolles, the Boulevard de Clichy, and the Boulevard Rochechouart.

To understand Guy de Maupassant's attitude toward Paris, it is necessary to consider his life in general, his heritage, his training, and his en-

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vironment. He was born August 5, 1850, in the Château de Miromesnil, about eight miles from Dieppe, on the Normandy coast. Breathing deeply of the salt of the sea in his cradle, to the end of his days ever turning to its imperious call, there was always, in his bearing toward Paris, something of the hostility of the stranger. Maupassant's father, Gustave de Maupassant, belonged to a Lorraine family that had established itself in Normandy nearly a hundred years before the birth of the novelist. The family had been ennobled by the Emperor Francis—in fact, had the right to carry the title of marquis. Upon this right, Guy, even in the years when he was most assiduously courting Parisian society, never traded. In that respect he was no "Bel-Ami". In 1846 Gustave de Maupassant espoused Mlle. Laure Le Poittevain, of a family of the upper Norman bourgeoisie. As children, Laure and her brother Alfred had been comrades of Gustave Flaubert, a fact which may be accepted as explaining the ardor with which in after years the author of "Madame Bovary" devoted himself to Guy's literary training.

The marriage of Guy's parents did not turn out happily, and soon after the birth of a second son—Hervé, six years younger than Guy—an amicable separation was arranged, by the terms of which Madame de Maupassant took back her own fortune, retained the children, and, for their support, received from her husband the sum of sixteen hundred francs a year. She made her home in Etretat, between Havre and Fécamp on the Norman coast, and it was there that the boys passed the greater part of their childhood. Until he was thirteen Guy's education was of an exceedingly desultory nature, with his mother practically his only instructor. When he entered the seminary at Yvetot he found the discipline and the society of his commonplace schoolmates in unhappy contrast to the free life by the sea.

Then came the Lycée, in Rouen. There he was happier, and he worked diligently, winning his degree without trouble. He had already decided upon a literary career, and, as has been so usual with French men of letters, he began by writing verse. At that period of his life he seems to have been a creature of great gayety and bounding animal spirits. That splendid physical strength, which, outwardly at least, he always retained, and which enabled him as a swimmer, to buffet the waves for hours at a time—he once rescued Swinburne when the English poet was drowning—had, of course, not been impaired by excess or overwork. There are many anecdotes of that time that explain the formation of the writer, and particularly his methods of observation. An English maiden lady on whom the high-spirited youth played a practical joke, later served as the model for "Miss Harriet". All that he owed to Normandy, to the peasants, the sailors, the country priests, the keepers of taverns—all the vivid impressions that were to play so prominent a part in his life work—were then assimilated. Then, in the spring after the War of 1870, when he was in his twenty-first year, he went to Paris. He obtained a clerkship in the department of marine that paid him a yearly salary of fifteen hundred francs. Later he found a more lucrative place in the department of public instruction. As an employee of the state he was by no means overzealous. His leisure hours

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he devoted to boating on the Seine; at the office he scribbled on the paper of the administration the verses and essays that on Sundays he submitted to Flaubert's criticism.

That criticism, supervision, and direction lasted for seven years—from 1873 till 1880. It consisted of developing the powers of observation, of impressing upon the youth the older man's arduous creed of style, of curbing with a firm hand the natural desire for premature publication. At the Sunday Flaubert table young Maupassant was a frequent guest. There he met on terms of easy equality the leading men of letters of France—Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Catulle Mendes, Turgenev, and others. The apprenticeship came to an end in 1878 when "Boule de Suif" was included in the "Soirées de Médan".

Admirable as it unquestionably is as a story, "Boule de Suif" was essentially a *tour de force*. The more natural expression of Maupassant's talent was in the interpretation of the bureaucratic life about him, and of those Parisian scenes and streets with which his daily activities as an employee brought him in contact. The story of Maupassant's life from 1880 to 1890 is the story of his books. In the ten years he produced six novels, sixteen volumes of short stories, three volumes of travel, besides numerous newspaper articles that have not been included in the various editions of his works. His average was rather more than three books a year, a result that he achieved by the regularity of his work. He wrote every morning from seven o'clock till noon, turning out at least six pages a day. Flaubert, his master, revised and revised, sometimes spending days over a single sentence, groping furiously for hours in the pursuit of the exact word. Maupassant, as fastidious as Flaubert in the matter of style, found expression so easy that he rarely erased. It was his habit, contrary to general opinion, to make a preliminary draft of a story. According to one of his friends he never went to bed without jotting down notes of all that had impressed him during the day. Precision in the matter of minute details was his creed. For example in "La Maison Tellier", over which he toiled for months, there is a scene introducing English and French sailors. Being entirely ignorant of the English language he went to Turgenev in order to inform himself exactly as to the words of "Rule Britannia".

Where it was a case of a Paris street or structure he was equally precise. In "L'Héritage", that sinister tale of a conditional inheritance, the information that the story conveys is that M. Cachelin lived in the upper end of the Rue Rochechouart, a street that may roughly be described as being not very far from the Gare du Nord. It is related that Maupassant made a careful study of every house of that street near its Boulevard Rochechouart end, until he found the one structure that fitted the purposes of his narrative. The little apartment in the Rue de Constantinople, just back of the Gare St. Lazare, where, in "Bel-Ami", Mme. de Marelle and George Duroy had their meetings, is said to have been drawn from an apartment associated with certain episodes in the author's own life as a man of gallantry. There was perhaps a generality in placing the office of "La Vie Française", where Duroy won his spurs in journalism, in the Boulevard Poissonnière; for locating a Parisian newspaper in that

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neighborhood was something like ascribing the office of a New York daily to Park Row, or a London daily to Fleet Street. In its sweep, "Bel-Ami", more than any other novel of Maupassant, is compact of modern Paris. The very essence of the evening life of the great boulevard, with its sidewalk tables and its *flâneurs*, is in the opening scene, culminating with Duroy's encounter with his comrade of the Algerian army days, Forestier. In turn the narrative shifts to the Folies Bergères, to the home of the Forestiers, No. 17 Rue Fontaine, to that of the Marelles, to Duroy's own miserable dwelling, to the Bois, to the church into which the adventurer pursued Mme. Walter, to various restaurants and artists' studios, and finally to the stately Madeleine, where, with ecclesiastical blessing and admonition, George Du Roy de Cantel and Suzanne Walter were made man and wife.

The Paris of "Bel-Ami" is essentially the Paris of "Notre Cœur", of "Fort Comme la Mort", of "Monsieur Parent", of "L'Inutile Beauté", and "L'Héritage". It was touched in "Pierre et Jean", "Mont Oriol", and "Une Vie". But it was inevitable that the continual change and travel that was such a factor in Maupassant's own life after his first taste of success, should have been reflected in the most Parisian of his novels. Two journeys, one to Cannes and the other to Rouen, play parts in "Bel-Ami". The Norman Mont St. Michel and the Forêt de Fontainebleau are woven into "Notre Cœur". In his books as in his own existence Maupassant needed a diversion from the feverish turmoil of Paris. If he himself could spare time for summer weeks between the *falaises* of Etretat, for cruises in Mediterranean waters, for voyages to Italy, Corsica, Sicily, and Algeria, he felt that his characters were entitled to a similar privilege. Then, too, despite a certain undeniable vein of snobbishness, which led him to profess a preference for the company of men and women of society over that of his fellow literary workers, Maupassant's liking for the *grand monde* was never thoroughly genuine. He became a man of fashion, he was sought after and welcomed in the most exclusive circles, to his talent even the doors of the old nobility were opened; yet his attitude was ever one of cold politeness and affected disdain.

The formal Maupassant biography is that of Maynial. But six or seven years ago there appeared the "Recollections" of Maupassant's valet. Major Arthur Pendennis's man-servant, Morgan, taking leave of his master in some dissatisfaction, debated whether he should go in for literature or politics. Had he chosen the former career, and become the historian of the grim old warrior he knew so well, the result might have been a book much in the vein of François's book. For to the valet the master was above all a dandy and an accomplished man of the world. It was very fine, perhaps, to have written "Bel-Ami", and "Fort Comme la Mort", and "Pierre et Jean". But what really stirred the pride of François, and made him assume airs over other gentlemen's gentlemen, was the position of Maupassant as a boulevardier, his friendships with aristocratic names, his successes with women. Yet now and then François condescends to throw light on Maupassant the craftsman. For example, the publication of "Fort Comme la Mort" in March, 1889, was a triumph for Maupassant, but brought him so many

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visits from young writers that he began to complain. François quotes him:

> They tire me to death. I want the mornings for my work, and really they are becoming too numerous. Henceforth I will receive them only by appointment. Of course I like to be of use to them; but very often what I tell them does no good. Now that young fellow who has just left me; it is a waste of time to give him good advice; he is so dissipated. He never thinks about his work, and yet imagines he will become a novel writer! It is impossible, impossible! You understand, in order to write a novel, you must think of it constantly, all the characters must be in their proper places, everything must be settled before you begin writing the first pages, otherwise you must begin every day all over again. Then there is a muddle, from which you can never come out successfully. It is not the work of one day, even for a practised writer, let alone a beginner.

François himself had some opinions on literary matters. An excursion into the environs once led master and man in the direction of Zola's house at Médan. François, in response to a question, acknowledged acquaintance with the "Rougon-Macquart" series, and added:

> Since you really wish to know what I think of the books I will tell you. M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants. He puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in "Pot-Bouille" he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant, and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts in the mouths of his characters. M. Zola sought his documents on the very lowest rung of the ladder. I wonder where he got them. It is not fair to attack defenceless beings, who are very often interesting. How many times during a day does a poor maid-servant trample on her own self-respect so as to keep her place and remain an honest girl! And that, so as at the end of the month, she may pocket thirty francs, out of which she buys what she cannot do without, sending the rest to her old father and mother, who still are obliged to support young children, and are often helpless on account of their infirmities.

François was with Maupassant during the last, tragic years. The trouble with the novelist's eyes, which so often interfered with his work, began as early as 1885. To repair excesses, and to soften suffering, he indulged in ether, cocaine, morphine, and hasheesh. The impending crash was foreshadowed in such tales as "Le Horla", "Lui", "Fou", and "Qui Sait?" The story of the actual breakdown has never been made quite clear. François hintingly attributed it to the "lady of the pearl-grey dress and golden waistband", and to a mysterious telegram from an eastern land. There was a journey to the Ile Sainte-Marguerite during which some weird and horrible thing happened. But what it was no one seems to know. A week later at Cannes, Maupassant made two attempts at suicide. Then he had the delusion that war had been declared between France and Germany. He was feverishly eager to go to the front and made François swear to follow him to the defense of the eastern frontier. "During our numerous journeys", recorded François, "he always gave me his military certificate to take care of, for fear this should be lost in the enormous quantities of papers he possessed."

Then again, and for the last time, Paris, or rather the outskirts of Paris; the *maison de santé* of Dr. Blanche, at Passy, where he was to remain till the end.

They are not pleasant to contemplate, those last days. There were periods of gibbering and violence. He imagined countless invisible enemies. Even against the faithful François he turned, accusing him of having taken his place on the "Figaro", and slandered him in heaven. "I beg you to leave me; I refuse to see you any more." In a savage moment he hurled a billiard ball at the head

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of another inmate. Again his madness would take the form of belief in his own Monte Cristo-like wealth—the *folie des grandeurs*—when he would rush about calling to an imaginary broker to sell the French *rentes, en bloc.*

Now and then there was an hour of lucidity, of calmness, of comparative peace, when he was able to recognize friends, when, looking out of his window, he could see the glittering lights of the city, and imagine the Madame de Burnes, the Madame de Marelles, the Olivier Bertins, the George Duroys, going about their business and their pleasure as usual. Perhaps he recalled the days of his lusty strength, when he had ever been so ready to *faire la noce.* But sparkling as had been the wit, loud as had been the laughter, there was always the undertone of bitter, weary sadness. Often his heart had leaped to fugitive joys, to the delights of the palate, to the glamour of woman's beauty, to the spectacle of snow-capped mountain peaks, to the surge and roar of the sea. But ever in that heart there was a deep cavern, locked tight against the world, and in that cavern there was gloom, infinite gloom, the gloom of a man alone, always alone, and gnashing in the darkness.

ENGLISH BOOKS IN THE NEAR EAST

BY EVELINE A. THOMSON

I can think of few more interesting things to do than to teach English at Constantinople College for girls. Picture to yourself four grey stone buildings standing on the heights of the Greek village of Arnaoutkeuy on the Bosphorus, and looking out over the sapphire strip of water toward Asia and the rising sun. Imagine these buildings fitted up with lecture halls, laboratories, reading-rooms, and dormitories; and seeming curiously western and American as they tower above the narrow, unpainted, wooden houses and quaint little mosques and churches perched on the steep slopes of the village. Into these buildings put groups of eager young students of almost every nation under heaven—Armenian, Greek, Jew, Turk, Bulgarian, Albanian, Arab, Persian, European, and American, living and learning, loving and hating, imbibing and imparting, and you have in some measure the physical aspect of this unusual American college for girls in Constantinople.

To teach your own language is always an alluring occupation. But teaching it to Near Eastern girls, gathered in the beautiful city which is the gateway from Asia in Europe, has a charm all its own. To begin with, you learn a very great deal about your rich, confusing, and altogether illogical mother tongue, and at the same time you catch fleeting glimpses of oriental and slavic minds and modes of thought that repay you a hundredfold for any drudgery that may be connected with the work. After a few years of experience, when you have caught the eastern methods of expression, when you have noted the likes and dislikes manifested toward your own literature, you try to picture

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to yourself the background of books and letters which these girls have brought from their old-world ancestry and eastern homes to your modern American classroom. You grope for a long time in the dark and feel it would take a lifetime to discover all there is to know of the minds behind these eager foreign faces in front of you. You find that generalizing is almost impossible; that each nationality shows startling differences; that you, with your western training and direct manner of thought, must indeed have infinite patience and infinite sympathy to understand the devious workings of the oriental mind.

It was my good fortune not only to teach at Constantinople College but also to study there, so that in my student days I learned my own language side by side with Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Turks. Let me say that often, to my chagrin, their turn of phrase and mode of description were far more vivid than my own, although my grammar was more correct. From their enthusiasms and from our long conversations on the meaning of the universe, so dear to the hearts of all students the world over, did I learn what they had been reading before the door to English literature was opened to them, and what they understood and appreciated in that literature, once they were able to reach out and taste its sweets.

A few things can be said of Near Eastern literature in general. One fact never to be forgotten is that the ancient classic period is held in constant remembrance. These people live in past history, which has been kept alive and glowing by their ancient writers and poets. The Armenians remember the time when the great Armenian nation defeated the Persians hundreds of years ago. The Greeks speak with familiarity of "our great writers", Euripides, Socrates, Plato; the Bulgarians turn to ancient Slavic, in which language is recorded the history of the one-time Great Empire of the Bulgars; and the Turks, if they have any pretensions toward education, are familiar with the Persian and Arabic poets, whose literature they consider a part of their own.

Another feature of present-day Near Eastern literature is its intensely nationalistic temper. For almost a hundred years, ever since the Balkan States began to be released from the paralyzing tyranny of Turkish oppression, when all national writing was ruthlessly suppressed, these liberated people have burst forth with extraordinary vigor into songs and stories of their freedom, their dreams of greatness, and their national aspirations. Every modern Balkan poet is a zealous patriot. A tragic strain as well as a fiery nationalism run through all their writings and the students at the college reflect and appreciate both.

It must not be forgotten that while Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro have all enjoyed political liberty for some years, the inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire, that is, Ottoman Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, have only since 1908 had freedom of speech and press. Before that time all writing bearing upon national or religious subjects was impossible, so it can easily be imagined what an outburst of fervent words—poetry and prose—there has been in Turkey in the last ten years. I am reminded of a certain inspired Turkish poet, who lived in an interesting house perched on the very edge of a cliff overlooking the Bosphorus. He was an idealist and an ardent member of the Young Turk party when it was a revolution-

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ary society representing the best minds of the Empire. Of course he could not allow his real sympathies to be known, as in those days a Young Turk was in constant danger of his life. He did not dare to write or have published any of the many patriotic poems which he composed; so he and his wife, a lady of great charm and intelligence, learned them by heart, and when at last despotism in Turkey was crushed, the poems appeared in print.

I remember, too, a Greek fellow student's telling me how her father, shortly after the massacres of 1896, decided to burn all the books he possessed. "There was nothing revolutionary in them", she said, "but anything *written* is to a Turk dangerous, and who knows what they might have done to my father if they had searched our house and found many Greek books in it? So we had a bonfire, a great bonfire in the back garden, and all our beautiful old Greek books went up in flames!"

Another girl, an Armenian, told me how for years her mother had kept sewn up in her mattress copies of certain patriotic Armenian songs, which had been handed down from father to son and mother to daughter for many generations. It is small wonder that present Near Eastern folk cannot get their fill of patriotic verse and story. They have hungered and thirsted for it for years, and they are children in their naïve relish of sonorous battle songs and ancient epics.

The college library, which boasts some 6,000 volumes, has a fair sprinkling of books in the vernacular, for the students are urged to study their own language as well as English. All libraries are windows looking out upon new worlds, but this small collection of books, western and eastern, ancient and modern, in an American institution in Turkey certainly holds a unique position in that respect. How many are the windows and how strange and interesting the outlooks which the eastern students can enjoy through the books there assembled. It is a popular place and its volumes are well worn. Here East meets West and strives to understand.

Many students, who have already had training in European schools, of which there are a goodly number in the Empire, often possess an astonishing familiarity with certain French classics. They are inclined to amaze the English professor by quoting Balzac, Dumas, George Sand, and Molière and to have at the age of seventeen or eighteen a complete acquaintance with the writings of Maupassant. Near Eastern girls develop much earlier than western girls and, while they are supposed to be sheltered and protected in every way that is physically possible, their knowledge of the world through books is often startling. Bulgarian girls are as a rule familiar with most of the modern Russian writers. While Russian and Bulgarian are different languages, an educated person knowing one can read the other easily. Also there are many Bulgarian translations of Russian books. Nearly all students before they come to the college can read one other language besides their own.

As to their appreciation of English literature, it is very real. They are good linguists and soon master the language. Poetry they are very fond of, having, as they do, an instinctive musical sense. They find, however, that English poetry is sometimes exceedingly difficult to understand, especially modern poetry. It must be read and interpreted to them slowly and with sympathy, but once they have caught the spirit of it, they are quick

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to respond. They like to memorize poetry, though the effect of hearing an Armenian tongue declaim "Hamlet" or a Greek recite "In Memoriam" is often rather painful for the sensitive English ears of the professor. Stories and novels, especially about American life, interest and absorb them. They are quick to see dramatic values; and plays of any kind, the more tragic the better, make a direct appeal. It is more difficult for them to appreciate humor in literature, though even here their understanding is astonishing. I remember a classmate of mine, a most intelligent Greek girl, who was an ardent admirer of Dickens. She never could have enough of him and read and reread him. She was also in the habit of quoting Mr. Micawber and Sam Weller, with as keen delight and often with far greater accuracy than many English people. She once won a competitive prize for an essay on "Shakespeare's Jesters", which was incredibly good in its analysis of Shakespeare's humor.

I remember a Bulgarian student whose hero was Emerson. It is a long way from Concord to Sofia, but human aspirations are the same and the great American thinker touches the human chord in the east as well as in the west.

Now that the war is over and the way to Constantinople is open, I hope to return to my English classroom there. What is going to be the policy of the future? How much will the west contribute to the rehabilitation and regeneration of the Near East? Will the hostile nations of those troublesome corners of Asia and Europe ever work out a peaceful basis of cooperation? Will the East ever understand the West? It is impossible to prophesy; but I cherish the belief that the humble professor of English, with the help of the little nucleus of books in the Constantinople College library on the Bosphorus, can feel she has an infinitesimal share in answering these questions in the new era that is dawning.

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THE LONDONER

LONDON, *June* 1, 1919.

I forget whether in a former letter I explained one curious thing about the London book market and the prevalence of the long novel in England. The facts are singular, and deserve recognition, so I will risk repetition and make the explanation now. The long novel is in England more profitable than the short one. That is, if the book has any quality at all. If it is a question of realizing profit upon a small sale, every publisher will give preference to the *conte*, such as Oliver Onions's "In Accordance with the Evidence" or Rebecca West's "The Return of the Soldier". But in general the books which have had the greatest vogue here are the long books.

The reason is easily made clear. We sell most of our novels to the circulating libraries, as I have certainly demonstrated in an earlier letter. The libraries take as few copies of every book as they can. No blame attaches to them for such economy. If the book "reads well"—a library phrase—more copies can be bought, and in any case it is evident that the quicker the books are read the sooner are the copies in circulation returned and once again sent out to eager readers. A short book is read in an evening. It comes back the next day. Fewer copies of a short book are needed to supply a demand than are required of a long book which takes several days to get through. The long book stays out longer. The ebb and flow of its circulation is slower. Therefore, more copies have to be obtained if the libraries are to keep pace with the demand among their subscribers. It may be assumed, therefore, that a long book sells in a proportion of five to one against a short novel which attains the same circulation through the libraries. This is putting the case at its simplest. You cannot obtain for a short novel anything like the sale possible to a long one. The same copy is read over and over again.

There is another point in favor of the long book, and that is that many people read part of a book, like it, and are prevented from continuing their reading for several days. They pat the book, and say wisely, "I must go on with you another time". Opportunity for the resumed reading does not come for some days. The book remains unopened. Sometimes it is never taken up again, but remains out on the table for three or four weeks, and is at last sent back to the library because in the interval the reader's enthusiasm has cooled and his curiosity has been aroused about another book altogether. This is a remarkable fact, and it is well worth considering, because I believe that the same element does not affect success in any other country. It is a peculiarity of English literary conditions.

* * *

Let me give you an example of the point. In 1917 Norman Douglas published a most astonishing novel called "South Wind". It was in some ways a great work, but it was not written in a popular style, and anybody com-

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ing across it in manuscript might have been forgiven for thinking that it had little chance of wide sale. As a matter of fact it had a notable run. It kept on selling. Yet I never met anybody who had read it all through. All who had attempted it acknowledged its quality, but all candidly confessed to having felt it too good to be read hastily. My own belief—it is a private vanity—is that I am the only person who has read the book throughout; and I did it because I received a personal request from a very good friend to read a chapter at a time in the copy he gave me. I have seen that book in all sorts of places, and I honestly believe that nine out of every ten people who began it said, in perfect good faith, "This is too good to be hurried over. I'll keep it until my mind's clearer". Meanwhile, of course, the demand continued, and more copies were put into circulation. I am very glad, for the book is a rich feast, and is the work of a man who has had, what so few of us have had, real experience of life in all sorts of extraordinary corners of the earth.

* * *

Douglas is a man of outstanding personality. He has done strange things, and thought strange original thoughts, and he is a natural wanderer upon the face of the globe. He does not care for authorship, and I think would rather starve than write another book. He is not wholly an Englishman. I believe his mother was Austrian, and a member of a family noted for romantic marriages. He is a linguist with a gift for style—which is a thing so rare as to deserve honorable mention. He has written in German a brochure* upon the reptile life peculiar to a German Duchy. He has written of Italy, of North Africa, of Old Calabria, of saints and wrongdoers, of bishops and malefactors. He has been in the diplomatic service, has drawn the extra pay allowed to those in the diplomatic service for proficiency in Russian. I have been told that it was he who first drew up a memorandum regarding the Murman coast, a memorandum which, for all I know, may at this moment be the authority upon which the British Foreign Office is working in relation to the military operations now in progress. Is not that an astounding record for a man who cannot be more than fifty?

There is one bookseller in London who has been made to swear an oath to one of the most noted of our bibliophiles that he will never be without a copy of Douglas's book, "Old Calabria", and this book is already a rarity. It is, like Douglas's other work, a minor classic, and one day we shall have a collected edition which will be regarded as a fitting monument to a bizarre man of letters long secretly admired by the elect. There may even be a biography. Long may that biography be unneeded! But may the collected edition come soon! The books are not easy reading because Douglas's ironic allusiveness, and his diabolical Pyrrhonism, and his wit and individual outlook put obstacles in the way of any reader commonly fed by spoon; but for those who care for such ironic wit each of the books, picturesque as all of them are, is a feast.

* * *

I have been reading a book written by another man of strange experience—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. The book is called "My Diaries", and the author is one of those Englishmen who

*"Herpetology of the Grand Duchy of Baden."

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are looked at askance by conventional Englishmen as hopelessly wrong-headed in all political matters whatsoever. He glories in his originality of outlook, has been in prison for political reasons, is a poet and publicist, a breeder of blood Arab steeds, a landowner, a Radical, and all sorts of other things equally contradictory. His interest in international affairs is enormous. His acquaintance with the most famous of our politicians and social leaders is perhaps unsurpassed. His literary reputation is high, and his literary acquaintance has been wide and distinguished.

All these things give his book a curious personal value, but the book does not depend upon either the author's political views or his personality for its interest. It is chiefly interesting as a view of English life between the years 1888 and 1900; although at times it is hard to avoid the belief that Mr. Blunt is biased in his readings of character and of events. This matter is not one for a literary causerie, so I will not enlarge upon it. What I should like to do, is to quote one or two stories from the book which have a literary interest. Mr. Blunt belongs to the generation of Morris and Burne-Jones, and he knows all the anecdotes about the writers of his day. Morris was a particular love of his, but he candidly admits that he thinks the love was all upon one side, though Morris enjoyed his company. An entry in the "Diaries" for a day in August, 1891, is amusing:

> Had supper with Morris and his wife and her sister, Miss Burden, and a Mr. Walker (Emery Walker) who helps in the printing work. . . . Morris was immensely pleased when I told him that I had read his "News from Nowhere", and that Anne also had read it. He gave an amusing account of an old house "that that fellow Watts (the painter) had been daubing over". "But a coat of whitewash", he said, "would soon set that right." I told him in return about George Wyndham's visit to Swinburne at Putney, a few months ago, when the other Watts, Theodore Watts-Dunton, had insisted on talking politics with him instead of literature, to George's disgust, and how it had ended in Watts's reading out his own poems instead of letting Swinburne read his. Watts, George tells me, keeps Swinburne prisoner, as a keeper keeps a lunatic. He had explained to George that some years ago he had found Swinburne in bed, dying of what is called "drunkard's diarrhœa", and that having got him round, he now considers Swinburne as his own property, and treats him like a naughty boy, "a case", said George, "for police interference".

There are candid comments upon Alfred Austin and his laureateship which I should like to quote; but they are rather long. Mr. Blunt had personal acquaintance with Austin, "the most absurd little cock sparrow of a man ever seen", and once compared notes with him as to rival ideas of heaven. Mr. Blunt's own notion was somewhat oriental, of a garden with running water, and a sleep for a hundred thousand years, and birds singing, and so on. Alfred Austin's wish, on the contrary, was "to sit also in a garden, and while he sat to receive constant telegrams announcing alternately a British victory by sea, and a British victory by land". This seems to me a delightfully characteristic story.

* * *

Another poet who comes out amusingly in Mr. Blunt's pages is Francis Thompson. He visited Newbuildings (Mr. Blunt's beautiful home in Sussex) in company with Alice and Wilfrid Meynell. Mr. Blunt describes:

> I had invited them to come for the night, but Meynell had explained that this was impossible, "the poet (Thompson) having an inconvenient habit of setting his bed on fire". They came down, however, for the day. I met them at the station, a very lovely day, and as we drove through the woods Meynell pointed out to me that the

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"poet of nature" was wholly absorbed in the "Globe" newspaper he had brought down with him in the train, such being the way with London poets. Thompson, though born in Lancashire and speaking English with a broad provincial accent, is a true cockney. He is a little weak-eyed, red-nosed young man of the degenerate London type, with a complete absence of virility and a look of raptured dependence on Mrs. Meynell which is most touching. He is very shy, but was able to talk a little when the general conversation was not too loud, and he seems good-hearted and quite unpretending. . . . When we all went out after luncheon to the woods, I found him quite ignorant of the names of the commonest trees, even the elm, which he must have seen every day in London. I pointed one out to him, and he said, "I think, a maple".

I can just see that picture, and Mr. Blunt's courteous amazement!

* * *

Hugh Walpole tells me that he is going to America in September, so I suppose he will be with you within a few weeks of the appearance of this letter. When you meet him there is one book of his you must not mention. That book is "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"—in the American edition, called "The Gods and Mr. Perrin". It has been mentioned to Walpole too often. One fatality about writing a book that attracts a great deal of attention is that it always *is* mentioned by strangers as a passport to an author's heart. Wells, for example, is surrounded by people who demand another "Kipps". They say, "Oh, Mr. Wells, I *do* wish you'd write another 'Kipps'!" That happens with Walpole about "Perrin". Another fault readers have is the identification of the author with a particular character in one of his works. Again the case of Wells and Kipps occurs to me. And again there is appositeness in the reference to Walpole, for he has suffered from the assumption that Durward, in the two Russian novels, is Hugh Walpole. This is false, as anybody who meets Walpole will realize. Hugh is a great big young man, who doesn't get any thinner, he tells me; and he is one of the best companions one could have. He is a most amusing talker, and he knows all about everybody. Recently I met a young man whom I could not "place". I asked the man who introduced us who this young person was, and he knew of no special identifying fact. I asked others, because it seemed to me that there was a familiarity about the name. Then, by chance, I mentioned him to Walpole. At once I knew all.

Another thing, Walpole really has a knowledge of what is being done in English literature at the present time. He *does* read contemporary books, which no other writer I know has the inclination or the patience to do. He is interested in what other men are doing, and he is very generous in praising their work. That is a very good thing, and a rare thing. Walpole has enthusiasm, and his talk, being full of personal knowledge, has unusual freshness. Let me make it clear that he has his own way of heightening the effects of his narrations. No genuine narrator is without this gift. But in Walpole there is such irresistible—not exactly malice, but—salt, that the effect is trebly heightened. I strongly suspect that Walpole will make Americans laugh by his tales of English literary society. I almost wish I could be by, so as to say, warningly, "Don't believe it all!" If I were to say such a thing, he would assuredly retort by suggesting that my own tales were no more veracious—but rather less; but that is his affair.

He has just been giving me a tabular statement of the qualities of various living novelists. They are amusing. They show that Walpole,

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in spite of his air of innocence, which has already deceived one writer in THE BOOKMAN, has a fund of shrewdness not altogether common. I should like to emphasize the point I made just now, about his attitude to his contemporaries. He is not in the least afraid of friendship with those who might superficially be supposed his rivals. Unkind people say that he is barometric, but this is not true. I know only one other man who can admire his contemporaries (novelists) in a broad-minded fashion. That man is Bennett, who of all living men is the least prone to jealousy, and the most ready to appreciate the work of any author of any kind, so long as he really has gifts. Walpole knows them all. He is the friend of authors as diverse as Conrad, Bennett, Masefield, Swinnerton and May Sinclair. You could hardly have a more catholic taste. I can't pretend to it myself. And, in addition, Walpole keeps a quite special place in his heart for friends who are not in any sense public men. Make much of him. He will enjoy it. And appreciate his descriptions of character, without believing that they are the whole truth. One day I will come to the States and tell you that.

* * *

Walpole was at one time, I believe, at Epsom College—as a master. It is supposed to be Epsom College which figures as the scene of "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill", but as to that I can give no assurance. The point is of minor interest, however. What I want to say is that Brett Young's new novel, which is to be published in the autumn, deals with Epsom. Brett Young was there as a little boy, and the school appears at the beginning of "The Young Physician". As Brett Young is a doctor the book promises to be autobiographical. I hope it will establish the reputation of this very talented writer in America. He is of the Walpole generation, and has nothing like the position to which his gifts entitle him.

* * *

Mention of Walpole inevitably suggests thought of Compton Mackenzie, whose new novel, "Poor Relations", is to be published here in September. The book is rather a new departure for Mackenzie, and, I understand, is a country-house comedy. Reference to that indispensable *vade mecum*, Who's Who, reminds me that Mackenzie gives there his recreations as "playing with toys and continual change of address". The toys from which Mackenzie gets his chief pleasure are Dr. Richter's stone bricks, which must be perfectly well known in America. The bricks are in three colors, and with the aid of diagrams one may construct from them most elaborate buildings of a devotional or ornamental character. They have great attractions for any mind seeking an absorbing pastime.

The "constant change of address" is another matter. Mackenzie has lived in a house on the Victoria Embankment, in a Cornish vicarage (where he wrote his first novel, "The Passionate Elopement"), in another house on the north coast of Cornwall, where he spent hundreds of pounds stocking his garden with all sorts of subtropical plants, in a house in Westminster, and in two houses on the island of Capri. This of course leaves out of account his stays in foreign cities, and especially his war work on Mudros and in Athens, where he did secret service work in company with Edward Knoblock. His present home in Capri is beautifully situated on the south side of the island, looking out

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toward what is eventually the African coast. Capri is the mysterious island of "Nepenthe" in Norman Douglas's "South Wind".

* * *

Enormous numbers of societies for the propagation of the arts are just now springing up like mushrooms in England. I wonder how long any of them will last. I am not very optimistic either about their utility or about their longevity. The other evening I attended (I don't know why I was invited, but I was) the first meeting of one of these societies. There were two addresses, one by Wyndham Lewis, and the other by W. L. George. George, who speaks with a French accent so far as the curious sound of the letter "r" is concerned, pleaded for Trades Unionism in art. Lewis was all for decentralization. Both wanted the public taste educated.

Now it is the easiest thing in the world to listen to such naïve speeches and to "know better" than the speakers, and I should not have said, as some subsequent speakers did, that the addresses were mutually contradictory. But I was certainly struck by the sense of futility in the proceedings. Lewis spoke like an artist, who was perfectly ready to take the remaking of the world in hand if only the world would come to him and pay him properly; George was apparently frightened of the economic bogey. Neither offered any constructive proposals. George was content to "stress" certain points, such as the need for common action. Lewis had evidently not thought anything out at all, but denounced Paris and London as the homes of fashions in art, without ever realizing that the reasons young artists crowd to towns is that only there can they secure satisfactory technical instruction. Decentralize your teachers of the rudiments of drawing, and you may, or may not, get a development of local genius. As for George, although he was palpably in earnest, he did not succeed in doing more than set the ball of the meeting rolling. He was all for propaganda; Lewis was all for art. But *what* art, and what sort of propaganda, nobody at the meeting seemed quite to gather.

A doctor who was present rebuked the artists for not seizing the reins of government so far as decoration is concerned. He abused them roundly. As I am not an artist, but a writer of causeries, I listened to his rebuke with some enjoyment. It all seemed to me rather like the old fable about "belling the cat", and I cannot think that much will be done. The number of mediocrities who hang onto such movements is so great as to become in the end a sort of dead-weight, and so the good men tire and remain individualists, and go on following their own noses as long as life lasts. Artists all work alone, and when they gather together it is generally in order to be silly, or to quarrel, which is much the same thing.

* * *

I hear that Lascelles Abercrombie, the young poet, is making a collection of Dixon Scott's letters. Dixon Scott was a brilliant essayist and critic who died during the Gallipoli expedition. He wrote a good deal for the Manchester "Guardian", the Liverpool "Post", and the London "Bookman". Abercrombie, who has just been appointed to a professorship of poetry at Liverpool University, was Scott's friend (they were both, I believe, Liverpudlians), just as he was the friend of Rupert Brooke. The letters of Brooke have already been published. As Scott had such a vivid per-

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sonality, his letters ought to contain some piquant judgments, so long as Abercrombie does not edit too "discreetly". I shall look forward to the book.

* * *

Apart from such monumental works as Lord Jellicoe's book on the naval war, which has certainly had a run of extreme controversial popularity, there is no question as to the most notable publication of the English publishing season. The book is the topic of the hour. It is Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters". Written at the age of nine years, this novel of high life is destined, unless I altogether misread the signs of the times, to immortality. It is a priceless piece of naïveté. From being a "mere" (the word is her own) person, Miss Ashford has become famous in a single night, so to speak. The book is to be seen everywhere. It is a perfect gambit in conversation: "Have you read 'The Young Visiters'?" Only this week-end, I met for the first time a celebrated novelist. With a charmingly ingratiating manner, he used the words just quoted. Do you know the reply I made? It staggered him. He drew his chair nearer. He beamed upon me. My reply was: "Yes. I had the author lunching with me on Saturday".

That was quite true. Miss Ashford, duly chaperoned by a mutual friend, had talked with me across a small luncheon table in a West-end restaurant. She was elated by her success; but she was as delightfully unspoiled by it as an author could possibly be. One would have thought that the hero of the occasion was Simon Pure. I am sure that Miss Ashford afterward described Simon as "a perfect lamb". She so described everybody who had recognized the genius of "The Young Visiters". There was no suggestion that the world held any goats at all. When I instanced various sayings of famous authors about her book she did not regard me with assumed indifference. She said, "Oh, he *must* be a lamb!" I have never met so refreshing an author.

If in a few weeks from this moment of writing her book is not all over America, I shall be astounded. It appeals to all. I have yet to meet a single person who has failed to think it the finest joke of the century. English booksellers are ordering it frantically by the hundred. At first many of them were sceptical: now they are tumbling over each other to acclaim the masterpiece. One distinguished author had to ask his wife to leave off reading the book to him, because he found his laughter too exhausting to bear (he has recently been ill). Hostesses give it to their most gloomy guests, and find them human after all.

The truth about the publication is that this manuscript, with others less good, has been in circulation among Miss Ashford's friends for years. The writer never dreamed of publication. She was in Berne when a friend telegraphed the English publishers' offer (it was this friend, Margaret Mackenzie, who had taken steps to have it read). Immediately, noises of the book spread round London and about the land. Interviewers sprang up from behind every laurel bush and every street lamp. Excitement grew. By now the book has attained a sale such as only "best sellers" achieve in so short a time. And the author is still going each day to a city office, is receiving invitations (with the accompaniment of enormous bribes in the shape of sug-

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gested fees) to read extracts at society parties, and has been besieged with offers of triumphs as a movie actress. Yet she is just as gleeful over the whole thing as a child would be. And she has no intention whatever of trying to write a mature work of fiction. She simply has no impulse to do this. The matter rests there. I hope it will continue to do so. I think it will.

SIMON PURE

SOME LITERARY REMINISCENCES

Second Paper

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH

The New York where I went to live in 1878 was a very different city from the one we know today. There were no skyscrapers, and by reason of that the city seemed more flooded with sunshine (or was that youth?); the peremptory tinkle of the telephone bell had not become an interrupter of confidences; no automobiles went about the streets; people were sometimes run over by cabs or trucks or horse cars, but in a more leisurely and less dangerous way. The horses drew the cars far off up-town where nobody lived, and you wondered where the cars went and why. The upper west-side streets were cut through great rocks, where goats dwelt and to the children seemed like the Swiss chamois which they read about. The first apartment house (it still stands in East Eighteenth Street) had only just been built. If you did not keep house in a brownstone front (it seemed as if there must be a law requiring every house to be faced with that gloomy surface), you boarded in one.

Fifth Avenue was all residences to Twenty-third Street; and beyond Fifty-ninth the east side of the street, now millionaires' row, was as great a waste as the upper west side. I could have bought land there that would have made me a little Crœsus. Others did.

We made New Year's calls—in tall hats and "Prince Albert" coats. We went forth, men only, at ten A. M. and worked till dark; then went home and changed into evening clothes and went at it again until midnight. The number of calls was incredible, unbelievable today—sixty, eighty and more. If the people were not receiving they hung out a basket, you dropped in a card and it "counted". You visited everyone you ever knew, and many you did not see again until another New Year came around. Of course I called on many women writers and writers' wives and artists' wives and other publishers' wives and the wives of the men in my office. When you went to bed you had eaten at least ten plates of salad, twenty ices, thirty pieces of cake, and had drunk—well, that depended upon yourself. If you were "strictly temperate", you might have consumed not more than five or ten glasses of wine through the day. Some drank all they could hold, and if they could hold a great deal and the *coup de grâce* did not come until

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late in the festivities, they managed to get through with an untarnished shield. One may be glad that the day of the New Year's call passed long ago. When it passed it went out suddenly. One year you made calls, the next year you did not—nobody did, and you never heard of it again.

I felt a kind of connection in these days with the early writers, Bryant and Halleck and Willis, through Morris Phillips whom I knew. He must have been a grandson of General Morris, founder of the New York "Mirror". He was editor of "The Home Journal", a society paper founded by Willis and a successor to the "Mirror". Thomas Bailey Aldrich was once its assistant editor. I saw Phillips often at the Saturday evenings of Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of "Harper's Bazaar", in her home in the thinly populated quarter of Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. Those weekly receptions with simple refreshments of lemonade, ice-cream and cake, attracted the literary people of the time—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Stockton, Stedman, Stoddard, Edgar Fawcett. The hostess's cousin, Edwin Booth, came in sometimes; a sad, gloomy man he was then—it was not long since his wild young brother had slain Lincoln. I remember his standing with folded arms in a corner, talking little. He told me that such a party was agony to him, for his hearing was so painfully acute that he could hear even a whisper across a room—and everybody talked at once at Miss Booth's. Later, I came to know him well and love him, in the days of his retirement at The Players, which he had founded and furnished to the last teaspoon as a place where men of his profession, who frequently knew few people in any other walk of life, should meet authors and artists and men of various other vocations.

When Richard Harding Davis was elected to The Players a few men were asked to meet him, including Mr. Booth. Davis noticed that the walls were covered with old playbills which he was told had been presented by the members. Thoughtlessly but with good intention, he said, "Why, I have an interesting theatrical relic which I would like to give to the club. It is the playbill used at Ford's Theatre in Washington on the night that Lincoln was—" Mr. Booth threw up his hands and turned away.

I heard the end of that incident only a little while ago. I had told the story in a lecture before the School of Journalism in Columbia, and after it Talcott Williams, director of the school, told me that Lawrence Barrett had given him the rest of the story. When Mr. Booth went upstairs to his room, Davis followed him, to apologize for his thoughtlessness. "Do not apologize", said Mr. Booth—"I really took satisfaction in your forgetting. It shows that at last there are some people in the world who do not associate me with Lincoln's death."

I was present at the Academy of Music on the night that Booth played Iago to Salvini's Othello—the night that the illness first became apparent that caused Booth's death, a gradual loss of the power of locomotion. He stumbled over the chain which guarded the footlights. Salvini held the attention of the audience, while others gathered around Mr. Booth and helped him to a seat. It was a sad night for the friends of the great actor—the greatest actor that our country has ever produced.

Mr. Booth's most intimate friend for many years was William Bispham, and in his family my cousin, Katharine B. Wood, made her home. Miss

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Wood, whose knowledge of Shakespeare and of the playwrights of his century was unsurpassed, was put in charge of the readers and the work of collecting quotations for the Century dictionary; and the result of her labors may be seen now in the many appropriate quotations with which the book abounds—quotations so good that in many cases they act as definitions. If Miss Wood had had her way, many more would have been included. Mr. Booth knew Miss Wood well through his intimacy with Mr. Bispham, and when I joined The Players in 1889 he was very kind to me because he thought I looked like my cousin. He made me feel that I was his guest in the beautiful club which he had founded and where he passed his last years.

Others besides Mary L. Booth who had "literary" receptions in those days were Dr. Holland, Mrs. Botta, and "Aunt Fanny" Barrow—she wrote children's books under the name of "Aunt Fanny". I remember an afternoon reception at Mrs. Barrow's to meet Ion Perdicaris, the Greek-American resident of Tangier, who, years after, was captured and held for ransom by the brigand Raisuli—Secretary Hay's famous dispatch, inspired by President Roosevelt, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead", will be well remembered. Perdicaris did come out alive, but it cost him a large ransom. His visiting cards were very cosmopolitan—in one corner "Tangier, Morocco", in the other "Trenton, New Jersey". When "Aunt Fanny" had her tea, Mr. and Mrs. Perdicaris had come to New York to give Mrs. Perdicaris's daughter an opening on the stage. Mr. Perdicaris wrote the play and painted an enormous allegorical picture, as large as a drop curtain, which as part of the play was unveiled in the last act. He engaged a supporting company, hired the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and all literary New York went on Monday night. The play ran till Thursday and cost him $30,000. I visited him later in Tangier; the great picture was installed in the house, running up through two stories.

Perdicaris did some work on an autobiography not long ago. It would have been more interesting if it had contained a full account of his experiences in Morocco; but he was so hurt by his treatment by Raisuli, a prominent native, whom he had long known (after he himself had spent a lifetime caring for the people of Tangier and its neighborhood, feeding the hungry, bringing comfort to the captives in the hideous prison pens), that he could not bring himself to write with any fulness of a land which had shown him such ingratitude.

I can go back vicariously in New York before the days of Dr. Holland and "Aunt Fanny" Barrow—back to the time when Edgar Allan Poe was editing a paper the year that he wrote "The Raven" and sold it for ten dollars. My father-in-law, Morris W. Smith, was a young man then, just beginning a business life in New York by sweeping out the store, and he lived in the same boarding house with Poe, who was in the depths of poverty. Each boarder had to heat his own room, and my father-in-law lent Poe a stove to keep him warm, and sometimes helped him out with his board money.

Had I been wise enough to keep a diary these recollections would be more worth while. How easy it would have been! Between 1882 and 1894 I lived in Yonkers, a suburb of New

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York, and I could have spent the half-hour on the train every evening making notes of the interesting happenings of the day and of the people who came in—so many clever people! I have found that those who do things in the world, who write or who are men and women of action, are generally the best talkers. I shall never forget General Sherman, as he stood before Gilder's fire for two hours one afternoon—a tall, lank figure, his hands under his coat-tails—and "marched through Georgia". Why could we not have had a stenographer behind the door, or why did not some of us write down our recollections of that talk? I suppose because such happenings were frequent—it was all in the day's work. And Paderewski is another good talker, perhaps with a wider knowledge of the world than had General Sherman. He speaks seven languages with equal ease—"if one is a Pole any other language except Chinese is child's play". He can talk about breeding chickens or the curves of the Parthenon, and he is a capital story-teller.

As the years went on, Roswell Smith began to publish books as well as magazines—so many books grew naturally out of serial publication in his magazines; and the younger Charles Scribner, who had succeeded his father and an elder brother, feeling perhaps that his was the book house, made Roswell Smith an offer either to buy him out or to sell out to him. Mr. Smith instantly chose the latter. At the same time, Dr. Holland, feeling that his life would not be long, sold his stock to the younger men and to Mr. Smith. The name of the magazine was changed to "The Century" and the company to the Century Company. (It was Gilder's suggestion from the Century Club.) This was in the autumn of 1881. To change the name of the magazine seemed at first a serious matter, but it did not create a ripple; the new name was printed in red several times across the old on the cover, and in a few months it took its place as the real name.

Five years later the Scribner firm started their own periodical "Scribner's Magazine", which has been especially strong in fiction and in the good work of the younger American authors. Its illustrations under Joseph H. Chapin's management have been admirable. Probably Theodore Roosevelt's African series has been its most noteworthy serial. I remember standing in the window of Robert Bridges's office—he was assistant editor of the magazine at the time, now the editor—and watching the procession pass up Fifth Avenue, Theodore Roosevelt the figure of honor. It was when he returned from Africa and he had begun to send the material of his African series to Bridges for serial publication. Bridges told me afterward that when Mr. Roosevelt was back in this country he never failed to return every proof sent to him the day it was received. When young people tell me they are not able to answer a letter until some days have passed because they are "busy", I think of Mr. Roosevelt and a few other "busy" men I have known, who manage somehow to answer their letters on the day they are received, barring emergencies.

For the first three years of my connection with the company the office was on the third and fourth floors of the building at 743 Broadway, the Scribner firm having their store on the ground floor. The stairs were hard for Doctor Holland, who devel-

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oped heart trouble (he died of *angina pectoris* in November, 1881). His office was in the north front corner on the third floor, with Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson, assistant editors, close by. The next room was the editorial quarters of "St. Nicholas", the children's magazine which had been started in 1873. Roswell Smith had a small room in the rear, and the rest of us including a number of women clerks were scattered about the large central room.

Roswell Smith was one of the first business men to employ women in nearly every clerical capacity. At that time there was hardly a woman in the financial quarter of New York. I was a young man in an insurance office in Hartford, Connecticut, when the first woman clerk known in the Hartford insurance business went to work in a near-by office. And if her brother had not been with her it would hardly have been considered respectable. Roswell Smith found that not only did women do good work—everybody knows it now—were careful and methodical, but that they were contented to stay in one place if it was a good place. Young men are apt to be more ambitious—and no blame to them—and want to move up; but a magazine office has some tasks, like keeping lists of subscribers, that it is very desirable to have people continue in for a long time, for their familiarity with the lists makes them valuable. I believe that "The Century", since it was established nearly fifty years ago, has had only three women, not including their helpers, in charge of its subscription lists.

A clerk in a publishing office does not always acquire a complete education, notwithstanding the somewhat rarified atmosphere in which he lives. "The Atlantic" printed recently an amusing letter written to one of its readers by the publishers of "The Smart Set" regretting their inability to tell her whether there was such a magazine as "The Atlantic" or not—they had never heard of it. Doubtless that letter was the work of some young person in "The Smart Set" office, perhaps a little too young to be entrusted with the task of answering inquiries.

I recall the case of a young woman, a new clerk, who came to me and said, "I notice that 'The Century' prints considerable poetry each month". I complimented her on her keen observation. "I used to write pretty good poetry", she continued, "when I was in the high school, and I think perhaps I could furnish the magazine with all it wants, and then you could increase my salary. It might appear under different names." At that moment what Mr. Alden once wrote of an editor was applicable to a publisher: "When the unprecedented is presented to his mind, he is likely at first to be bewildered". She did not stay with us long, but sometimes as I pick up my valued contemporaries I say to myself, "Well, she got her job".

Another clerk, a young man, was behind the counter one day when a stranger called and asked if any stories were wanted. He was a rough looking stranger, who, it seems, had just come off an emigrant ship. Anything he cared to leave would be handed to the editors, the boy told him. The stranger turned and went out; "The Century" had lost Robert Louis Stevenson!

Years after, when it had won him back, Stevenson told Gilder of this call, and looking at him sharply from head to foot, said, "I don't know but it was you I saw. Yes, I think it was you, now that I look at you".

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But Gilder wasn't the man, though he was properly frightened by Stevenson's well-feigned recognition. He proved an alibi, for he was in Europe at the time, but he said afterward that he would have made the same answer to Stevenson that the clerk made.

I never saw Stevenson. It was after we had moved to Union Square that one day meeting Henry C. Bunner, editor of "Puck", as I was on my way to luncheon, he hailed me with "Oh, Ellsworth, go over to Brentano's and get a book in the Seaside Library called 'The New Arabian Nights', by a new man named Stevenson". That was a happy meeting with "the new man named Stevenson".

In "The Century" for February, 1883, there appeared an article in the department "Literature" on Stevenson's "The New Arabian Nights", beginning:

> A few months ago an English book made its appearance in this country, handicapped with the name of "The New Arabian Nights". It was, for a time, no more warmly welcomed than might have been "The New Rabelais" or "A Nineteenth Century Nibelungenlied" or "Robinson Crusoe" with all the modern improvements. Then, by and by, one or two of the chorus of indolent reviewers glanced at the first page, read the second, and of a sudden found themselves *bolting* the rest of the book, and finding stomach for it all. . . . This new feast has a fine, literary smack to it. . . . Anyone who reads the "Nights" and the four stories that are bound with them must be struck by the author's versatility, his power of picturesque description, his skill in drawing character with half a touch, and his all-pervading humor.

—which indicates that the writer of "The Century's" "Literature" department did not lack appreciation of quality.

With the issue for November, 1883, Stevenson's "The Silverado Squatters, Sketches from a California Mountain" began as a serial in "The Century". Looking this up in the index to get the exact date, I find another contribution of Stevenson's—long-forgotten perhaps. It was in "Bric-a-brac", a department which printed the very best humor of the day (one recalls Bunner's classic fooling printed in that department—"Home Sweet Home" as Whitman and Swinburne and Bret Harte and others would have written it). In "Bric-a-brac" for March, 1885, appears the following:

> Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson writes to a friend who has just left England for America: "You will meet Stockton:
>
> 'If I my Stockton should forget,
> It would be sheer depravity,
> For I went down with the *Thomas Hyke*,
> And up with the Negative Gravity.'"

Stockton was one of the assistant editors of "St. Nicholas" when I joined the office force, working under Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and alongside William Fayal Clarke, who is now the editor and is carrying on the best traditions of Mrs. Dodge—with sympathetic comprehension, also, of the needs and tastes and especially the patriotic impulses of the American young folk of today. Stockton's "Rudder Grange" stories had appeared at odd times in "Scribner's Monthly", the first in November, 1874; and they were gathered into a book by the Scribner firm in 1879. It was about this time that Stockton left "St. Nicholas" to make authorship his profession. As to "Rudder Grange", it may be said that the author himself had never lived in a deserted canal boat (though he was always moving into odd suburban places), but he knew some people who did, and he made up "Rudder Grange" out of what might have happened to them. It has always seemed to me that "Rudder Grange" was an example of perfect humor, at least if the faculty of getting enjoyment from it by

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repeated readings is a test. Pomona's "'I was a lookin' at the moon, sir, when pop! the chair bounced, and out I went'" is as funny to me now as it was when I read it for the first time. And the reading aloud of that remarkable serving maid: "'Ha, ha!' Lord Mar mont thun der ed." "'My conscience', said I to Euphemia, 'can't that girl be stopped?'"

As may be imagined from his works, Frank Stockton was a man of great sweetness, full of lovable qualities. He was slightly lame and never seemed to be in very good health, and it was a great delight to him and to Mrs. Stockton to go away on frequent trips to Nassau or to Europe, and to write up their experiences. He looked at life in a beautiful way; he was kind and everyone was kind to him, and he gathered only flowers as he went along.

Stockton's most famous story "The Lady, or the Tiger?" appeared in "The Century" for November, 1882. Heaven knows how many languages it has been translated into and how many solutions of the puzzle have been offered. Stockton himself never made or wanted to make a solution—he was satisfied to write the story. Its success was perhaps helped by the title, and for that Will Carey of "The Century" editorial room was responsible. Stockton had called it "The King's Arena" and had gone away to Europe leaving it to be published. The editors cabled, asking permission to change the name to Carey's suggested title, "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

William Carey was a very clever young man who died in his early forties—more than clever; Mark Twain called him the wittiest man he ever knew. He was a little inclined to stoutness, which usually makes for good humor but not necessarily for wit. He had a face that always wore a smile, and he knew everybody and was universally loved. He had charge of proofs, sending them back and forth between author and printer, and seeing that the forms of "The Century" went to press on the proper date. His desk was near the door in the editorial room and few came in who did not stop there for a chat before going on to more serious business with one of the editors. Sometimes they remained a long time. A great general came in one day and stopped for a few light words—they were always on tap at Carey's desk. "What do you say to strolling up to Delmonico's for luncheon?" said the general. Carey was agreeable; luncheon was apt to be something of a rite with him, not to be abused by a bowl of crackers and milk in any cheap joint. At about half-past three they returned, and the great general was ready to attend to less important matters with the editors.

Carey would always remember to do the right thing, to get the right present, to send the right book for a "bread-and-butter" gift. If the wives of any of the office force were out of town and wanted shopping done, they seldom troubled their husbands, always Carey. I can see him now walking along Forty-second Street one hot summer day, piloting George W. Cable and his family to the Grand Central Station, a Cable child holding each hand and one or two following behind. It was when the Cables moved from New Orleans to Northampton, Massachusetts; and who so able to help in the migration as Carey? It was suspected at the time that Carey had been guilty of taking some of the younger Cables—who knew little of the frivolities of the world nor had possibilities of acquiring much fur-

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ther knowledge—to a matinée. But I hesitate even now to make this known.

When an acquaintance of mine was growing deaf someone asked him, in Carey's presence, if he understood German. "Understand German", broke in Carey, "why, bless your soul, he doesn't understand English."

He was ill when a mutual friend was to be married, and for the third time: "Ah", said Carey, "I am so sorry I can't be there. I have always wanted to go to one of ————'s weddings". The cutting down of his vacation one summer was cheerfully met: "Ah, well, half a loaf, you know—" One day Brander Matthews came into the office wearing a very short overcoat which allowed some six inches of the tail of his undercoat to show. Being twitted, he explained that he had bought the undercoat in Paris and the overcoat had been ordered from London. "Ah", said Carey, "another 'Tale of Two Cities'."

The sale after his death of the autograph letters, autographed books, and manuscripts which Carey had preserved, will be long remembered by collectors. There were over seven hundred items in the collection. Few living American authors were unrepresented; for had not Carey been sending them proofs and getting back letters for twenty years? Among the volumes of letters from James Whitcomb Riley, which his nephew Edmund H. Eitel is now editing, are more than fifty to Carey—all of them whimsical, affectionate.

In London literary circles—and I think Carey was never in London but once and then only for a short time—he made lasting friends as easily as in New York. Austin Dobson wrote and dedicated a poem to him. On this same European trip Carey was to join me in Rome. My wife and I with three children, the oldest then ten years of age, and a governess, had spent the winter in Mediterranean countries. At Naples the older little girl fell ill. We had made the ascent of Vesuvius on the day of a serious eruption, and in the climb from the funicular railway to the crater we were all more or less overcome by the sulphur-impregnated smoke from the volcano. We thought this was the cause of the little girl's illness, but as she did not grow better, we took the train for Rome, where there was an American doctor. On his first call came the shock of our lives. He was sorry to have to tell us that in all probability our daughter had contracted smallpox, but he could not be sure until the next day. The only cheer he left with us was the announcement that if his fears were realized he would take the patient at once to his own apartment (allowable in Rome, where the thought of a pest-house was torture) and give her back to us in a few weeks. Then came Carey, full of optimism, comforting. He took the other two children off for the afternoon, he was with us through the evening; at bedtime he made me go with him for a walk over Rome—from the Villa Borghese to the Colosseum, through the poor quarter, around St. Peter's, up the Janiculum—all over the city we tramped and he talked. And after the burden was lifted and the case proved to be only a rather serious form of measles, he was untiring in his efforts to keep us amused and the children happy.

If one analyzes the quality which William Carey possessed of conferring happiness as he went along, one finds,—beyond the bonhomie, the repartee which always satisfied and never hurt, the flashes of wit that were long remembered—the greater qualities of

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kindliness and thoughtfulness, the going out of his way to give pleasure to others. All these he had to a degree which I have never seen so strongly developed in any human being.

The Boys' Club of Avenue A was one of the chief mourners when he died, and the summer camp of the club, paid for by Carey's friends and in his memory, is known as "The William Carey Camp".

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *July*, 1919.

William Makepeace Thackeray (if I correctly recall his name), William Makepeace Thackeray (to repeat) one time wrote a book described (in the subtitle) "A Novel Without a Hero". So, of course, you know. And so, too, of course you know that while the thing was a bit new at the time (in 1847, to be exact), that is today quite the correct way to write any novel pretending to any distinction. Indeed, the more unheroic your hero (or whatever you call him), the more distinction you may be said to have.

So much by way of leading up to this fact: there is an ancient convention regarding another, and an older form of literature, which still persists. And that is the notion that you should have an *idea* to write an essay, or what is now commonly called an article. Possibly this fact (as I have called it) is a fallacy. It may be that some (perhaps more than some) of the articles in our magazines do not turn on any idea. (I shall come to the subject of magazines presently.) Any idea, as I was saying, or at least any idea worth mentioning. However, if the writer of an article today does not have an idea what he does is this: he does the reverse of the novelist. If our novelist finds that he is getting a hero on his hands, he contrives to throw him into a bad light somewhere and so take away the taint. What the writer of the article (with no idea in it) does is to attempt to dress up his absence of thought so that it may look (to some) like a perfectly stunning idea. He wants it to, as we say, make a noise like an idea. I have such a bad name for—I mean I have such a bad memory for names, or I think I might be able to recall the titles and addresses of a number of such recent articles. And articles, we observe, are in this like people: it is not always so that a man is great, or wise, or even sensible because he lives in a smart house.

Anyhow the upshot of the whole matter is this: that I, Murray Hill, young and handsome, rich and famous, am now for the first time in the history of the world, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, writing an article (or essay) frankly and publicly announced by the writer thereof as being An Article Without an Idea. What I am writing is a paper containing a store of what a friend of mine refers to as glimpses into the obvious. It may become the fashion to do this. Things as curious have happened. There, for instance, is the case of contemporary book reviews. But we'll come to that subject presently.

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It is said that essays are coming in again. Every once in awhile somebody says that. 'Tis like prophecies concerning the immediate end of the world. However, it (either one of these prophecies) may be so this time. Still, as to essays, in view of the economy of ideas now going, as hand in hand we have seen is the case, that likelihood does not seem so probable. Because, whereas you can write an excellent article about something with only one idea, and a pretty fair one (such as this) with no idea at all, to write the best sort of essay, which is about nothing much, you really need any number of ideas.

We are all very much indebted to the month of March. It was, as every child knows, in the month of March that the essay was invented. (I always write much better myself in the month of March than in any other month of the year.) The year (of the invention), it is hardly necessary to say, was 1571. Don Marquis it was who discovered—I mean a gentleman of the name of Montaigne it was who discovered the process of just putting down ideas, one after another, in such a fashion that they blended into what is called an essay. It is, by the way, when you come to think of it, a curious thing, the relation of the letter "M" to the essay—March, Marquis, Montaigne, and Morley (Christopher).

The reason Mr. Marquis's recently published volume, "Prefaces", is so good a book (as essays) is that the instinctive essayist who purposes to write, say, on the Ten Commandments begins quite naturally with a disquisition upon the importance of a good shape of human ear. And he concludes, perhaps with some warmth, with a denunciation of shell spectacles. Perhaps I should remark in passing that I recollect nothing in "Prefaces" about either the Ten Commandments, ears, or shell spectacles.

One word more as to essays. The mantle of the illustrious dead is always descending upon the peculiar cove who essays to write an essay. For a considerable spell in this country it was quite the thing to wrap anyone who announced that that which he had written was an essay in the mantle of Dr. Holmes. Now he is likely to get into the old clothes of Charles Lamb (Oh, Elia, of course!), of "R. L. S.", of the author of "The Reveries of a Bachelor", etc., etc, etc.

This may be said to bring us to the subject of book reviewing, and whether or not it is a good thing for reviews to contain any ideas. No, I'm getting on too fast. I'm quite out of breath. I meant to say, a few lines up, that if I had inadvertently given the impression of winding the mantle of Montaigne about Mr. Marquis I make all possible haste to unsheathe him. For in his own habit he is quite as he should be.

Peculiar thing about newspapers. That is, about their "book pages" and "literary supplements". Lately, more or less lately, there have been popping up here and there about the country, at any rate in the two principal cities, pages and supplements of a good deal of brightness, affairs of something of a rollicking nature, things with some dash and go to them, with a *flair* for the cheer-o. In fine, with jazz. These sheets have apparently caught on considerably. They undoubtedly "get advertising". They presumably "increase circulation". Now the point is as follows: some seven or eight years ago there was in this town a like organ, except that it was much better than any of these later ones. Even

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so. Or perhaps I think so because that was in my youth, or at any rate in my second youth. However, I refer you to the files. You'll see that it was a real doings, this. It failed. Nobody cared for it. Publishers themselves distinctly did not. Its editor was dropped. It changed its character completely. It is a thing most decidedly to reckon with now, probably the most powerful concern in its field. But it is an altogether different type of thing—and I take it that it couldn't go on at that time as it was. In those days we didn't know the word *jazz*, and it seems we didn't know jazz in the fine art of literary journalism when we saw it.

I used to think that editing a magazine was quite a trick. Fell in the other day with a man who edits a magazine. Learned there was nothing to it at all. The way you edit a magazine, it seems, is this: first, you find out who died month after next. Say it was Casanova. Very good. Then all you have to do is to get up a Casanova "number" for month after next. There are a combination of ways in which you do this. You hire a man to sit down and cook up something about Casanova. Not because there is anything new to be said about the great memoirist, nor because everybody is going to be interested exclusively in Casanova throughout month after next. Not at all. But you have to get up a Casanova "number", haven't you? You sure have. That's the business of being a magazine editor. Then there are a lot of people going round to the library all the while looking up who died month after next. And they all cook up something about old Cas, and send it in to you because they know you'll be on the lookout for it in order to get up your "number". You get bunches and bunches of Casanova stuff. You take a few of these articles for your "number", such as will fit readily into the makeup. And there you are!

Now about these book reviews, and whether or not they should have ideas in them, and a sense of the value of the books they discuss, and style in the treatment of all this. I see no harm in it, if the ideas are light, and the sense and style good. I notice, however, that one of our leading magazines has taken up this matter of reviews; taken it up, as Mr. Montaigne says, in a serious way. And it, this magazine, holds that all entertainment of any kind, all interest whatever, should be taken out of reviews; and then what you have left (this is the great principle of the thing) is just the review, and that's what people want.

MURRAY HILL

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CURRENTS IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LETTERS

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

How long will the world have to wait for the great Anglo-French novel? French history, especially the French Revolution, has always strongly attracted the British novelist, and the French have been fortunate in their English delineators. But even Victor Hugo failed hopelessly when drawing British character, and though there have been many touching and sincere accounts of the Englishman at war written in France during the last five years, the only French writer who has struck the absolutely true note is that fine new humorist, André Maurois, whose slender volume "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" is already a classic. Even so, it may be doubted if any Englishman, unless he be a true cosmopolitan, sees the full, rich fun of the presentment. Only a Frenchman, dowered with that queer mixture of irony and tenderness, of stark reality and the passion for romance, which is so typically French, could have touched with so delicate and so sure a hand the absurdity, as well as the splendid heroism, of that typical "regular" of the old school, Monsieur le Colonel Bramble! M. Maurois is publishing a new story almost at once, but the title, "Ni Ange Ni Bête", does not somehow promise as well as did his famous war book.

There have been many tragedies as well as comedies, connected with the long stay of the British army in France and in Flanders. I hear that quaint, pathetic letters, written by French girls whose British soldier—and even officer—friends have loved and ridden away, are being even now constantly received in London. The French have a pathetic belief in certain British figureheads. Thus the Lord Mayor of London is frequently approached by prudent demoiselles who desire to know a little of the worldly circumstances of a would-be English fiancé, and doubtless the same thing is now befalling President Wilson with regard to American Lotharios.

Perhaps the fact that every French male novelist was for so long either in the trenches or engaged actively in some form of war work, will mean a recrudescence of women writers. The world would welcome a novel from Marcelle Tinayre dealing with either the American or British occupation of France.

II

The war brought about a curious and pathetic literary and artistic revival of interest in 1870. This will lend a special value to the forthcoming life of that splendid man and admirable painter, Edouard Detaille. With all due respect to the latter-day delineator of battle-fields and battle scenes, the premature death of Detaille was a great misfortune for latter-day France. Perhaps because he himself went through when little more than a boy the bloodiest campaigns of 1870-71, one finds in even his most conventional military paintings something which seems curiously lacking in many of the clever, brilliant

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sketches done by those modern painters who simply visited the front as artists, and not as combatants.

One of the most delightful afternoons in the present writer's early life was spent in Detaille's studio. He had but two interests in life—war and painting. He had walked and ridden over every great battle-field of Europe, and when engaged on a panorama of the battle of Champigny —where he had actually been a combatant some twenty-five years before —he worked, as far as was possible, from nature, for he had a horror of any photographic aid to art. Apropos of this panorama—the joint work of Detaille and de Neuville—so remarkable was this living picture of a great battle, that staff officers from every part of the world came to Paris in order to see it. The artists chose three o'clock in the afternoon of the day the battle of Champigny took place, and nearly two years of hard work have been needed to do even the preliminary studies of men and horses.

Though never rich in the modern sense of the word, Detaille had the most splendid collection of military accoutrements then in existence, and he had a great deal to do with the organization of the French Army Museum, which it is to be hoped has by now been visited by numerous American soldiers. He said to me:

I have often been tempted to do a realistic picture of the effects produced by modern fire. But I doubt if horror of so absolutely real a kind—I mean the shambles and the butcher's shop type of realism—is a legitimate form of art. Still I did make that attempt in "Un Coup de Mitrailleuse". I actually saw the incident—and I remember it all as if it had occurred an hour ago. I see the hollow lane, shadowed with luxuriant greenery, containing a great heap of dead German soldiers—every corpse is horribly disfigured, legless and armless bodies lie in pools of blood.

That Detaille could show war at its most terrible was proved very early in his career, when his awful painting "The Conquerors" was refused admission to the salon of 1872 by order of the government.

I asked him some questions with regard to "the next war"—for at the time I saw him, no one—on the continent of Europe at any rate—doubted that there would be a next war. He told me that, unlike most Frenchmen, he thought a picked army of volunteers was likely to give much better results than one raised by conscription, and he declared that all the French staff officers with whom he had talked agreed substantially with him. Unlike most Frenchmen of his generation, Detaille was very fond of sketches of old British-army types. He adored the British army, and in the forthcoming book will be many sketches of old British-army types. He was, of course, also painfully interested in the German army. He told me that when he was working on the illustrations of a book dealing with Napoleonic types, he experienced the almost incredible good luck to come across, at a small sale, a huge collection of rough sketches, done with extraordinary minutiæ, by a German artist who had sketched every type of French soldier who passed through the town in which he lived during Napoleon's Austrian and Russian campaigns. This collection is now, by the way, in the royal library—if there be still a royal library—of Saxe Weimar.

III

While it must be admitted that the French sometimes appear in daily life both narrow-minded and retrograde, they have a wonderful breadth of vision when anything literary, intellectual—and may we add sentimental?

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—is in question. How amazing it is that a nation can hail as national heroes and heroines personalities as astoundingly different as were, say, Joan of Arc and Voltaire, Henri Quatre and Danton! Of the four I have selected, perhaps the most vital and real to most educated French people remains Voltaire. Much as we know of that extraordinary being—and no man was ever more self-revealing, and in almost everything typically French,—we still know curiously little of his sentimental life. Women played a great rôle in his existence but respecting his amorous adventures he remains properly but tantalizingly dumb. There has, however, just appeared a book entitled "Les Filles de Madame du Noyer", and one of that lady's daughters, Olympe du Noyer, had a passionate love affair with Voltaire. Madame du Noyer was, among other things, a blue-stocking, and the book contains many amusing and interesting passages from her memoirs. Rousseau, who enjoys an even greater following among modern French readers than Voltaire, and round whose enigmatic personality hundreds of books have been written, is once more the subject of a series of volumes, of which the first, published before the war, dealt with his youth, while the second and third, which are now appearing together, bring him within sight of the end, that is, to Ermenonville.

Emile Bergerat, most witty and amusing of Paris chroniclers, known to hundreds of thousands of readers as "Caliban", has just been made a member of the Academy Goncourt. There are solemn people who give up their whole life to doing one thing well, and they reap their reward; there are others—and Bergerat is one of them—who do a great many things very well, and thus they are too apt to be regarded with contempt as "Jacks of all trades". Bergerat was the youngest author ever played at the Comédie Française, for he was only seventeen when a one-act play of his was accepted "with acclamations", and not only accepted but acted. He has never given up playwrighting, but the serious business of his life has been journalism. Almost alone among those of his contemporaries who have won a great place on the French press, he has a strong sense of humor. Sometimes his delightful articles recall Sterne—at other times one realizes that he is a fellow countryman of Rabelais! He was once described as *le paradoxe fait homme*. Thus he signs himself both "Caliban" and "Ariel", also "The Man in the Mask". Like most distinguished Frenchmen he is a devoted husband and father, and is exceedingly proud of the fact that he stands in the relation of son-in-law to that whimsical and lovable genius—who also gave to journalism what should have belonged to posterity, Théophile Gautier.

IV

I was talking the other day with the most acute and celebrated of the older French critics, and he was bemoaning the partial eclipse of Alphonse Daudet. It is strange indeed, that a writer who has added two immortal figures to the great pageant of French literature—"Sapho" and "Tartarin de Tarascon",—should be so seldom mentioned when contemporary fiction is being discussed. Yet, as my friend truly said, using a delightful old French colloquialism, Daudet was *un fier monsieur*. One has to go as far back as Balzac to find so great and varied an imaginative creative artist. Daudet was

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incomparably greater than Zola, his contemporary and sometime rival. Every bit of work he did was excellent and memorable; and yet he had no great opinion of the author's trade as a profession, and he must have put off many a young man who came to consult him from adopting a life of letters. Neither did he believe in journalism as a stepping-stone to higher things. He once told me, with a rather sad smile, that his real ambition had always been to become a successful dramatist. This ambition he never realized, though "Sapho" still holds the stage in many languages, and though almost every one of his books was dramatized. By the way, one odd thing remains in my mind apropos of Daudet's extreme conscientiousness and loving care over his work. When seeking a title for the novel now known as "Sapho", he considered seriously sixteen variants. These included "Thais" (afterward taken by Anatole France), "Psyche", "Circe", and "Le Monstre". His heroine, it must be borne in mind, was a daughter of pleasure.

To writers, at any rate, the methods of work of famous novelists are always full of interest. It surprised me to learn that, like Zola, Daudet depended a great deal on notes and jottings put down by him at odd moments, and in every conceivable kind of place. Even as a young man he always kept a careful diary, recording each day not only what he had seen and heard, but also what he felt. As time went on he found that this diary provided him with very valuable material. This was particularly the case when he was writing "The Nabab" which gives so vivid and mordant a picture of Paris life under the second empire, and when he was engaged on his terrible satire "L'Immortel".

I think there came a time when Daudet felt sorry he had written this book. It was a ferocious attack on the French Academy, and every character was a portrait—not even Renan being spared.

Daudet's methods of production were very peculiar. When starting a new novel he wrote what dramatists would call a scenario of the story. Then he started amplifying and enlarging almost every sentence, adding scenes and incidents as they occurred to his mind. Thus he produced an immense amount of matter, which was finally sorted out, joined up together, and divided into chapters just before being sent to the printer's. As was perhaps natural, Balzac was Daudet's master, but his favorite reading was Hugo's translation of Shakespeare. Those who would care to know something of Daudet's mind and mentality, apart from the many opportunities to this end in his novels, should read his son Leon Daudet's book on his father. It is perhaps the most perfect filial tribute ever paid. It is not a biography in the ordinary sense of the word, yet it gives an absolute portrait of the man, and many extracts from his note-book.

Apropos of note-books and of what it was once the fashion to call scientific fiction, poor Zola would have delighted in Dr. Apert's "L'Hérédité Morbide". While there can be little doubt that Zola pushed his theories much too far in the series of novels in which he told the whole of the life story of a French family during the nineteenth century, his system was much more worthy of respect than that of those modern novelists who take no notice of heredity. In real life disagreeable, bad-natured people do not as a rule have delightful, angelic-natured children; in novels they

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constantly do so, and the fact used to make poor Zola almost ill with rage. But French novelists have never been as great sinners in this respect as are their British and American brothers. That doubtless is owing to the fact that heredity, morbid or other, plays an important rôle in ordinary French life. No marriage is arranged in any class in France without the parents of the contracting parties going to much trouble, and sometimes to much expense, in order to find out all that can possibly be discovered about the prospective bride and bridegroom's immediate forebears. Indeed, the stories which most French people could tell about this curious custom would be regarded as incredible in America and England.

V

One of the things which has always struck the imagination of the world has been the cutting off of early genius by death. Keats is the supreme example, but one can call to mind many others. It is dolorous to think of what the late war cost humanity in that respect—indeed, it is not too much to say that with regard to French letters, death has thinned the ranks of a whole generation of brilliant, sensitive, and accomplished writers. Among these a special tribute may well be paid to the memory of Emile Clermont, described by no less an authority than M. Barrès as *ce jeune génie frémissant*. Clermont had only published three comparatively short works of imagination—"Amour Promis", "Laure", and "L'Histoire d'Isabelle"—but they had given him, at any rate among the critics, and among those eager readers who are always searching for the new, the strange, the exquisite, and the unusual, a unique place. His "Life", which includes much of his correspondence, as well as his war diary, has just been published by his sister, who seems to have been as devoted to him as was Eugénie de Guérin to her brother. Though every page of the volume is worth reading, those concerned with the French literature of yesterday, today, and tomorrow will naturally turn with special interest to that portion of the book entitled "The Novelist", for in it Clermont's theories as to the art of literature are very closely analyzed and displayed. He worked with difficulty, though now and again there came to him that inspired moment for which all writers long. So little did he think of the effect of his work on the casual reader that one of his favorite quotations was Lacordaire's splendid sentence, "Une seule âme est souvent un grand auditoire".

Like so many Frenchmen of his day, Clermont did not much care for the great figures of the past. Both Hugo and Renan irritated him—indeed, he went so far as to think Renan had had a very bad effect on his generation. On the other hand, he had an immense admiration for Sainte-Beuve. Infinitely touching are the few chapters devoted to his life as a soldier. He had none of the natural French instinct for war. He forced himself to be a good soldier. While quiet, shy, gentle in his manner, how thoroughly he realized the finer side of the great tragedy was shown by the noble words he wrote to his sister concerning his comrades: "Ils sont tous ainsi! Non point avides, convoitant, comme les races conquérantes, mais détachés, et sachant si bien mourir!"

VI

A French correspondent keenly interested in English literature tells me that to his mind the most remarkable book published in England for some

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years is "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". He goes on to express amazement that any human being should have left such a document for publication. It is a fact, and a very curious fact, that French literature—so rich, so varied, so amazingly daring throughout the ages—is yet strangely lacking in "the human document" pure and simple. One can almost count on the fingers of one hand the French books which have set out to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. "Elle et Lui" is a famous example, but you have but to read it now, when the world possesses the real love letters and secret diaries of the man and woman concerned, to see how very "arranged" was that study of the human heart. Though written in poetic form, the "Livre d'Amour" of Sainte-Beuve is far more true and revealing than "Elle et Lui". In the "Livre d'Amour" was told, with a shocking absence of reticence, the true, intimate story of the writer's passionate love affair with Madame Victor Hugo. But though Sainte-Beuve sometimes showed manuscript copies of the poems to his friends, the book was never published in its entirety, and the "Livre d'Amour", as we now know it, was not printed until forty years later.

"The Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff" was the nearest approach to a French "Diary of a Disappointed Man", but the strange, unhappy girl had not a single drop of French blood in her veins, and no Frenchwoman could have written her book. There does, however, exist one French collection of letters which tell not only the truth but all the truth and nothing but the truth. These are contained in a little volume bearing the title "Lettres à Fanfan" published anonymously some thirty years ago. Even now only a few people know that they are the genuine love letters of the great actress, Aimée Desclée, to a cavalry officer whom she loved not wisely but too well.

VII

What should form a very curious and valuable addition to every war library is just about to be published in Paris. "Le Poilu Tel Qu'il Se Parle" is a most elaborate dictionary of all the new and old words, popular expressions and sayings employed and uttered by those Frenchmen who fought, suffered, and triumphed in the armies of 1914-18. The author is a distinguished etymologist, and—this is very important—was himself on active service during the first thirty-eight months of war. More fortunate than most educated Frenchmen, he was able to pursue both his profession and his hobby when in the trenches. He took perpetual notes of all he heard said around him, and made a special point of the special slang of each regiment. After he had exhausted the infantry and artillery, he entered the air service, and made a special study of air language, blue and otherwise! The result should be a most extraordinary and valuable contribution to French war literature.

I am delighted to see that a French publisher has had the enterprise to bring out an adequate translation of F. W. Bain's exquisite story "A Digit of the Moon". Many wise people regard this still little known Anglo-Indian writer as likely to take as permanent a place in literature as Lafcadio Hearn has done. This does not mean that the work of the two men is in the least alike; but their writing has in common that rare, intangible quality which, even though it may never meet with wide popularity dur-

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ing the lifetime of a writer, insures immortality.

Apropos of contemporary fame, it may be doubted if it has ever fallen to the lot of any woman connected with the arts to have paid her a greater compliment than that which has just befallen the lady whose professional name is Isadora Duncan. The Editions des Muses Françaises—a publishing house which devotes itself exclusively to the de luxe type of book—is bringing out a sixty-four-page album, limited to one hundred copies, of which the subscription price is one hundred francs, entitled "Isadora Duncan, Fille de Prométhée". The text will celebrate the famous dancer in both prose and verse, and the illustrations will be both in color and in black and white. The piteous death, under peculiarly tragic circumstances, of Isadora Duncan's two children thrilled the whole of France with an intense sympathy, and she has never lost her hold on the supposedly fickle Paris public.

WHAT IS THE BEST "PSYCHICAL" LITERATURE?

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON

In the British Museum, there is an Egyptian papyrus which contains an account of a psychical séance given by a certain Tchatcha-em-ankh before King Khufu, and said to bear the date *circa* 3766 B. C. Here we read:

> He knoweth how to bind on a head which hath been cut off; he knoweth how to make a lion follow him, as if led by a rope; and he knoweth the number of stars (constellations) of the house of Thoth.

The literature of the occult is thus of considerable antiquity! Egypt was, par excellence, the home of ancient magic — though Chaldea, Assyria, Persia, China, Rome, Greece, India—all contributed in their own special directions. Throughout the middle ages, alchemy, astrology, and natural magic held the stage, until we come to the time of witchcraft, when a perfect deluge of books upon that subject was issued. Then, mesmerism came to the fore, and during the early half of the last century, a flood of works upon this subject appeared. In 1847, however, modern spiritualism appeared upon the scene; and from that date, the aspect of the "supernatural" changed: its literature now dealt almost entirely with revelations concerning, and communications from, the spiritual world. When, however, in 1882, the Society for Psychical Research was founded, a new and scientific aspect of these various problems appeared; and now the majority of books deal with the scientific side of the subject, more or less directly.

Since the inauguration of modern spiritualism, thousands upon thousands of books have appeared—good, bad, and indifferent. Unless one has endless time to devote to this question, it is almost a hopeless task to sift the wheat from the chaff; to discriminate between the books which are worth reading, and which are not. The average man or woman cannot afford the time to read *all* of them, and he is just as likely to hit upon those books which will give him an

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entirely wrong impression of the subject, as upon those which will give him a sound, sensible, and scientific one.

I have been asked many hundreds of times which books I would "recommend" for the average beginner—books that aim to furnish accurate and sensible information, neither unduly credulous nor unduly sceptical. There are relatively few books of this character—probably two or three dozen of the many thousands published. I shall endeavor to indicate as impartially as I can those books which in my estimation are worth the reader's first consideration; and those which, should he be sufficiently interested to follow up the subject further, would be most profitable for him to read.

The headquarters of all the important information concerning scientific research, of course,—the great mine of information, to which writers must go for their actual facts, and their information as to what has been actually accomplished—is the Society for Psychical Research. In the thirty volumes of the English "Proceedings", and in the twelve volumes of the American "Proceedings", will be found a perfect wealth of material of minute and scientifically sifted evidence—which constitutes a veritable fountain of knowledge and information upon this subject. The "Journals", issued to members only, are also replete with interesting data.

Aside from these publications the standard text-book, so to say, is F. W. H. Myers's "Human Personality", which summarizes all the important evidence in psychical research up to the year of its publication (1903). Myers was a classical scholar of the first rank; his literary style was considered by his contemporaries second to none; while his original presentation of the problems involved gained for him wide distinction in the scientific world. Myers was the first man to study, extensively, the subconscious mind; he advanced original theories of genius, hysteria, sleep, dreams, and in fact nearly every topic discussed. Myers was the first to show that all forms of messages from the subconscious mind are but varied expressions or externalizations of the underlying self; and he it was who first synthesized psychic phenomena, showing the relationship between sensory and motor automatisms, and the connections between normal, subnormal, and supernormal psychology. Myers it was who coined the terms telepathy, subliminal, and many another in common use today, as well as numerous others less well known such as telergy, telæsthesia, psychorrhagy, etc. Myers died before the completion of his great work, which was completed under the able editorship of Dr. Richard Hodgson and Miss Alice Johnson.

Early in the history of the society, when "cases" began to accumulate, it was discovered that apparitions coinciding with death were very numerous—so numerous, in fact, that some casual factor was evidently at work. What was its nature? Gurney, Myers, and Podmore set out to discover this; and, as the result of several years' effort compiled and issued a monumental work, "Phantasms of the Living", which records seven hundred and two cases of such "coincidences". The theory put forward by these authors was that the majority of the phantasms were "telepathic hallucinations",—not objective "ghosts", but nevertheless originating in the brain of some distant person. "Phantasms" was the first book which sought to establish this connection on statistical grounds—a work which was after-

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ward carried out at greater length by the society,—when thirty thousand such cases were published in the great "Census of Hallucinations".

One of the acutest books dealing with the anaylsis of psychic cases is Professor Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology". This I consider a very excellent book, and because of that fact, I translated it from the French. "From India to the Planet Mars" is also a standard work, a study of subconscious phenomena. Here we might also mention Morton Prince's "The Unconscious", and Jastrow's "The Subconscious". Prince's "Dissociation of a Personality" is, of course, a standard work upon this subject—other valuable books being "Multiple Personality" by Sidis and Goodhart, and "Alterations of Personality" by Binet.

Hypnotism has an extensive literature of its own, most of it out of date, and only of historic interest. Probably the best all-round book is Bramwell's "Hypnotism"; then Moll's "Hypnotism"; Severn's "Psychotherapy", and Dubois's "Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders". The student should also consult the chapter on hypnotism in Myers's "Human Personality".

Modern spiritualism has inspired many thousands of volumes. From the negative side, Podmore's "Modern Spiritualism" (two volumes) is doubtless the most inclusive; while an excellent summary of the early history of the movement is contained in Britain's "Modern American Spiritualism". J. Arthur Hill's recent book "Spiritualism; its History", is a very fair and impartial summary. Sir William Crooke's "Researches in Modern Spiritualism" is standard—and oft-quoted. Wolfe's "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" will give the reader an idea of the beliefs of the early spiritualists. The writings of A. J. Davis (the virtual founder of spiritualism), are very voluminous, running into thirty odd volumes. David P. Abbott's "Behind the Scenes with the Mediums" and my own "Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism" study, exhaustively, the fraudulent side of the subject. Dr. Horace Leaf's "What Is This Spiritualism?" may be consulted for a fair presentation of the spiritualistic point of view.

Regarding good books upon the general subject of psychical research, I might mention the following, among others: Barrett, "Psychical Research" and "On the Threshold of the Unseen"; Lang, "Cock Lane and Common Sense"; Hyslop, "Science and a Future Life" and "Life after Death"; Flammarion, "The Unknown" and "Mysterious Psychic Forces"; Joire, "Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena"; Maxwell, "Metapsychical Phenomena"; Holt, "On the Cosmic Relations"; Boirac, "Our Hidden Forces" and "The Psychology of the Future"; Hill, "Psychical Investigations"; Crawford, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena"; Wallace, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism"; Miss X, "Essays in Psychical Research"; Fournier D'Albe, "New Light on Immortality". Perhaps I might be permitted to suggest my own books—"Psychical Phenomena and the War", "The Problems of Psychical Research", and "Death: its Causes and Phenomena".

As to "communications" from the other side, a flood of books have appeared of late—"Raymond" by Sir Oliver Lodge; "Patience Worth" by C. S. Yost; "Letters from a Living Dead Man" and "War Letters" by Elsa Barker; "After Death" (Letters from Julia) by Stead; "I Heard a Voice" by "A King's Counsel"; "The Seven Purposes" by Margaret Cam-

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eron, etc. Some of these must be read with caution. Allen Kardek's "Spirits' Book" is a standard in this "question and answer" class,—defending reincarnation, after the French school!

Theosophy now has an extensive literature of its own. Madam Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" and "The Secret Doctrine" are standard. The writings of Annie Besant, Leadbeater, and Rudolph Steiner should be consulted. Occultism and magic likewise have several authoritative representatives. Eliphas Levi's "Transcendental Magic" is a standard work. A. E. Waite has published "The Mysteries of Magic", "The Occult Sciences", "The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts", etc., which contain some very curious matter. Hartmann's "Black and White Magic" and Papus's "What is Occultism?" might be consulted by the student. The ten volumes of "The Equinox", edited by Aleister Crowley, contain a veritable mine of occult lore, and real knowledge. These books are about to be reissued in this country. Those who may be interested in Rosicrucianism might consult Waite's "Real History of the Rosicrucians"; Max Hendel, "The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception"; Jennings, "The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries", etc.

There are many other topics, in this connection, which have not been even touched upon, but upon which many dozens of books have been written. Such subjects as telepathy, clairvoyance, ghosts, haunted houses, oriental magic, the development of one's psychic powers, second sight, dreams and dreaming, death, Yoga philosophy, trance revelations, psychical fiction, etc., etc.,—these topics cannot even be mentioned here in the prescribed limits of this article, though an extensive literature exists upon all of them. I have merely endeavored in this brief review, to enumerate a few of the standard works upon the topics mentioned; and I should advise the reader to read these before branching out into other fields,—and perusing a host of books which contain erroneous information, or which are likely to lead the reader off into a maze of speculation and side issues in which he might easily become lost. If the student of psychism is fortunate enough to obtain a sane point of view on the subject, *in the first few books he reads*, he may safely be trusted to read anything thereafter, as he now has a standard by which to judge them. But if he is unfortunate enough to get hold of two or three fantastic books at the beginning of his reading career, his viewpoint is likely to be biased thereafter. Therefore, I should strongly advise the reader to follow the lines I have indicated above; if he does so, he will find that he will acquire a gradually progressive knowledge of the subject in all its phases and aspects—without at the same time losing his balance and sane point of view. I can only hope the reader will find, in these few suggestions, some degree of help and guidance for his future reading; a further and more detailed study can, perhaps, be supplied at some time in the future.

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COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Literary Furniture

A strange turn of fate once made me editor of a furniture magazine. Not that I knew anything about furniture. I wanted to get a square meal, or to get married, or something like that. Now, as the years pass and I keep on being more and more married and better fed, I find furniture utterly coloring my vision of life. Quite unconsciously I look at my friends with a measuring eye, criticize the contour of their legs, and place people according to periods.

This would be a terrible affliction did it not have one advantage: know furniture and you know authors. Between authors and their chairs there is a striking similarity. The same national expressions can be found in both furniture and literary styles. As the author conforms himself to a chair, so does his writing.

The author apparently doesn't give a tinker's blank who makes a country's laws, much less who writes its songs, so long as he can sit in its chairs. The chairs that authors have sat in almost equal the number of beds in which Washington slept. In fact, if we were to judge authors by their chairs preserved in museums, we'd be inclined to believe that they spent most of their time sitting. This literary furniture is, as I have suggested, a delicate indication of the literary output. As the chair inclined, so the author wrote. As furniture lost its style, so did the author.

When the Grand Rapids of Greece began to fake its inlay and run to cheap Babylonian reproductions, Greek authors neglected to wax their tablets. Pergamos and Alexandria thereupon set up competition, the workers at Sicyon perfected their bronze furniture—and so the glory of Greece faded. When Nero cared so little for furniture as to burn up a whole cityful of it, Roman authors began making of their parchments paper wads which they bandied at the pretty Roman maidens, thereby sparing future generations of sophomores and producing a lot of hothouse, scented-bath poetry that no one would read today if it had been preserved. Lucan alone tried to lift up a he-man voice in this chaos of decadence, and was promptly put to death. When good, solid Jacobean furniture lost its character and began to dwindle into the Gallic-legged affairs of Anne, and of William and Mary, the drama just naturally got thin and spindle-legged too. For the same Italian and French influences that were evidenced in the literature of those days, changed the contour and character of the furniture. And it is a wise man who can say which changed first—writing or chair legs.

This analogy can be carried, if one wishes, from the hard-bottomed, stiff-backed chairs of Shakespeare's time to the decadent day-bed of the French Empire, when the literature of that epoch attempted to repeat the corruption and effeminacy of the Roman era which had produced the day-bed's

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own forerunner, the Roman couch.

This, however, is not a disquisition on furniture styles. It is intended to be, as the title suggests, a few hints on how to know the authors from the furniture. Such knowledge is not superfluous. For it would be an egregious blunder, a fatal *faux pas*, if, at some select gathering such as the annual banquet of the Authors' League or a soirée of the Poetry Society, you should mistake Irvin Cobb for a bombé-front secretaire, or turn on a switch in Bliss Carman's back and expect him to light up like a floor lamp, or take Miss Amy Lowell for a settee, or accidentally stuff Thomas Walsh, Lit. D., behind your back for a pillow. They might resent it. Such errors can never be made if one has a working knowledge of furniture. The following simple suggestions may be of assistance in determining the difference between furniture and authors:

(1) Most furniture is made to sit on. It is quite difficult to sit on an author. A few brave souls have tried it, and invariably they came off worsted. No one ever successfully sat on Mr. Untermeyer, for example. Therefore, when you enter a room, look around for what appears to be a chair. If you can sit on it, then it is a chair. If not, it is likely to be an author.

(2) The second class of furniture is the sort you put things in, such as a cupboard. It is not easy to put anything into an author except food and drink. He may accept a little flattery but he refuses to entertain suggestions. He has what he calls his Inner Consciousness, a sort of chest-like cavity inside himself, which is always full and from which he extracts his Works. If he is a successful author, such as some we might mention, he can get away with this inner consciousness gag. But if he is merely an incipient writer, such as some others we might also mention, the critics will rend him to bits. This really is not the fault of the author—he should be a different kind of furniture.

(3) Which brings us to the third and last major group—that which is merely to be looked at as something beautiful or curious. Oddly enough, the authors that are merely to be looked at are what furniture dealers refer to as "imported pieces". They come from Russia and England. Authors from Russia and England are always great authors. They are always above criticism. You mustn't try to sit on them or put things into them; they are merely to be admired and passed on with approval.

Quite a neat little volume could be written on these imported authors. Some day I hope to write down, for the guidance of my fellow countrymen, rules and suggestions for their entertainment. For the present and until our appreciation of home-made literature is quickened, we must rest satisfied with the knowledge that no author is great in America save he come from a foreign country. Congress might do something about this—pass a law to protect the infant industry of American writing or lay an embargo on the importation of great authors—but then, you know Congress.

Apropos of this, one might mention those accessories, those mantel garnitures of our mental households, the imported poets. They also are always great. Once on a time imported poets weren't permitted past the immigration officials unless they could present evidence of great physical beauty or an inclination toward exotic decadence

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or the capacity for mauve love affairs. And how we Americans took them in—and they us! We had them about the place, casually, incidentally, the way we used to scatter those small boxes of fragrant sandalwood around the parlor. That sort of poet doesn't "furnish" nowadays. Today no foreign poet is permitted north of Ellis Island unless he has a war record or is allied with a revolutionary movement. We especially prefer Sinn Feiners and Bolsheviks. They are not half so pleasing as the exotic, sandalwood-box variety; in fact, they remind one of these vases made from torn shell-cases, or those cuspidors fashioned from German helmets that one finds today in smart homes. Of course, imported poets are always found in our smart homes—that's what makes 'em smart. They rarely come the second time, because they cannot be sat on, nor can you put anything into them save lecture receipts—and only few would you admire.

There is one type of author I have never been able to understand. He is known as the Standard Author, and is purchased according to size and on the instalment plan with ten years' subscription to a magazine, much as one buys a stock-pattern, dining-room suite as an incident to laying in a life's supply of Tetley's tea. The great difference between the two is that you actually do use the dining-room suite, whereas in most households there is a death penalty for anyone daring to remove a standard author from his place on the shelves. There he stands, year after year, sturdy and staunch, like 'Gene Field's little toy dog, covered with dust.

What makes an author standard? His size? And why do people buy standard authors? They aren't alive, they don't have to be supported. Bulwer-Lytton, for example, or Charles Reade. I sincerely believe that good, honest folk buy them in the same set fashion that they go about buying furniture for a house—they figure out that they'll need a bed, a bureau and a washstand, an easy chair, two straight-back chairs, a library table, a rug, a table lamp, a print of "The Last Supper"—and a set of Macaulay. Standard authors are all right in their place, but why make them the foundations of a beginning married life? Perhaps a profounder mind may solve this riddle some day.

This pleasant little discourse cannot end without a word on antique authors. And before we go any further, let me warn you against the spurious variety. There are two kinds of antiques—old antiques and mid-Victorian. A genuine Italian renaissance chair is a veritable antique, but a Rogers Group isn't. Most of our literary antiques are kept in museums or the homes of the very rich. The Rogers Groups are kept in small-town libraries and the homes of the middle class where torn bindings are their sole claim to ancient merit.

The Rogers Group authors aren't old enough to be either dead or antique, nor are they young enough to warrant preservation in a place of honor. Many of these authors are still alive—harmless, wrinkled old gentlemen, who speak glowingly of the past and think literature today is going to the ultimate airedales. Without the slightest provocation they tell you how they wrote the first American problem novel—'way back in the centennial year—but the book was before its time and didn't sell. Or perhaps they had their transient hour of

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popularity, the way burnt-wood chairs did. For a time everyone had them about; then the style changed and they were moved up to the attic—chairs and books alike—to give place to a new generation of authors and chairs.

There is something very sad about these Rogers Group romancers. One almost wishes prohibition hadn't come so soon, for when in liquor the past is alive to them, and they speak of the chance their next book will have—that book they'll never write. And yet, and yet was it not these very Rogers Group authors who helped win the war? When the libraries sent forth their clarion call, did we not give generously of these wornout romances? . . . . The Germans miscalculated the temper of the American soldier. They didn't know the sort of books he was obliged to read. They thought he wouldn't fight.

—RICHARDSON WRIGHT

Putting Our Literature on a Literary Basis

It seems quite a singular and unusual circumstance that among all the reforms that are now being evolved to make the human race in the United States any better, no attention has been paid to our literature. We have government ownership of railroads and stomachs, we have municipal surveys and multifarious educational innovations, which are modestly announced by their creators as continuously competent to produce infant phenomena at will. Even the circulation of our blood is supervised by boards of health, and immediately after the preliminary advertising and official announcement of every new disease, wide-awake doctors invent a new serum to cure it. Now to most of us it is commonly known that our desires originate in the mind. After the mind has let them loose, they start out upon the ignoble business of playing hob with the body. But it is only after this has taken place—when in fact the damage has been done—that our reformers step in and insist upon regulating the body—a method so extraordinarily stupid that nobody but man could have invented it. Meanwhile the mind is left to shift for itself, and having no rudder, soon becomes a derelict. Thus, as we walk up and down the beach of modern civilization, we see the flotsam and jetsam of countless minds, wrecked by newspapers, moving-pictures, and jazz bands.

There are some captious people who claim that, as we have no real literature, the imitation can scarcely be worth saving. But this is only the view of the so-called intellectual—a species of human being that lives on the high plateaus of alleged thought, jumps from paradox to paradox, and subsists largely on vers libre, cubisms, and other sterile combinations in restraint of common sense. We undoubtedly have a literature, but opinions differ as to what it is. Does it consist of the works of Edith Wharton, or of Robert W. Chambers? Is it something that can penetrate the mind of a congressman at a distance of 13,000 yards; or, at a distance say of ten goose steps, can excite the passionate admiration of the editorial staff of "The New Republic"?

"Literature", declares the versatile Mr. Webster, "is the total of preserved writings belonging to a given language or people." This is comprehensive and lucid. Those writings that are not preserved are evidently not literature. An ingenious Amer-

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ican librarian has recently undertaken to circumvent this by requesting authors to send him the original manuscripts of their works, for him to hand down to posterity. He has overlooked a fact that it is quite natural for an American librarian to overlook, namely, that literature is mental, not physical; and that it really consists of a body of words and phrases that are handed down by a very few of one generation to a very few of another; that are preserved in minds, and not on book-shelves. Some years ago I was interested to learn that there had been sold in this country two hundred and seventy-six copies of the Upanishads, that work of Indian philosophy which Schopenhauer characterized as the finest reading in the world—a work that in the course of thousands of years has crossed the European continent, and although only one American in hundreds of thousands knows anything about it, will doubtless continue to live for thousands of years longer, when quite possibly Arthur Brisbane and Harold Bell Wright are forgotten.

So far as literature itself is concerned, it is largely a question of memory and hearsay—memory on the part of the few who keep it alive in their thoughts, and hearsay on the part of the many. There are undoubtedly people who still read Shakespeare. There are many who do not read him, but who would be outraged if you should ask them if they had ever heard of him. His is a familiar name to the American public, and is even known to members of the theatrical profession; but along with many others in English literature who might be favorably mentioned, he is scarcely ever seen in congress, and in the senate is quoted only by J. Ham Lewis.

We must undoubtedly be thinking of getting something together in this country that, in time, will take the place of the work of these English worthies of bygone days. Something must be done to put our literature on a posterity basis. It must be codified and assembled and systematized. Bernard Shaw has several times been requested to come over here and start a literature, but he has preferred to slam us at a distance. It is a curious fact that many of our natives who might have gotten our literature going, have given up the job and quit. There was Henry James who took up his residence in London, and even Mrs. Wharton appears to prefer Paris. We must do something to keep our prominent authors at home.

Nobody knows of course what our literature is going to be until afterward. And then it will be too late. Some hidden genius who is struggling along on five or ten thousand a year writing screen captions, may become the Rochefoucauld of the future. The best we can do is to lay out a plan in which the whole realm of our literature may be duly surveyed and reorganized. Mr. Burleson, our official zonemaster, has already done what he could. He saw very clearly that our literature, such as it is, must be duly restricted. His idea is that eventually, under our postal dispensation, a magazine containing certain embryonic gems of literature which starts out to a subscriber from the Atlantic coast will, by the time it reaches the Pacific, become a classic. Apparently he has not the same idea as that divulged by an eminent southern senator, who declared that his own state was fully capable of producing a literature of its own and wanted an embargo placed on all printed material coming from the outside world. Mr.

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Burleson does not go so far as this. He would not kill off all the magazines at once, the way the prohibitionists have done to the grape growers of California. He would let them live along for several years, meeting taxes and death on the instalment plan.

Certainly this method, while it may have its special merits, is applied at the wrong end. It delays until the raw material from which literature is eventually made has established itself; and then proceeds to throttle it; whereas a much simpler way is to guard the source and in the very beginning to admit nobody who doesn't show some signs of incipient literary talent. For example, what would be thought of the management of a club that admitted everybody to membership and after they were all in, went around and sandbagged all the undesirables? The correct thing to do with our literature is to begin at the beginning, to have a properly organized department for the examination of those wishing to enter literature and to establish schools where they can be taught.

At present anyone in America can be literary who wants to, without taking out a license. If the president of a bank or a packers' trust wishes to take a correspondence course in short-story writing, nobody can stop him. Anyone can become a playwright or a professor of political economy in a western university, or if he wants to enter literature via "Scribner's Magazine", can acquire a three months' residence at Princeton. Anyone who has capital enough to hire a dress suit by the week and thus be able to appear at literary banquets, can become a publisher. Nature, it is quite true, often steps in and tries to preserve a certain balance, as when a writer of popular songs becomes so ambitious that he learns to read and write English, thereby drying up his inspiration and cutting off his income. But nature is no longer doing the great work that she did. Labor-saving devices and modern methods of efficiency are rapidly usurping her ancient privileges.

Before being permitted to enter literature, everyone should be officially examined, subjected to certain tests, and be required if necessary to furnish a bond for the keeping of the literary peace. It is true that in the past there have been a number of really first-class authors who succeeded without this kind of supervision, but that is only because they were naturally so bright that nothing could stop them. Homer and Dante did as well as could be expected of them, considering that the first had to travel around without a portable typewriter and the second had to invent a hell of his own without any help from Billy Sunday. Consider, however, what they might have done if, before turning out their gems of thought, they could have taken the Harvard dramatic course, matriculated from the school of journalism at Columbia, met Amy Lowell, or lived in Kansas.

The great trouble with our present system is, not that it isn't efficient, but that it has not been duly coordinated and brought under the control of authority. Literature in America is now in much the same condition that our railroads were before the government took them over. That is to say, it is prosperous, at least to a degree. It is an affair of private enterprise, its proletariat not yet having developed enough mentality to adopt a defensive system of union labor. No Samuel Gompers has risen among us, although I am bound to say that

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Ellis Parker Butler has done the best he could. Nobody ever hears of the joke writers going out on strike; these poor wretches are not even organized, the nearest approach to such a thing being the annual meeting of the newspaper humorists, a sort of clearing house of melancholy. Immense profits are made by a few writers on top, who have either struck the rock of cheap sentiment and had it gush forth its thousands, or who are living a life of shame under Hearst. The rank and file are, as I have intimated, constantly increasing, lured on by literary agents and the horrible fascination of seeing one's name in print.

As to the ultimate solution of this problem of putting our literature on a literary basis, modesty prevents me from setting forth too rashly a definite program of reconstruction. Although a pronounced idealist, I am not sure that George Creel is backing me up, and I cannot afford to be wrecked on fourteen points of literature. We must move slowly. I suggest first a preliminary meeting of psychologists. Anyone hereafter who wishes to enter our literature should be subpœnaed to appear before these gentlemen and be subjected to the Binet test. If in sixty secônds he can distinguish red from green or blue from yellow, can repeat "The Star-Spangled Banner", the Gettysburg address, and the Covenant of Peace, admits that he admires publishers and proof-readers, has never heard of the word *meticulous*, and is living on good terms with his wife, then he should be thrown out. He is not fit to enter American literature.

—THOMAS L. MASSON

ON HEARING SOME LITTLE CRITICS DISSECT A BEAUTIFUL POEM

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

You pick the petals of this rose apart,
(You literary botanists!)
And then, with tragic, thin, set lips, you start
To name things on your tiny lists—
Your catalogue of picayune defects,
Your useless litany of faults.
And one-who-thinks-he-knows-it-all directs
Your verbal jazz and tiresome waltz.

O pitiful young vultures! Who are you,
That you should take this living thing,
This song that is so rich, and fine, and true,
And bruise it with your heavy wing?
You are like little gnats that sharply hurt;
Yet all you say your cause defeats.
You're worse than worms that crawl within the dirt
Around the flowery grave of Keats!

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HENRY, NOT "HARRY", FIELDING

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I wonder how many readers there still are who open a biography of Fielding with the expectation of finding there an exciting story of life in eighteenth-century London? Their experience must, I fancy, be a little like my own when, at the age of twelve, I took a volume of "Tom Jones" from the shelves of my father's library under the pleasant but erroneous impression that it was a detective story. There is still a pleasant but erroneous impression in the minds of "general readers" (traceable, no doubt, to Thackeray) that the life of Fielding is a spicy account of evenings over the pipe and punch-bowl, and of days in the garrets of Grub Street and the green-rooms of Covent Garden. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The conversation of Harry Fielding is as irrecoverable as that of the Mermaid Tavern. The few anecdotes about him that have been preserved have long been known to scholars to be quite untrustworthy, and the famous references to him in the letters of Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu have been received with caution, as requiring modification in every important detail. Fielding, in short, eludes us as completely as any man of letters in the century. Why is this?

In the first place, as has been said before this, Fielding lived in the interval between two great literary periods. By the time he came to public notice, the group of authors that had graced the reign of Anne had long since been scattered. Addison was dead. Swift was living in retirement in Ireland. Prior was dead. Pope, who still reigned over the world of letters, knew of Fielding as a literary aspirant, but by no means thought of him as a colleague. On the other hand, the Johnsonian circle was not yet formed. Garrick knew Fielding, but Garrick, a younger man, was not given to recording his reminiscences of authors. Richardson and Smollett he knew, but only in the bitterness of rivalry. Sterne, of course, he never heard of. Thus he is to be thought of as isolated from any group or school that might have assisted in preserving his personality as it was manifested outside the pages of his novels.

Moreover there was nothing in Fielding's personality to make good this lack of Boswellian friends. He was not prone to self-analysis or to recording his private opinions in letters and diaries. Dean Cross prints a few letters, but they are not of a kind to make us regret very keenly the loss of the rest of his private correspondence. He was too healthy and too busy to have much love for introspection. "No man", says Miss Godden, "was ever more shy of autobiographical revelation." When, at the close of his life, he wrote his "Voyage to Lisbon", it is remarkable how little he found to record or cared to reveal with regard to his inmost spirit. As it was his misfortune to have no Boswell, so it was his blessing to be no

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Rousseau. Thus the history of Fielding can never partake of the charm which a Lockhart or a Trevelyan may lend to an intimate biography; to the irreverent and the uninterested the account of his career must seem a tissue of documents and dulness.

Of all this we have of course no right to complain. Mr. Cross has not chosen to invent the local color that is wanting in his sources, and has mercifully spared us such a work of the imagination as Frankfort Moore's "Life of Goldsmith". It is his business, with the aid of all the methods known to scholarship, to mortise together the facts and the documents with inference and deduction. The biography of Fielding, so far as is now possible, has been written; future scholars must be content to be mere gleaners in the path of Mr. Cross.

It is the unique value of this work that it projects the facts of Fielding's life upon the background of the periodic literature of his time. The newspapers, the magazines, and the pamphlets of the mid-eighteenth century have been ransacked for their casual references; old controversies and literary quarrels have been, now for the first time, woven into a complete story which reveals the normal development of Fielding as a dramatist, essayist, and novelist. For the first time Fielding's journals have been exhaustively examined. We have at last a working bibliography—a prerequisite to the preparation of any complete edition of Fielding. Many fugitive pieces, notably "The Roast Beef of Old England", are now for the first time attributed to Fielding; others, such as "The Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews", about which there has been much discussion, are now finally and conclusively assigned to him. The history of the publication and reception of the novels is now for the first time adequately recorded. The history of Fielding's reputation, from Arthur Murphy's inaccurate and misleading sketch down to W. E. Henley's brilliant essay, is exhaustively set forth —not only for its intrinsic interest, but as a basis for a new and final estimate of the author's character and work.

In the Fielding of tradition—the lovable rakehell, with claret-stained ruffles, who, when hard pressed by duns, could, with the aid of a wet towel round his head, fling off a work of genius—Mr. Cross has of course no belief. He presents Fielding to us as an upright, hard-working man, full-blooded but clear-eyed, with a hatred of injustice and shams, and with an abiding and passionate devotion to woman. It is clear that the author has come under the fascination of his hero. He is willing to grant no more to the old tradition than is indicated by the following sentences:

> Grave people looked askance upon him in youth and in age because he did not conform in his life and in his works to the settled *mores* of citizen morality. But no dishonour can be attached to his conduct.

There may, however, linger in certain minds enough of the old bourgeois prejudice to feel that this is somewhat understating the case. Mr. Cross has given abundant proof that he has no fear of the facts; and it is therefore the more surprising to find him touching rather lightly on the episode in Fielding's youth after which it was necessary to bind him over to keep the peace, and on the fact that his son, William, was born but two months after Fielding's marriage to Mary Daniel. Such irregularities of conduct, though they do not, in any sense, reestablish the rollicking Fielding of tradition, do account, in part

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at least, for the attitude to him that was adopted by such writers as Lady Mary and Walpole—persons whose conceptions of morality were by no means bounded by bourgeois standards. When all is said, it will perhaps be found that what is now roughly called "the Fielding tradition" owes its vitality not so much to the picturesque imaginings of Thackeray as to the incidents of "Joseph Andrews" and of "Tom Jones".

There are passages, too, where a very amiable enthusiasm for his subject leads the biographer to certain critical utterances which he would not perhaps permit himself except for the purpose of rhetorical contrast. "Smollett", he says, "has been winnowed down to 'Roderick Random' and 'Humphry Clinker'." True, but has not Fielding been similarly winnowed down to "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones"? Has "Amelia" more readers than "Peregrine Pickle"? Of Dr. Johnson Mr. Cross permits himself to say:

> What Johnson's unbiased opinion was no one quite knows, for he rarely had an unbiased opinion on any subject. . . . He several times told his friends that he read "Amelia" through "without stopping". If this be so, it is the only book that Johnson ever read through. The phrase in his mouth meant no more than that he once turned the leaves of the novel and then laid it aside for good.

Surely this is the kind of exaggeration under which, when Fielding is the victim, Mr. Cross very properly chafes.

It is doubtful if the annals of English criticism contain a more useful distinction than that which Johnson made between the novels of Richardson and Fielding when he remarked that Richardson was like a man who knew how a watch was made, but Fielding like a man who could tell the time by looking at its dial-plate. It is surely Fielding's great quality to be a shrewd observer of men's actions—to judge a man by his acts rather than by the complexity of motives from which his acts may rise; whereas Richardson excelled in an analytical knowledge of the human heart. This is what Coleridge meant when, in comparing the two, he said that "Fielding's talent was observation, not meditation". Without coming under the spell of his hero, and without pandering to the prejudices of his readers, Fielding recorded the fact as he saw it. It is the glory of "Tom Jones" that it tells the whole truth, without palliation and without fear; so that Thackeray could remark that no author since Fielding had been permitted to depict, to the utmost of his power, a man.

But in the case of Parson Adams there are those who would appreciate a somewhat larger power of "meditation"— a knowledge of how the watch is made. Fielding's observation of Adams's manner and actions is complete, unfailing; but we do not feel that he has plumbed the depths of the parson's soul. We look at him, but we do not look through his eyes. To his creator Adams is a man of noble instincts who, in the delusion of his heart, fancies himself a child of the Christian church and a disciple of Greek philosophy. But in a crisis, such as that of the supposed death of his little son, all his fine theories fall from him like a garment, and we see him as he is, a child of nature. So are all men. We never escape, by learning or religion or experience, from the endowments which nature has given us. They are the hidden springs of our conduct, and our "motives" only mask our selfishness. In all senses, a man's instincts are his fate.

Thus Fielding's study of life is a

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continuous stripping away of illusions, an eternal warfare upon the shams and hypocrisies of life, to which we are ever running for cover. If he ever flags in his work of showing us man as he is, it is only that he may the more effectively show him up. Lawyers, physicians, clergymen, philosophers, innkeepers, servants, women of quality, women of no quality, trip upon the scene with studied bow and smirk, confident in the pose that they have adopted; only to be stripped and dismissed for the hypocrites that they are. It is only the simple souls—Adams, Allworthy, Tom, Sophia, Amelia, the downtrodden housemaid (no better than she should be), and the rough postilion (afterward "transported for robbing a hen-roost"),—who, in following the dictates of the human heart, succeed in winning our affections and, therefore, our respect.

It has been said of Fielding that it is his glory never so far to have come under the fascination of his own characters as to be blinded to the true significance of their acts. This is at once his glory and his limitation. Of his great master Cervantes it has been said that we begin his book with laughter and end it in tears, for we slowly enter into the heart of the mad Don Quixote, and come to feel that such madness is not without its sublimity. But there are no unsuspected depths in Fielding's men. He sees with the clear but limited gaze of sanity and common sense. As we read we learn to love frankness, manliness, and "quiet heroism". But before the profounder problems of human life and before the sphinx-enigma of death, our author, though courageous, is dumb. He cannot ease the burden of our fears or make quick-coming death a little thing. Thus his critics must ever be content with assigning to him a place among those authors who, while reflecting life with a clear and luminous accuracy, stop short of interpreting it.

The History of Henry Fielding. By Wilbur L. Cross. Yale University Press.

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A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

A BOOK OF NATURE AND LIFE

By Henry Litchfield West

The years which have passed over the head of John Burroughs have not dulled the keenness of his observation nor diminished the ardor of his enthusiasm. He is still the painstaking, unwearied, sympathetic chronicler of nature and nature's way, with the same fresh and interesting method of imparting knowledge. The charm of his work lies in his poetic and human instincts. He environs every denizen of the woods and fields with a subtle, palpitating influence that throbs with spontaneity and is not to be measured with foot and rule. He is not forbidding like Thoreau, but bathes himself and us in a warm, life-giving aura. Every word he utters is a genial invitation to become more intimately acquainted with nature, and to love her with the same devotion with which he worships at her feet.

Mr. Burroughs has chosen wisely in the title of his latest book. The volume is a combination of field and study—the first part dealing with the earth and the fulness thereof, and the second presenting the reflections of a man who has lived long amid surroundings which give a unique value to his varied comments on literature, science, and religion. His outdoor essays are written out of an inexhaustible store of knowledge and experience. Mr. Burroughs is not, however, a mere verbatim stenographer of nature. He is an interpreter as well as an observer. He does not submit a cold and precise report, unenlivened by a single byplay of humor or of human interest, but presents a record inspired by a kinship with the woods and fields and streams. It is the outpouring of a heart which experienced "a feeling of companionship with nature long prior to any conscious desire for accurate and specific knowledge about her works". When Mr. Burroughs says that he loved the flowers and the wild creatures, as most healthy children do, long before he knew that there was such a study as botany or natural history, he makes it clear to our understanding why his interpretation of nature has such a compelling appeal.

The value of Mr. Burroughs's work lies in the fact that he brings the mountain to Mahomet. It is through him that nature comes to our very doors. There are, unfortunately, so many men and women veneered with the crust of city life that their hearts fail to respond to the flashing of a star, the fragrance of flowers, or the singing of the birds; and even to those who are not thus hardened, all association with nature must necessarily be vicarious or second-hand. To this latter class the book of nature may be open winter and summer but it is certainly not always within reach. It is unquestionably true, as Mr. Burroughs asserts, that nature lore is absorbed in the air we breathe; that it awaits us at the side of the spring when we stoop to drink; that it drops upon us from the trees; and that it is written upon the rocks and ledges.

The trouble is, however, that with most of us the air we breathe is the

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crowded and vitiated atmosphere of the city; that our horizon is a brick wall; that our woodland spring degenerates into the kitchen faucet; that our trees are sad specimens struggling for existence amid square yards of concrete; and that the only rocks and ledges which come within our ken are visible in the holes wherein will be laid the foundations for a new building. To such as are confined in the cities, Mr. Burroughs's books are like manna in the wilderness. They are food and drink to parched and hungry souls. "Natural history", he says, "is on the wing and all about us on the foot. It hides in holes; it perches on trees; it runs to cover under the stones and into the stone walls; it soars, it sings, it drums, it calls by day, it barks and prowls and hoots by night." Unfortunately, the natural history which thus environs Mr. Burroughs represents for us a far-off land until he transforms distance into proximity with the magic of his pen.

The lucidity and simplicity which Mr. Burroughs insists are the main requisites of literary style are happily exemplified by him on every page, and are the factors which make his message so intelligible. "There is a world of good writing", he says, "which yet differs from literature as a tree differs from a pile of lumber." He wants his page to fit the mind as water fits the hand, and the meaning to be conveyed in the clearest, freshest, most direct and vivid manner, without thought of style. "O, to be natural", he exclaims, "to have the quality of freshness and inevitableness, of the unlabored, the spontaneous!" Surely he has this quality beyond all peradventure. In one paragraph he prays for what the gods seem already to have bestowed upon him:

> To be brisk and not flippant, to be original and not strained; to be smooth and not polished, to be suggestive and not obscure and indefinite, to be bright and not brilliant, to have wit without the sting, to have humor without the guffaw, to have learning without pedantry, to have joy without hilarity—"sober on a fund of joy", as Emerson says—to be serious and not heavy, to teach and not moralize, to be lucid and not superficial, to be eloquent and not rhetorical, to have common sense and not be commonplace—this is my prayer.

It is in this spirit of spontaneity and sanity that Mr. Burroughs demonstrates his sympathetic intimacy with nature. The music of the whitethroats is "a sweet, quavering ribbon of song", and the soft, nasal call of the nuthatch is "a soft interrogation in the ear of the sylvan gods". With careful pains he observes and records the transformation of the caterpillar into the butterfly. He has an eye for beauty. "There is no prettier bit of natural history on four legs than the red fox." Who else would have discovered the likeness between the faces of the jumping spider and the woodchuck, or who else knows that the burdock prodigally seeks reproduction with six thousand seeds upon a single plant? He finds a golden-winged warbler's nest in an old lane that he has traveled for forty years.

Never before had the road yielded him such treasure. He finds out that rabbits sleep with their eyes open; he follows the chipmunk to its hole, and searches the orchard for hidden secrets. He ponders over the ways of the insects and concludes that their intelligence is the intelligence of nature—it is action and not reflection. He leans lovingly over the nests of young birds, and by observation proves that the parent birds do not teach their young the art of flying. He notes, also, that when the young birds leave their nests the movement is final. "It is the word of fate. They

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will not come back." He does not confine himself to the surface, but finds that under a stone is a chapter in nature's infinite book of secrecy which most persons skip, but which is well worth perusal. Nothing seems hidden from him, but so delicately and lovingly does he reveal nature's secrets that there is not the slightest suggestion of intrusion.

The detail which engages his eye does not, however, restrict his mind. It is not alone the bluebird and the robin in his own field which he sees. What happens in springtime within sight of his own window is happening just across every other threshold; so that throughout a long, broad belt of states, about several millions of homes, and over several millions of farms, the same flood-tide of bird-life is creeping or eddying or sweeping over the land. He says:

> I fancy that on almost any day in mid-May the flickers are drilling their holes into a million or more decayed trees between the Hudson and the Mississippi; that any day a month earlier the phœbes are starting their nests under a million or more woodsheds or bridges or overhanging rocks; that several million of robins are carrying mud and straws to sheltered projections about buildings, or to the big forked branches in the orchards.

This migration of the birds, however, is something more than a mere fact to be narrated. It is "one more assurance of the unfailing return of spring and the never-ending joy and fecundity of life".

No review of "Field and Study" would be complete without a genuine tribute to that portion of the volume which deals with abstract subjects. In these pages Mr. Burroughs bares his soul. Much that he has said before in desultory fashion is here moulded into concrete expression. For instance, it has always been apparent that Mr. Burroughs, while religious in the deep, broad sense, has never been bound by creed or dogma. In this latest book he makes his position clear. Answering the complaint that in his books there is too much nature and not enough God, he says that this seems to him "like complaining that there is too much about the daylight and not enough about the sun". He looks upon nature not merely as the garment of God but as his living integument. With a manlike God—the maker and ruler of the universe, existing apart from it—he can do nothing. "When I write about nature and make much of her beauties and wonders", he says, "I am writing about God."

When he goes further, however, and asserts that the lay mind is becoming more devout than the clerical mind because it is more inclined to act upon the literal truth of the assertion that the earth is divine and that God is everywhere, and when he asks: "Are we ourselves anything more than the tracks of the Eternal in the dust of the earth?", we may be sure that he awakens some qualms in the minds of the ultra-orthodox. His belief in the existence of a nature-God—a God which is nature and a nature which is God—and his assertion that God must be dehumanized and regarded as the material universe which surrounds us and of which we are an integral part, comprise a very definite philosophy, even though the creed-bound may not be free to accept it. It is a philosophy thoroughly in harmony with a life which has been spent close to nature and which reckons the good and the bad—the building of a bird's-nest and the eruption of a volcano—as merely identifying God with universal nature in all her multiform beneficent and malevolent aspects.

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In thus dethroning the God of creed, tradition, and superstition, even while humbly recognizing the existence of a soul in the universe, Mr. Burroughs does not become a worshiper at the feet of materialistic science. "In my excursions into nature", he says, "science plays a part but not a leading part"; and he adds that "science is always a good seasoning, but one does not want too much of a good seasoning". For all that science has done and all that the doctrine of evolution has unfolded, he has a full meed of praise, but science as the main inspiration of our lives is an unsatisfying portion. "To reduce our mental and spiritual life", he says, "to terms of physics and physiology is to reduce the flower to ashes, life processes to chemical reactions." Against this purely materialistic idea his mind revolts. There is still to be explained, he says, the connection of our psychic life with our physical life, a problem as difficult to solve as the connection of physical life with inorganic nature. We find in Mr. Burroughs's view, therefore, a crystallization of the modern tendency to depart from a rigid acceptance of the biblical idea of God, while not accepting science as a complete substitute for a great, ruling, universal soul.

It may be said that these conclusions regarding the problems associated with nature and life have no place in the writings of a naturalist. We do not share this opinion. It is worth while knowing the convictions which have come to a deeply reflective mind through long communing with nature, especially when they are expressed in uncontroversial fashion. Mr. Burroughs states his views simply and sincerely, and in the manner of a man whose thoughts are always unconcealed and whose mental honesty is not a matter of doubt. Perhaps, after all, he has given us the broadest and the most satisfying view of the great mystery of the universe. A realization that nature and God are one will render unnecessary the ancient admonition that we must look from nature up to nature's God.

Field and Study. By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Co.

MALICE THAT IS NOT MALICIOUS

By John Bunker

To pass judgment on one's distinguished contemporaries is a fascinating business, and though it is a difficult business as well—at least to pass true judgment—that only adds to the fascination. The latest to succumb is Gerald Cumberland, an English journalist who has had the advantage of personal acquaintance with most of the people he writes about,—or perhaps we should have said disadvantage, for he does not give us portraits nor even transmit to us the clever remarks of his subjects. Apparently there were no clever remarks. "Though for an hour he [Masefield] continued talking, he said nothing—at least nothing that I remember."

Nevertheless, though the author has not the knack of vivid portraiture nor successfully teases his lions into roaring for our benefit, he does have some shrewd observations to make on his own account. For instance, about Masefield he goes on to say:

> The extraordinary thing about him was that, in spite of his timidity, his seeming apprehensiveness, he left on my mind a deep impression of adventure—not of a man who sought physical, but spiritual, risks. I think he is a poet who cannot refrain from exacerbating his own soul, who must at all costs place his mind in danger and escape only at the last moment.

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And of Yeats, who is among the "People I Would Like to Meet", he remarks:

> How is it, I wonder, that one rather admires A. E. for believing in the objective existence of strange gods and spirits, and yet despises Yeats for sharing this belief? It is, I think, because one feels that A. E. has a solid, even massive, intellect controlling his fantasy, whereas Yeats's intellect is not distinguished either by subtlety or massiveness. Yeats believes what he wishes to believe; A. E. believes only what he must. Yeats has an incurable aching for the picturesque.

The nearest approach to vividness is a flashing glimpse of Chesterton, though characteristically it is only a glimpse,—of Chesterton who strode into his office and " . . . called for a back file of the Daily Herald, sat down, lit a cigar and began to read some of his old articles. I watched him. Presently, he smiled. Then he laughed. Then he leaned back in his chair and roared. 'Good—oh, damned good!' exclaimed he."

The author deals in an entertaining and frequently amusing fashion with "Intellectual Freaks" and "Fleet Street", "Musical Critics" and "Manchester People", "Chelsea" and "People of the Theatre", "Cathedral Music Festivals" and "Berlin and Some of Its People", and, finally, "People I Would Like to Meet" and "Night Clubs". Except toward the end of the book there is no hint of the war, and the style throughout is a model of ease and freshness and limpidity. "Set Down in Malice"—what a title to draw the perverse and mischievous part of us! But really there is hardly any malice in the book—rather good humor and a cheery outlook.

Set Down in Malice. A Book of Reminiscences. By Gerald Cumberland. Brentano's.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

By Thomas Walsh

The editors of "The Master Spirits of Literature" have done well in committing the subject of Cervantes, the leading figure in Spanish letters, to the able hands of Professor Rudolph Schevill of the University of California. His previous work on the influence of Ovid on the Spanish renaissance, and the dramas of Lope de Vega, revealed in Mr. Schevill a scholar of great resources and enthusiasm for his chosen period. In his present work on the author of "Don Quixote" he shows all the painstaking research and careful annotation that could be expected of a leading figure among the Hispanophilists of North America.

He is therefore to be congratulated on a work which has been sorely needed—a study of Cervantes through his literary productions, a textual emendation of his publications in prose and verse, and a summary simple and clear of the most recent findings on the story of his life and fortunes. Rather, we should say, misfortunes, for a more thorough list of succeeding failures can hardly be registered for any of the well-known figures of history. Cervantes was a learned man, not through any university or formal school of knowledge, but through the intense application of the whip of circumstance in the dire school of suffering and disappointment which he attended all through his life. He was indeed learned.

It is interesting to note that Professor Schevill does not lend any force to the suspicion cast by some of the later Spanish critics upon the family honor of the women of Cervantes's household. Here there is a fertile

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field of gossip and scandal surrounding a hopeless, helpless man with intrigue and the grimy conditions of want.

The reader will thank Professor Schevill for some of his studies on the leading influences of the Spanish renaissance; one may however feel that more might have been made of this part of the book than is contained in the disquisitions on the Celestina and Lazarillo de Tormes. There might have been a clearer statement of the character of the ancient romances which "Don Quixote" was supposed to satirize.

The "Cervantes" of Professor Schevill is nevertheless a book to treasure: it is a handy text for seekers of information, and a help for the general reader; it is a book for the library shelves.

Cervantes. The Master Spirits of Literature. By Rudolph Schevill. Duffield and Co.

THE EARLIEST HENRY JAMES

By Edna Kenton

The ashes of the master, it is not to be doubted, endured a stir of life a few months ago with the publication of "Travelling Companions", a collection of half of Henry James's early stories, which, after their first appearance in "The Atlantic", "The Galaxy", and "Scribner's" of the 1860's and 1870's, were never republished in any of his books of tales.

But it is a book of value, however varying, to more than one class of readers. Those who, shrinking from Mr. James's dictum, "Attention of perusal I do indeed everywhere postulate", but desiring more of the "readable" stories of a writer great in his alleged fall into the abstruse, will find they can read these earliest stories and enjoy them. That type of critical beetle which counts adjectives and metaphors in an honorable effort to arrive at the secret of "style" will grasp eagerly at this new material. And those readers of Mr. James who have walked with him far enough to know that "literary criticism" of this or any accepted type is the last sort of criticism to be applied to his work with hope of any reward other than the fool's cap, will find in this book its essential value—the additional light it throws on Henry James's awareness of his goal, from the beginning of his long career. Through all the loose fabric of inexpert technique, this strange awareness shines in the deep prediction of the minor incident; in the sense of the story underlying "the story", and in the sense of achievable form underlying both; in his hesitancy, even when he yields, to assume the arrogance of the omniscient author; in his significant failures in transmutation—significant because his alchemical experiment still mildly heats his untransmuted metals.

Sometime I shall dip into the history—the hidden history—of the year 1820, to discover, if I may, a clue to what it meant to Mr. James. It surely meant—as we say—"something". "De Grey: A Romance", the fifth published adventure of the young Henry James into the fearful field of the short story, begins: "It was the year 1820—" With a significance more than portentous the "Notes" to the unfinished "Sense of the Past" deals with his incursion into that year and with "my 1820 young man". Between these tales at the beginning and at the end lie others set in that emphatic year. This tale, the last in the present collection, is to me more interesting than any of the others; for here, beneath all the external rubbish,

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lies the impress of his first stroll into the dark realms of "the sexual conflict", and his earliest contact with "the supernatural". It is a mysterious tale of "the curse of the De Greys on the women they love"; a curse going back "to the night of time". The virgin passion of a young De Grey spelled death to its object. And Margaret Alden, fiancée of this "1820 young man", dared revoke the curse. "I undo it. *I curse it*", she said. And to what end! She was transfigured by the passion which burned in her heart. Paul had ". . . plucked this pallid flower of sunless household growth; he had dipped its slender stem in the living waters of his love, and lo! it had lifted its head, and spread its petals, and brightened into splendid purple and green. This glowing potency of loveliness filled him with a tremor which was almost a foreboding; filled him with a dreadful delight." Slowly she realized the curse could be shifted but not eluded. Blindly, remorselessly she drained the life from his being. "While she was living for him, he was dying for her. Execrable, infernal comedy!" There is a misprint here of the original story, which is too bad. Paul was dying, not "for" her, but "of" her. Which is the whole point at issue. If one dared yield, but for a moment, to the perils of "literary criticism" of Mr. James, one would say glibly that here, in 1868, the young man of twenty-five was already possessed of the "germ" that was to develop, thirty-three years later, into "The Sacred Fount". This may be said, that it is a first bit of unhammered gold for its setting.

"The Sweetheart of M. Briseux" is another interesting example of material used, to be used again. Mr. James has in his tales many artists busy with the painting of portraits: portraits of "something more than a yellow shawl"; pictures "of a mind or at least of a mood". Arthur Lyon painted profoundly such a one in "The Liar"; such a one was to have been painted, and after Arthur Lyon's own manner, of "my 1820 young man" in "The Sense of the Past". "More than the portrait was painted there", says the first-person narrator of M. Briseux's masterpiece. But the perspective of the lady's mind or mood goes aslant; a real paucity of incident blocked the young author's way, and much less than the story that lay behind "A Lady in a Yellow Shawl" was caught in the finished tale. Here, however, is the early sketch of numberless heroines to follow: the young American girl—confronted with Europe, "unaware", and becoming aware of the illusion of her realities and the reality of a great illusion, in one great moment of illumination.

Whoever has read any of the young Henry James's unsigned reviews of current fiction in "The Nation" of this period knows his artist's horror, from the beginning, of the "exposure" of character. He saw the novelists, small and great, standing by to betray—as he saw Thackeray, with all his vaunted "love" for Becky, a Peeping Tom, stooping at keyholes, "to catch her at it". "Guest's Confession" is doubly a first essay at observed psychology and at honor between the author and the hero—in this case a most dishonest man. In this story the other characters suffer badly from exposure. He was proving a point, too inexpert yet, to let the point prove his art.

The title story, "Travelling Companions", is more significant in its time-relation to "A Passionate Pilgrim" than for anything of itself. Its

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serial publication preceded the latter story by just three months, and its didactic sentimentalizing over "impression" is almost inexplicable, held beside the passionate tale of Clement Searle. There is full reason why it was not included in "A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Tales", when Mr. James brought out, in 1875, his first volume of short stories. There is far less reason why "De Grey" was not given precedence over "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes"—perhaps its secret stark significance slightly alarmed the young selector of his tales.

The publishers of "Travelling Companions" brought out, last year, from its half-century long burial in the old "Atlantic", "Gabrielle de Bergerac", the single short novel of Mr. James's which was never granted permanent form. It has its flaws: undoubtedly the old man who tells the tale saw, as a very little boy, too much of his young aunt's romance; his exits and his entrances are timed too exactly to the shifting scenes. But it is not a story to have been consigned so ruthlessly to oblivion—in 1869. There still remains material from Mr. James's uncollected past, for a third book, the other seven unrepublished tales. Of these "Crawford's Consistency" is as interesting an early attempt at uncovering submerged psychology and at steadfast honor between author and hero as "Guest's Confession". And "The Ghostly Rental", another of these seven still "lost" stories, holds a sentence worth quoting for those readers of Mr. James to whom all this resurrected work is not for criticism, but for flavor; flavor of the familiar phrase handled surely in those early years; of the familiar situation, solved without technique, but surely there; of the familiar insight, not then so sure, but in sure process of becoming; of the familiar reticences with, even then, their urgent invitation to the attentive reader to think it all through with him; of the familiar bouquet that rises from every page, if by no more than the grace of half a sentence. Miss Deborah is speaking, an observer she, of the limited life of her village:

> Observe closely enough and it doesn't matter where you are. You may be in a pitch-dark closet. All you want is something to start with; one thing leads to another, and all things are mixed up. Shut me up in a dark closet, and I'll observe, after a while, that some places in it are darker than others.

Travelling Companions. By Henry James. Boni and Liveright.

SEA SONGS BY A WOMAN

By Martha Plaisted

Most readers affect to be very scornful of the jacket which swathes a new book. Indignantly they tear off the gaudily illuminated sheet, declaring its scarehead encomiums to be one more deadly affront offered to their intelligence by the money-motivated publisher. But if I had thrown away unread the covers of "Sailor Town" and "Small Craft", I should have missed half my pleasure in reading these books, for I should never have suspected that C. Fox-Smith was a woman.

This does not mean that my zest in reading varies with the sex of the author; but to a person who has been brought up, rebelling, on the text-book formula that a writer's success depends entirely on his persistence in keeping his "eye on the object", it is gratifying to find, at last, an instance of an author who can write with glamour about a subject necessarily outside the range of her expe-

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rience. And Miss Fox-Smith does write with glamour about the life before the mast.

To be sure, the poems in the two little volumes are not great in the sense that Masefield's sea poems and some of the descriptive prose-poetry in Conrad are great. The range of theme is too narrow. Roughly the subjects can be classed into a very few groups; the tragedy of the degraded old age of once proud ships; the longing of the sailor ashore for his bunk; his homesickness when on the deep for his English fireside, his English garden and his English lass; and his indomitable British valor when faced by the new danger of the submarine. Then too there is the ballad, direct descendant of "Sir Patrick Spens", about the cruelty of the sea, which must always have its toll of blood and tears. By confining herself largely to the seaman's vocabulary and point of view, Miss Fox-Smith cuts herself off irreparably from the rich, imaginative diction which distinguishes such poems as Masefield's "Quinquereme of Nineveh" and Flecker's "I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep". Moreover, these chanteys are not entirely innocent of imitation. One recognizes rather too often the familiar lilt of a haunting Kipling or Masefield rhythm.

These are the faults which prevent the collection from being great sea poetry. But they are faults of scope rather than of ability. What the writer has succeeded in reproducing with undeniable convincingness, is the melancholy, humorous, reckless resignation with which the sailorman accepts his obsession for the sea; the paradoxical discontent with which he longs for and abhors the safety of his home:

Maybe then the shore things won't seem stale and I won't waken
In the night and think of all my friends forgetting me,
Nor know (when it's too late to know) how sore I was mistaken,
Curling up ashore there with your heart at sea.

She is able to convey the feeling of a ship with the wild sea beneath it, the keen zest of battling for life against famine, cold, and shipwreck:

But it's ah, fare you well, the deep sea's calling
Back to cold and hunger and heaving and hauling,
To decks awash and frozen yards, as very well you know,
But ah, Deep-water Johnnie, kiss your girl and go.

Her senses are quick to the sights and sounds of harbors, the beauty of ships straining at their anchors to be gone, the pathos of old boats sinking into decay,—

Oh, better the sea that so long she did use,
Should take her and break her as good ships would choose,
Some chance of the storm or some mercy of flame
Should make a brave end of that clipper of fame.

She knows the smell of tarry ropes and dock mud and beer; the tantalizing suggestiveness of the ship-chandler's shelves; the revelry and profanity and cheer of the longshore saloon:

By Chinese Charlie's junk shop, by the Panama saloon,
Where longshore loafers lean and spit at morning, night and noon,
Mouldy, musty, dumb, and dusty, broken on the shelf,
I thought I heard the sailor's fiddle singing to itself.

And all these things she gives with such an absence of affectation, such a free, swinging rhythm, such a lusty singing quality, that the sailorman himself would not be ashamed to roar them out on a gala night with such

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favorite chanteys as "Home, dearie, home" and "Ah, fare you well".

Sailor Town; Small Craft. By C. Fox-Smith. George H. Doran Company.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICAN LETTERS

By A. G. H. Spiers

Commenting upon the reception of his "Egoist", George Meredith once made a distinction between French and English criticism. French criticism, according to him, whether it praise or blame, is always instructive, whereas English criticism is limited to an expression of likes and dislikes. Beneath the manifest exaggeration of this statement, there is at least a modicum of truth: the French as a people are more interested in the philosophy and the form, in the animating spirit and the technical expression of literature, than either the English or, to an even greater extent perhaps, we Americans. M. Michaud's "Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons" reminds us once more of this fact.

This volume is intended, at least in a certain measure, for the general French public. It takes advantage of present national sympathies to introduce, or to reintroduce, to this public, interesting figures in the world of English and American letters. The variety of the authors treated is in itself a form of popular appeal. On reading the table of contents we would fain cry with Figaro: "Peste, comme l'utilité vous a rapproché les distances!" For strange companions, indeed, are Walter Pater and Upton Sinclair, and no less incompatible Walt Whitman, *le poète cosmique*, and Henry James, the father confessor of abysmal ladies—to say nothing of the other writers studied by M. Michaud: Emerson, Jack London, Edith Wharton, Mark Twain, and Bernard Shaw!

We should make no mistake, however: this diversity of subject-matter is not reflected in an incoherence or superficiality of treatment within the limits of each study. M. Michaud seeks to go below the surface and to find principles of unity, to reveal conceptions of life and principles of art. Of Walter Pater he writes, for instance: "His artistic existence is based upon a reconciliation of the choir-boy of Canterbury and the Oxford scholar, of the mediæval and the pagan souls." Pater is an æsthete, an English æsthete of the ideal. Marrying art to that reverie and mysticism which characterize his race, he believes the cult of beauty to be a sufficient excuse for living; but he discovers further "that the will to beauty is a form of the Christian desire for perfection".

M. Michaud, in common with other critics of his nation, is an admirer of Mark Twain. He appreciates his morality, his sincerity of feeling, his hatred of sham, and the impatience of this "protectionist . . . exclusively and aggressively American" with the æsthetes, the snobs, the exquisites of our land who would acquire the soul and manners of Europeans. He takes up also the nature of Mark Twain's humor and the peculiarities of his literary method; and he concludes with a eulogy which is by no means overmoderate:

> From the artistic standpoint Mark Twain is, after Dickens, one of the great caricaturists of English letters. With its pettinesses and its greatness, the whole range of American democracy is reflected in his works. Mark Twain is the Homer of this democracy; and he is more serious, beneath the humorist's travesty, than is sometimes imagined.

It was to be expected that M. Michaud should admire also that other

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original figure of American literature, Walt Whitman. But we must note that here, as throughout his book, he sees shortcomings as well as good qualities: the incompleteness of Whitman's art does not escape him. Whitman "defies criticism and requires a sympathetic attitude on the part of his readers". He "is made up of promises". His production is immensely rich in the materials of poetry; but the world of his creation remains "nebulous and chaotic".

In this same spirit of sympathetic analysis, M. Michaud examines his authors one by one. Whenever possible he makes the author himself explain his work, drawing upon such sources as the autobiographic fragments of Mark Twain, the prefaces of Henry James and the "Dramatic Opinions and Essays" of Shaw. Of all the studies in the volume that on Emerson, devoted primarily to a demonstration of the influence of Montaigne upon the American essayist, is the most highly specialized. The others are more general, giving within the limited scope of some twenty-five to thirty pages a clear, sane (and therefore not always very original) estimate of the writer under discussion. Even the none too serious reader may find in these studies suggestions that will stimulate his thought. It appears, for instance, that an examination of the novels of Henry James and Mrs. Wharton, Americans both, gives an unflattering idea of the attitude of Americans toward art. If we are to trust the observation of these novelists, we must admit that the time has not yet come when art will become part and parcel of our consciousness. This is a suggestion worthy of our attention. It may give the solution to many difficulties. Among other things it may help us to understand why the French public takes pleasure in such criticism as that of M. Michaud, whereas our own public still prefers, to a study of an artist's productions, anecdotal and unessential details about his life and personality.

Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons. By Régis Michaud. Paris: Armand Colin.

THE YIDDISH THEATRE

By Babette Deutsch

Jewish drama differs from the drama of other races because it revolves chiefly about the problem of the Jew. Possibly to no other people is the fact of their isolation, of their peculiar individuality, so sharply present. It is natural that when they write of struggle, their own should engage them most. Out of nine Jewish plays, five at least are distinctly concerned with national questions, and from the fewest is a strong racial flavor absent.

In the second series of plays of the Yiddish theatre, Dr. Goldberg has collected a group of one-act plays whose main interest lies in this quality of self-revelation. The volume is distinguished by that mixture of crudity and sweetness, of harsh realism and yearning sentimentalism, that sensuousness shot through with passionate intellectuality, which is the soul of the Jewish people.

The subject-matter of the six plays is sufficiently varied. Two of them are allegorical, the first a retelling of the ancient legend of the wandering Jew, the last a symbolic representation of the strife between head and heart, concluding with the happy platitude that life is struggle, inspired by love. It is interesting to note that this play is the product of Leon Kobrin, who is known for the vulgar

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brutality of his realistic dramas. The remaining plays, with one exception, deal with different phases of the ubiquitous racial problem. There is the old man's tragedy, who sees his faith and its sacred traditions dying with him; and the triumph of the younger generation, torn between the old and familiar and the romantic challenge of the future. Hirschbein, the author of "On the Threshold", is perhaps the most fascinating figure among the Jewish dramatists. He began by writing realistic plays in Hebrew. But when he discovered Maeterlinck he fell so completely under the spell of the Belgian mystic that he devoted all his energies to imitating his work. Only when he saw his utter failure, did Hirschbein return to an even sterner realism than before. Now, more than any other, he seeks to interpret the intimate spirit of his people, drawing his material from the daily tragedies, the short and simple annals of the poor.

The acrid cynicism so typical of the Russian Jew is again visible in Levin's "Poetry and Prose": the yielding of the disillusioned woman to the persuasions of a lover no weaker than herself. Finally, there is the terrible drama of the tenement, "The Black Sheep", a drama familiar to everyone who has touched the swarming, palpitating life of the streets, and who knows how thwarted or precocious instincts grow malformed in the crowded misery of poverty, defeating the very purposes they were meant to serve. There is something of the eternal sorrow of the stranger in a strange land, the betrayed and beaten exile, in the final scene, when the black sheep has swung boldly out of the room for the last time, and the broken parents sway together in a silent lament for the dead.

The exceptional play is the one which divorces itself from the Jewish stage and brings us into the heart of war. It is called "Little Heroes", and gains its poignancy from the fact that all the characters are children, the oldest of whom is only fourteen years old. With awful simplicity Pinski shows us what life means to them in the midst of sudden death and devastation and continual hunger. The adventurous courage which ends in helpless tears has a pathos not limited to the reactions of a child.

In the "Three Plays" which Pinski has recently published in English there is a quite different quality. The same realism is here, the same sincerity and simplicity. But it is all colored by his native interests; and "The Last Jew" is especially remarkable for its inclusive presentment of the Jewish question. The play was written some fifteen years ago, but the issues represented are, if anything, more clear-cut today than they were then. Certainly the various solutions offered have each a would-be spokesman at the Peace Table. The scene is laid in a Russian town during a pogrom. The main protagonist is an old rabbi, whose dearest wish in this moment of supreme danger is to protect the sacred scrolls of the law. Alike from his terrified family and his fleeing friends he meets discouragement and scorn. His son wishes only to save what valuables he can; his grandsons are ranged against him, the one a radical Zionist, careless of the traditions of his fathers, anxious to set up a place of refuge and a home for the Jewish nation; the other a hot Socialist, careless alike of religious and racial considerations, eager only for the establishment of the parochial brotherhood of man. There is even, among the more remote members of

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the family, flagrant apostasy for self-preservation. Worn out with his futile efforts to rally "the army of the Lord" to the defense of the tablets of the law, the old Rabbi meets death alone in the synagogue. But at the close the main protagonist seems to be rather the triumphant spirit of youth, of national pride and sympathetic rebellion, inspiring the renaissance of the Jewish faith. Pinski is himself an ardent worker in the Socialist branch of the Zionist movement, and "The Last Jew" is simply a dramatic representation of his own solution.

Perhaps because it offers no panacea, the play of "Isaac Sheftel" is the more moving. This drama of the working class, with which Pinski is always deeply engaged, is reminiscent of Hauptmann's "Die Weber" in its strength and its bitterness. It is the production of Pinski the Socialist, rather than that of Pinski the Jew, and it has naturally a more general appeal and a more robust character.

To present plays savoring so strongly of racial ideals and sentiments to a foreign audience is to render a mutual service. The much-talked-of Jewish renaissance is thereby made to flower for English-speaking people, and a reciprocal intellectual stimulus should follow. One has much the same feeling about the work of Alter Brody, that young Jewish poet whose work is so rich in the conflicting influences of Russian and American Judaism. In two passages at least this boy seems to express the quality which is inherent in his race and recurrent in its moving and provocative drama. One is "The Fiddler", playing voluptuously upon his emotions, while seeing with perfect clarity the destruction of the citadel:

Like Nero of old
I sit amid the ruins of my life,
Fiddling in tune
While my soul is on fire—

Poet! Poet! Poet!
Incorrigible Poet!

The other is a November scene, suggestive of what lonely struggles and what iron invincibility:

Fearlessly,
They thrust their dry branches against the sky;
Long since the wind rifled their blossoms
And scattered their foliage on the ground—
Now they stand sternly erect,
Naked and strong,
Having nothing to lose.

Plays of the Yiddish Theatre, Second Series. John W. Luce and Co.
Three Plays. By David Pinski. B. W. Heubsch.

THE POETRY OF DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

By Padraic Colum

One of the best-loved poets of our time died with Dora Sigerson Shorter. Meredith, Swinburne, and Francis Thompson praised her work, and in the country of her birth, Ireland, her verse was loved both for its beauty and its national appeal. She had a distinctive place in Irish poetry. The new movement is wholly lyrical, and the ballad in it is far to seek. But in "The White Witch", "Kathleen's Charity", "The Woman Who Went to Hell", "The Priest's Brother", "The Deer Stone", written by her, Irish legend entered into the ballad carrying with it its own distinctive flavor. No ballad on an Irish theme (if we except W. B. Yeats's "Father Gilligan") is nearly so good as the ballads that Dora Sigerson Shorter has written.

The daughter of a poet and scholar who has a great place in Irish affections, Dora Sigerson came to be known in the late 'eighties when she was just a girl. Katherine Tynan notes that

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her face had a suggestion of the Greek Hermes. "She wore her hair short and it was in masses. She had a beautiful brow, very fine grey eyes, a warm pale color and vivid red lips."

> You of the star-bright head
> That twilight thoughts sequester,—

was how Imogene Guiney addressed her in a dedication to herself and her sister.

It was John O'Leary, a notable figure in Dublin political and literary circles, who led her to the path of her most distinctive achievement—her ballad verse. Thinking her youthful poetry too introspective, he put "Percy's Reliques" into her hands. The tenseness and freshness of that old ballad poetry survives in this last book of hers.

The best part of the time given to her for writing was passed in London, where as the wife of a famous editor she lived among different literary associations. Yet her thoughts turned to Ireland with an exile's devotion. She was heart and soul in the Irish struggle for independence from the far-off days when, as Katherine Tynan tells us, " . . . we attended Mr. Parnell's meetings; we went to meet him when he returned to Dublin; we lived through all the passionate loyalty of those days. Together we exulted, together we mourned; together we followed the chief to the grave." The most dramatic episode in Irish history since the death of Parnell moved her even more profoundly. She broke her heart over the incidents in Ireland that followed Easter, 1916. As Katherine Tynan, who has written the short memoir prefixed to the present volume, says, "She died as she would have chosen to die, for love of the Dark Rosaleen."

"The Sad Years" has all her distinctive qualities. "The Road of the Refugees", "The Dead Soldier", the memorable "Dark Horseman" are ballads that have pregnancy and poignancy. Here is one:

THE DEAD SOLDIER

"Look, they come, the triumphant army!
  Over yon hill see their weapons peeping."
Still I spoke not, but my wheel sent turning;
  I closed my eyes, for my heart was weeping,
My heart was weeping for a dead soldier.

"Who is he who looks toward me?"
  "'Tis no man, but a gay flag flying."
Red was his mouth, and his white brow thoughtful,
  Blue his eyes—how my soul is crying,
My soul is crying for a dead soldier.

"Kneel ye down, lest your eyes should dare them,
  Kneel ye down and your beads be saying."
"Lord, on their heads Thy wrath deliver."
  This is the prayer that my lips are praying,
My heart is praying for a dead soldier.

"Best cheer the path of the men victorious,
  For he is dead and his blade lies broken,
His march is far where no aid can follow,
  And for his people he left no token;
He left no token, the dead soldier."

The way of the sword a man can follow,
  See the young child with his gold hair gleaming.
When falls the oak must the acorn perish?
  He lifts the blade and his eyes are dreaming,
He dreams the dream of the dead soldier.

In these last poems her devotion to Ireland is put side by side with her sorrow for all the peoples in the sad years of the war. The Irish poems may seem somewhat arcane to those who do not know the idiom of Irish tradition. They are characteristically the "secret" songs of the poets who have been near to the heart of the Irish people. And her exile's devotion goes to make the poems that have to do with the world events more poignant. She is one who can understand the despair of the exile and the refugee:

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THE ROAD OF THE REFUGEES

Listen to the tramping! Oh, God of pity, listen!
Can we kneel at prayer, sleep all unmolested,
While the echo thunders?—God of pity, listen!
Can we think of prayer—or sleep—so arrested?

Million upon million fleeing feet in passing
Trample down our prayers—trample down our sleeping;
How the patient roads groan beneath the massing
Of the feet in going, bleeding, running, creeping!

Clank of iron shoe, unshod hooves of cattle,
Pad of roaming hound, creak of wheel in turning,
Clank of dragging chain, harness ring and rattle,
Groan of breaking beam, crash of roof-tree burning.

Listen to the tramping!—God of love and pity!
Million upon million fleeing feet in passing,
Driven by the war out of field and city,
How the sullen road echoes to the massing!

Little feet of children, running, leaping, lagging,
Toiling feet of women, wounded, weary guiding,
Slow feet of the aged, stumbling, halting, flagging,
Strong feet of the men loud in passion striding.

Hear the lost feet straying, from the roadway slipping,
They will walk no longer in this march appalling;
Hear the sound of rain dripping, dripping, dripping,
Is it rain or tears? What, O God, is falling?

Hear the flying feet! Lord of love and pity!
Crushing down our prayers, tramping down our sleeping,
Driven by the war out of field and city,
Million upon million, running, bleeding, creeping.

In another book of verse written by a woman poet I have found a poem of salutation to the brave singer of "The Sad Years":

TO DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

You whom I never knew,
Who lived remote, afar,
Yet died of the grief that tore my heart,
Shall we live through the ages, alone, apart,
Or meet where the souls of the sorrowful are
Telling the tale on some secret star,
How your death from the root of my sorrow grew—
You whom I never knew?

Nay, perhaps in the coming years
Down here on earth again,
We shall meet as strangers on some strange shore,
And dream we have known one another before,
In a past life, weeping over the slain—
Because of a thrill and a throb of pain,
And eyes grown suddenly salt with tears
. . . Perhaps . . . in the coming years . . .

This is by the poet of "The Little Roads of Breffni"—from "Broken Glory" by Eva Gore-Booth.

The Sad Years. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. George H. Doran Company.

ROUND THE HORN

By Allan Westcott

What shall we say of traditional seafarers' unveracity, when the great classic of the sea, Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast", and now another similar tale of a voyage into the Pacific both show an almost passionate devotion to fact? Not merely to fact, but to detail in multitudinous abundance. There is never a trace of vagueness. It was the "upper foretops'l" that split on November 13; it was between the "spare main-yard and the after bitts" that "Chips" fell when he sprained his wrist; the cockroaches in the slumgullion are counted, and we are given an accurate diagnosis of a Chinese smell. Is it the monotony, the microcosmic life on shipboard that so rivets these minutiæ into their memories, or is it the journals which our sailor authors carry ashore? Dana lost one of his diaries, but Captain Reisinger had no such luck.

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Is "Under Sail" another "Two Years Before the Mast"? Not quite. Dana dropped many Back Bay traditions with the longshore swash that he threw overboard as he sailed out of Boston harbor in 1834, but he could not get rid of an inherited bent for poetry and philosophic reflection, which helped to make the book what it is. "Under Sail" is without much poetry, but it is if anything a more convincingly accurate transcription of forec's'le life and talk.

The story, too, of the long, grueling voyage to Honolulu and back is well told and worth telling, if only to show how little life on a sailing vessel in 1898 had changed since sixty years before. The same characters and incidents recur—the bucko mate, the human derelict with his wild yarn of the South Seas, the man overboard, setting up and tarring down rigging, glorious days of steady running before the trades—in short, such matter as has formed the warp and woof of deep-sea voyaging since ships and sails were known.

In Dana's time the primacy of sail was still unthreatened. But twenty years ago crews were already cut down to the lowest limit in vain economic struggle with steam. "The A. J. Fuller" (1,848 tons), in which the author of "Under Sail" shipped before the mast, carried three officers, eighteen A. B.'s, a Japanese steward and a Chinese cook, hardly a quarter of the complement formerly taken in a ship of her size. The palmy days of sail are doubtless gone forever, but we now have good prospect of a great American merchant marine again afloat on the Seven Seas. With it will come an opportunity for writers who can picture life on plodding tramp and swift liner with imagination such as Dana's, or with the complete, sympathetic, inside knowledge of this later chronicler of sail.

Under Sail. By Captain Felix Reisinger. George H. Doran Company.

MOSTLY ABOUT BIRDS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Mankind may be roughly divided into two classes—those who want to shoot birds and those who want to save them. Each class regards the other with hostility and contempt. The one is "brutal", the other "sentimental". To the latter class, a book like Roosevelt's account of his game hunting in Africa is objectionable. Yet, on the other hand, Roosevelt himself would probably have highly approved of Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend's "In Audubon's Labrador", because our hearty ex-President paradoxically preached conservation with a gun in his hands, and would have considered anything less than an elephant as too small fry, anyhow. Besides, he was a naturalist of no small knowledge, though, like Dr. Townsend, an amateur. This Boston physician and ornithologist, fleeing the war and its problems for a vacation, recently followed the track Audubon took in 1833, along the so-called Newfoundland coast of Labrador, and his book, after a preliminary résumé of Audubon's journey, with quotations from the great man's journal, is a record of the conditions he found there nearly a century later, the ornithological conditions primarily, of course, but not ignoring other sides as well—botanical, animal, mineral, and human. He writes simply, easily, without any affectation of a "style" which he does not naturally possess, and above all he doesn't overcrowd his pages with those ecstatic bird notes which may bring

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pleasure to a fellow ornithologist, but which afflict the ordinary reader with an acute pain. The result is a quietly vivid picture of the Labrador coast and its summer life, with a shifting foreground of rocky islands where the shore-birds breed and man in his selfishness and thoughtlessness works unceasingly to exterminate them.

Think for a moment of what we have already exterminated on this continent, to our great detriment—the passenger-pigeon, the buffalo, the great auk, the heath-hen (practically), the wild turkey (practically), and we are doing our best by the ruffed grouse, the woodcock, etc. In Alaska, we have about finished the caribou. It is hardly for us, then, to point accusingly at the "eggers" from Newfoundland and the Labrador coast inhabitants themselves, who are still at their "sport" which Audubon condemned so bitterly, and which Dr. Townsend shows is already resulting in the sad diminution of many shore-birds, and the approaching extinction of others, especially of the eider-duck. It has been a long, hard fight even in the United States, and in the magic name of Audubon, to bring about decent protective laws, and to get them obeyed by the pot-hunters, the "sportsmen", the pioneer descendants who think only of their own "right" to kill, and not at all of the right of society to protect itself and its future. Dr. Townsend foresees even more difficulty in such a remote frontier as the Labrador coast, where policing is hard and the natural conditions offer special temptations, because this shore is the great North American breeding-ground for vast species of birds. His solution would be reservations, which could be policed, and which could be made educational to the natives, not antagonistic. As that has proved the best solution even in our more "civilized" United States, he is probably right, and may the day of these reservations come speedily.

Education, of course, is essential to any proper enforcement of game preservation laws, and it must begin young. You can teach a boy to study, not to kill. But you cannot teach his father. That is the true reason for three other books before us. They all aim to inspire in the youthful mind an interest in birds or animals, a closer, more intimate knowledge of them, and hence in later years a love for them which will result in an understanding of why it is both desirable and more nobly civilized to protect and cherish them.

Two of these books go about it in the same way, by means of stories. T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, in his little book "Tales from Birdland", narrates the life adventures of a herring-gull, a king bird, a robin, a crow, and so forth, with less than the dramatic excitement of a Seton-Thompson animal story, but with a pleasant simplicity suited to young minds, and a great deal of useful information and bird-lore concealed by the way.

H. Waddingham Sears, in "Nature Stories to Tell to Children", doesn't confine himself to birds. He roams from hermit-crabs to bull moose. His stories are brief, almost handy, helps to parents. But they can also be read verbatim with good effect. Perhaps that would be better. When the average parent departs from the text for such matters, some weird natural history may usually be expected.

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"A Year with the Birds", by Alice E. Ball, is illustrated in full color by Robert Bruce Horsfall, who, like Louis Fuertes, is as careful that his backgrounds are correct as that his birds themselves are rightly colored. These plates are mostly excellent, far better than in the average bird guide. Indeed, they almost constitute a bird guide. We wish we could say as much for the author's share in the work, which was, apparently, to compose a poem for each bird, on the theory that children remember rhymes better than prose. Possibly they do, but we should hate to think, then, of the effect on their poetic taste of some of this verse, however much it increased their love of birds. Here, for instance, begins "The Legend of the Kingfisher":

Bold Æolus was King of the winds,
And he dwelt on a wondrous isle;
His palace rose high from a rocky cliff—
'Twas visible many a mile.

We can only regret that the Sweet Singer of Michigan lived before the days of juvenile nature study. After all, she was the real master of this particular poetic manner, and if our children are to be taught by it, why not have the best?

In Audubon's Labrador. By Charles Wendell Townsend, M. D. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Tales from Birdland. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Nature Stories to Tell to Children. By H. Waddingham Sears. Dodd, Mead and Co.
A Year with the Birds. By Alice E. Ball. Dodd, Mead and Co.

GOLF FOR THE LITERARY

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD

Thackeray took no exercise, and advised his brother authors to put shoemaker's wax on their chairs and stick to their last—(novel). Dickens avoided sleep and indigestion by taking long walks at night; while Anthony Trollope rose at five, wrote till eight, then after working a few hours in the post-office, spent his afternoons riding to hounds. H. G. Wells, as he gets on in years and discretion, has discarded his favorite youthful lacrosse for more sober golf; he says he is "a sapper and a miner at the game and finds that it has as many traps as life has". Arnold Bennett plays at golf irregularly, at a club within easy distance of the Five Towns. He steps along very cocky and jaunty on the links, and wears a loud red plaid and gallant knee breeches. He never has to shout "fore!" when he plays—everyone hears him coming afar off. Andrew Lang, like every true Scot, enjoyed the national game, kept bags of clubs at different country houses of friends, particularly hated all caddies, but played very seldom. Balfour could always give him five strokes or more. This Admirable Crichton appears to be good at everything he undertakes—spiritualism, philosophy, moral essays, statesmanship,—he is besides an excellent golfer among statesmen of his own years and, one may add, according to the old saw, an excellent statesman among golfers. Balfour is now past the age of entering tournaments, but rarely misses a rainless afternoon on the links. He wrote to a friend the other day that he sizes up men accord-

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ing to whether they play golf or not, and nations according to whether they play games or not. . . .

Sir James Barrie, though a Scot, dislikes golf intensely, but occasionally sacrifices his feelings. It was while playing at Sunningdale near London, and while hunting for a lost ball, that he conceived the notion of "Dear Brutus", his play of the year. He begged to be allowed, against the rules, to try a foozled shot over again, and did much worse—falling into a pit. The idea came to his mind, while niblicking out: were we to do everything a second time—were we to live, say, our lives over again—would we not do everything much the same, and repeat our failures? In life, as in golf, we are never allowed a second try at lost opportunities. Holy Saint Andrew, Patron Saint of golf, forbade repetition of strokes, as is shown by his adamantine rules.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are duffers.

Arnold Hainault, the sedentary writer of a psychological study of the game — a psychoanalysis of each stroke,—never played but watched the play from afar as an astronomer might study the movements of a planet. His book threw a philosophical chill into the game from which it is slowly recovering. Players who read Hainault become self-conscious and lose the joy of muscle play—often they become muscle bound. No more curious and *inutile* book was ever written. His golf is "all amiss interpreted", and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought". The sedentary Hainault played golf only in his brain. Old Tom Morris knew better—"Mon, I don't reason aboot ta golf—I play ut". Too much reading of Hainault and Vaile has made the great Vardon unable to putt—a calamity appreciated by the English world of golf. "He thinks too much upon the green", they say.

The elephantine Chesterton once tried golf while on a visit to Edinburgh, but found it too dangerous as well as expensive. He broke down three bridges crossing over the bur-r-r-ns in the course at North Berwick, and let himself into the water where he had some difficulty in emerging from the ooze. His weight has not diminished with the years, for he never takes any exercise at all, apparently, except in the "nineteenth hole".

I feel that I am being bored;
Oh, take me to the nearest pub!

is the refrain of one of his recent poems. He is well known in most of the "pubs" of London, where he will sit by the hour, eat sandwiches, drink ale, argue, and fire off endless brilliancies at the barmaids.

The "authors" Vardon, Travis, Taylor, Braid, Ray, and Ouimet must not be forgotten. All have written excellent books with and without aid. And while they have not been exactly sedentary, any more than the postman who was recommended by a learned doctor to take up pedestrianism for dyspepsia, they are good examples of the author perfected in good health entirely by the royal and ancient game.

Lord Reading, recently in America, told, at a dinner, of being hastily summoned to an important conference at a crisis of the war, held at a certain country house in Surrey, where the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, was in close consultation with a number of the Executive Council. Lord Reading, much disturbed and worn with anxiety, hurried down; and, "Well, when I got there", he said, "all we did was to drink Scotch and play a very indifferent article of golf with Balfour."

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Such matters are state secrets, of course. No one knows how much golf has had to do with the conduct of the war by the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. We know that the Welsh are not especially fond of the Scottish game. Wilson is Scotch from Carlisle, mind ye! M. Jaques Peyrot in "Je Sais Tout" (Paris, December, 1918) writes that on the day when the German note was received refusing to give up submarine warfare, the President said calmly to Secretary Lansing: *"C'est bien,* I will first go to play a game of golf with Mrs. Wilson—I will decide upon the links". "The President takes his exercise", writes the amusing Jaques Peyrot again, "by tapping the typewriter with his own speeches that make Germany to tremble, as well as striking the ball in golf which makes sometimes the earth to tremble. If President Wilson plays golf badly, on the other hand he taps the typewriter wonderfully and with great *empressement.* He played golf with the descendant of Pocahontas, daughter of an Indian chief who saved the life of a soldier of Rochambeau (*sic*), and her love for France made her persuade her husband to intervene against Germany."

Suppose that Mrs. Galt had not learned to play the game of golf! Think of the Germans in Paris! Think of the consequences!

This leads us naturally to General Haig and what he is doing since the war. The "London Times" reported recently:

> Sir Douglas and Lady Haig spent Saturday afternoon on the St. Andrews links, when in a foursome Sir Douglas, partnered by General Kiggell, lost to Lady Haig and Andrew Kirkaldy by two holes.
>
> In the hall of the United College Sir Douglas presented the cup (given by the late Sir John Batty Tuke to be competed for annually by the University Golf Club of Edinburgh and St. Andrews) to the St. Andrews Club, who had been successful in winning it in the day competition.
>
> He said that as rector of St. Andrews he was glad that Edinburgh had allowed the cup to go to St. Andrews. He thanked Edinburgh for being such good fellows as to play the way they had. They would not expect a simple soldier to say much about golf in St. Andrews. It was the life and soul of the place, and he also might say of Scotland. Wherever a Scotsman was, he played golf more or less well.
>
> As they knew, he was a wee laddie at Clifton Bank School, St. Andrews, but he neglected his opportunities then to learn golf. A caddie who was watching his play the other day remarked, "Weel, weel! he is a betther general."
>
> Golf should be learned in youth. It was said to be an old gentleman's game. There was some truth in this. There was no game like Rugby football for boys, but the time came when they got too stiff and heavy to play Rugby, and then the delights of golf really were appreciated. But unless one started young he would never be a good golfer, and one should therefore learn the game in youth.

General Haig was not what one might call a particularly sedentary person during the war, but he found time in the rest billets to write some very clever speeches, and his forthcoming book will undoubtedly prove a best seller.

When the German delegates arrived at Versailles, they brought many golf bags with their luggage. As they play little golf in Germany (if they did they might learn to be decent antagonists), and could have little hope of playing at La Boulé, was it not a subtle stroke to play up to President Wilson's fondness of the game? "We too, are golf loafers (lovers)", they said to an American reporter.

Golf is called the old man's game and is recommended as a panacea for the ailments of age. Yet there is need of caution. Joseph Altsheler, who wrote fifty-one books for boys, recently died from heart disease induced by overstrenuous golf. He delighted in driving a long ball, and in hurrying

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up and down the hills of Dunwoodie after it. He suddenly felt, one day, a sharp pang and played no more. It was his last day of golf. The same thing occurred to a literary gentleman living near Easthampton, Long Island. He was over sixty years of age, and, forgetting this, played two rounds a day all one summer and died of *angina pectoris* in September. Matthew Arnold in his boyhood was a first-class runner and jumper. His death was caused by a heart rupture in jumping a fence at Laleham, when he was over seventy.

If golf is the old man's favorite game, even so it should be played only occasionally. Eighteen holes twice a week are sufficient—more than this is dangerous. Up to fifty-five a sedentary writer can play eighteen holes four times a week. Up to forty-five he can play a round once a day, if he is physically sound. Golf is not so strenuous as it is wearing. It is like writing hexameters, and requires a long, steady, continuous effort. Tennis is too strenuous and may be compared to writing love sonnets—and should not be attempted by men over forty.

Selection of the proper links is important. Some courses are steep, hilly, and difficult, like essays in "The Unpopular". They require too much effort for men over fifty. Some courses are like some books and seem to play or read themselves. Sleepy Hollow, Baltusrol, Ardsley, Apawamis, Greenwich, Scarsdale—are examples of too severe courses for the sedentary. As you get on in years, choose flat levels for your golf, brother author. The exercise of striking at the ball is enough work without additional climbing. The public links at Pelham and the North Jersey, near Paterson, as well as the meadows of Van Cortlandt and Mosholu are the best near-at-hand links for those whose time is precious. All the Long Island courses are to be recommended excepting those along the North Shore. Garden City has ideal links for sedentary men. Knollwood is too hilly. St. Andrews, our oldest club, is too much of a strain because of its last five holes . . . a steady, upward climb.

In England, the authorities say that the game does not consist in climbing hills, but in skilful avoidance of traps and bunkers. The modern game requires long driving in order to get over difficulties, and the effort to hit out a long ball nowadays is making even flat golf more strenuous than it used to be. The modern rubber ball goes farther than the old gutta-percha, but today the links are made to fit the long drive, and it is often too great a strain for the elderly.

There is not the space here to argue over the desirability of any great outdoor and absorbing game for authors cudgeling their poor brains over problems arising in every chapter. All games are desirable if they take the mind off, make it laugh, and give it a recess. A life without laughter has been compared to dough without yeasting. Yet Poe, Emerson, Macaulay, Zola, De Maupassant, Napoleon, Gladstone, Bright, Roscoe Conkling, Grant never joked. "Punch" refused Gilbert's manuscripts, because they made people laugh. "Life" neglects humor—demands wit. Yet what authors and readers all need is a good breezy laugh, such, for instance, as when your third ball goes scooting into the pond!

Let every sedentary author have a fad. Let him try to be amused and so be more amusing. Our best-selling books are seldom entertaining nowadays, because they are loaded with

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"uplift" and instruction. "Yet", says a recent writer, "the more cultivated part of society is starving for fun that is not coarse and is conscious of its starvation. Life has to have a certain amount of downright fun or wholesome diversion of some sort mingled with it or it isn't livable." Most editors, however, seem to prefer the dismals. The usual magazine story of today is one which partakes largely of the well-known characteristic of the movies—the gloom of the criminal. Surely the success of E. K. Means and his laughable darky stories ought to teach them to be wise.

The newspapers try to be funny and often succeed very well in being coarse and boisterous. Briggs's golf sketches are true to life, but are apt to present the game as played only by elderly beer-drinking bargees. His cartoons show one phase of the game very well, and his descriptions of the nineteenth hole (abolished July 1st) are inimitable. His idea seems to be that most people play at golf to acquire a thirst. If this is so we may expect many country clubs to be abandoned next year. But it is not true. The thousands of country clubs established all over the land from Maine to California the last twenty-five years, indicate that the American is striving to be no longer sedentary. The nation wishes to make war on dyspepsia—to fight down nervousness—to rid itself of the old habit of patent medicines by means of exercise. A glance at the well-tanned cheeks of the great crowds on our streets shows that the American is succeeding in doing it.

A NOTE ON CRITICISM

BY HELEN BULLIS KIZER

Everyone remembers Anatole France's dictum that "the good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces". We remember it perforce, since it has begotten a Narcissan race of writers, to whom a library is only a room hung with mirrors. But the men who quote M. France's dictum the most complacently, generally forget that he went on to exalt criticism as the ripened fruit of the tree of knowledge, as the art possibly destined to absorb all others, and as the new theology of a cultured race. Obviously, he overlooked Narcissus; he was thinking only of souls worthy of experiencing adventures among masterpieces.

Assuming that Anatole France is right, that criticism is one of the highest forms of literary expression, by what initiation may the soul fit itself for its adventures, by what altar shall it watch before putting on its armor?

A Frenchman may seriously ask such questions, and expect a serious answer. In America they are met with a quizzical eyebrow. We take our criticism even more lightly than we take our fiction. In the popular mind it is divided into the "sort of stuff" that we read while we are in college or shortly afterward—mostly about Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley and Wordsworth, dead men all, on the one side; and on the other, in

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the world of the living, the book reviews in the Sunday papers.

The responsibility for this state of things lies everywhere and nowhere, with the public, with editors, with the writers themselves, individual and in coterie—especially in coterie. The public is less to blame than its contemptuous caterers generally admit. According to them, it is quite incapable of appreciating first-rate writing, so why cast pearls . . ? Of course, there is no scarcity of pearls, but since there is no demand, why go through the process, always laborious and frequently painful, of secreting them? The anxious editor, eying the undemonstrative and lethargic creature whom it is his business to feed, says, "Why run the risk of enraging the brute? Let us give it what it wants"; and proceeds to supply a provender guaranteed filling and unexciting.

The trouble is that both writer and editor forget that there is not one public, but many. A man rarely need fear writing so well as to fly above the heads of his audience. If he actually does so, and his is no mere Icarus-flight, another and better audience will sooner or later reward him. But to despise one's readers, to write down to them, on the assumption that they are incapable of understanding or caring for better work, is the swift slope to Avernus. Some very great men have hated their public and have wrestled with it until it blessed them more profusely than it does its lovers; but inarticulate and undemanding as the public is, some slow sense tells it when a man is giving to it less than his full powers, and it retaliates with that most devastating of revenges—forgetfulness, obliteration, the wave upon the footprint.

Some critics, on the other hand, lavish themselves upon their subjects as wastefully as overfond mothers upon their children. One such has recently remarked, "I suspect that some day it will be said of me that 'he was that ineffectual critic who beat his pen in the luminous void of appreciation'. I should like nothing better than such an epitaph." These are, to borrow William James's everlastingly useful phrase, the "tender-minded" critics. Determined welcomers and professional gladders, they would reduce everybody to one level—not by casting down the mighty to the ranks of the commonalty, but by exalting the commonalty to the seats of the mighty. Yet the Olympian seats remain uncrowded.

At the opposite pole stand the "tough-minded", who, to continue Professor James's category, go by facts rather than by principles, who are materialistic rather than idealistic, pessimistic rather than optimistic, sceptical rather than dogmatical. Men of this temperament, whether they be doctors or lawyers or ministers or plumbers, are bound to be critics. Their material is the material of life. If they happen to be literary reviewers by profession they are exceptionally fortunate, for three-fourths of their equipment has been donated them at birth by the kindly fates.

For, aside from technical preparation, which we will if it is not assuming too much, take for granted, the great qualifications for a critic, from the Brahmin in proud boards to the humble newspaper reviewer, are unsentimentality, sincerity, and courage. In order to round the paragraph I have been trying to add, "And the greatest of these is—" but I cannot. Unsentimentality is the key to good judgment, without which sincerity is only a blind leading of the blind. Lacking courage, unsentimentality and sincer-

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ity would be but a breath in the desert, and without them in turn, courage a mere bellowing in the air. The three must stand or fall together.

In a recent book by one of the most genuine of living English novelists, Frank Swinnerton, two of the characters are literary critics. The hero is a "tough-minded" young man who painfully illustrates the virtues mentioned above, adding to them a lively detestation of the commonplace and of the "mulish complaisance of old men toward dead authors", which frequently elicits a protest from his wife against his "cruelty". For she is daughter to a man of whom, under various aliases, both English and American literature is full. His name in the novel is Cedric Evandene, but it might just as well have been Hamilton Wright Mabie or John Cowper Powys—any one of the hundred-and-one names, in fact, that must have lain behind Shaw's malicious inquiry, "Did you ever hear of an enthusiastically honest man, or an enthusiastic shoemaker?"

When Stephen's wife quotes her father to him, "Father always says that truth has many facets, and that even the fool ought to have his day", the uncompromising Stephen replies drily, "He's got it. I can't stop him from enjoying his power. But he claims tomorrow and eternity as well. That's more than I can stomach. And as for Mr. Evandene's compunction, that's because middle-aged men don't want to be troubled to say whether a thing is good or bad."

Which was unfair of Stephen, for the Mr. Evandenes of this world are born that way—though after all, it may be only another way of saying that many men are born with middle-aged minds.

It is hard, at this point, not to digress and say what an extraordinarily good story Mr. Swinnerton's story is, considered purely as a human document, but that is a *mouton* in another pasture. It is enough that he has placed two opposite theories of criticism fairly before us. The shibboleths of our soft modern idealism, "There is some good in everybody" and "to understand all is to forgive all", stand, meekly obstinate, over against the unsentimentality, the sincerity, and the courage of a critic of Stephen's "tough-minded" stamp. To one, in Mr. Swinnerton's phrase, art is an adored mistress; to the other, an ardent, wayward friend. It is somewhat of the same irreconcilable difference with which men regard women.

It is natural enough that critics of the Evandene school should choose to write about long-dead authors. It is a great deal easier, and their middle-aged minds follow the lines of least resistance. Neither do ghosts arise—at least audibly—to controvert novel interpretations. It takes a mind of original volition, a self-starter, in the mechanic's cant of the day, to discuss current books from any but a purely journalistic point of view. A man must not only be capable of forming opinions, but he must not be afraid of them when they are formed. He must have the courage to be kind, as well as the courage to be unkind. Arthur Symons is right when he says that the power to appraise contemporary literature at its true value is the highest test of a critic.

With the exception of Poe, we have had few critics of current letters in this country who were worth their salt. In the last decade the flux in literature and art, as well as in politics, has been so rapid that few of our older men have been able to float with it or swim against it. James Huneker

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still rides the wave in a skiff curiously wrought with gold and ivory, and a very different man, William Marion Reedy, is safe in any current in his wattled coracle equipped with the latest thing in Diesel engines. Both of them are critics of the France tradition in its most elastic sense, both escape the Narcissan stigma by the fine careless freedom of their souls' adventures.

Of the younger group, perhaps Lawrence Gilman maintains the highest and steadiest average of intelligent, impartial, frequently witty and always highly perceptive reviewing that our periodical literature can boast. H. L. Mencken's brain is invariably in the right place (hearts, it is understood, have gone out), and when his Puritan obsession about the devil of comstockery is not too red within his vision, inspiring him to write wild and whirling words, there is no tougher-minded man living, nor one who possesses the critic's trilogy of virtues to a higher degree. Francis Hackett is like an aeroplane "one-seater", swift in flight, brilliant in attack, and ingeniously, often diabolically, accurate in aim, once he gets into the air. Unluckily, he has been carrying a dead-weight of political opinion recently, which makes the "hop-off" considerably less agile than it used to be. Louis Untermeyer, on the other hand, far from dropping bombs from the air for his pastime, sits, spy-glass in hand, hailing budding genius as it emerges above the horizon. Yet he is no mere professional welcomer. If he insists overmuch that budding talent should bear the trade-mark "Made in America", or rather, "Made in the New Era in America", it is at least a sincere insistence, and one much less mischievous than the demand for the "Made in Europe" label which helped to stultify our literature for many a day.

But most of the work of these men, good as it is, is bound in the nature of things to pass with the passing show it celebrates. It is clever, rapid, but only temporarily arresting. They review a book too frequently as an isolated phenomenon, unrelated not only to the general mind but even to the mind that has produced it. This may sound ungenerous, even unfair. Certainly we should be grateful that so large a group of men with genuinely critical minds—and the handful mentioned by no means exhausts the list—should have voluntarily yoked themselves to the treadmill of a slightly-rewarded and regarded art. It has resulted in our possession today of a body of current book-reviewing immensely superior to anything this country has known before. It is making the small-town newspapers ashamed of printing publishers' blurbs instead of independent notices—sometime it may even inspire such serious publications as "The Outlook" and "The Independent" to dissociate their book notices from the advertising pages where they now languish, as in the human system the appendix exists, on sufferance, among more useful but less mentionable organs.

Our complaint is that these and other tough-minded, unsentimental, brave and sincere young men have left the wider task of considering literature in its relation to the time, of observing its influences and its effluences, so largely to the rationalistic, idealistic, dogmatical—in a word, to the "tender-minded" critic, to the Professor Shermans of criticism, to take a recent, concrete example.

Amy Lowell, it is true (and enormous credit is due her for it), has set herself the task of seriously consider-

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ing living authors in such relations, but she has confined herself to poets. Why have our native critics as a rule been so afraid of digging deep into the significance—if he has any—of a living novelist?

It is partly because of the impatience which so often accompanies the tough-minded virtues in our national character—an impatience measurably due, perhaps, to the fact that the critic, though he may not despise his public, often does have something less than respect for his subject. Why should he sweat at the pick when there is no treasure to be uncovered? Time is very precious to him; it is hard for him to realize with Emily Dickinson, that

> The summers of Hesperides are long.

It is partly, too, because along with a clear enough perception of the facts in the case there exists in many of us a Mr. Evandene side, born of cynicism or timidity or real gentleness of heart, urging us to be kind while we may. And then there is the practical reason, albeit often an unconscious one on the part of the critic, that literary society in America is somewhat like a shipwrecked company in an open boat: everyone must help row if any of them are to get to land.

And because our impatient minds prejudge the ultimate values of their task, or our middle-aged minds choose the easiest way of amiability, or our foresighted minds hesitate to say that our friend's book or our friend's friend's book is absolutely worthless, a compromise has been arrived at by many editors and critics. "It is a principle with us", they announce gravely, "altogether to ignore books that cannot be praised. Nothing is ever gained by slating a book—let it drop out and be forgotten."

Of course, these people have to pretend to themselves that the literal application of their "principle" would not result in empty columns. For books are like their writers and their readers: compounded of many and various essences, earthly and ethereal. To divide them arbitrarily into groups of good and bad would be as immoral as the doctrine of infant damnation. As a matter of fact, they are not so divided. The famous principle in action simply resolves itself into the offhand praise of practically all books except those manifestly written by mildly insane persons with money enough to pay for their publication, which are, truly enough, ignored; and those which lay sacrilegious hands upon some ark of the conventions. These are passed over with slight and superficial comment or burned in the public square, according to the bent of the editorial mind. In this connection it is only fair to say that the editorial mind often functions less censoriously upon the critic in the literary page or supplement of a newspaper than in the arcana of more ambitious publications. It may be that journalism, spite of all the sins charged against it, does impart a certain mental flexibility—or perhaps a certain indifference, as that of the gods in dealing with ephemeræ.

But after all, what difference does it make, why is it a serious matter, that A's book should be characterized as sunshine in a shady place when the reviewer knows, if he knows anything, that it is simply a wash of sentimentality? That B's book is acclaimed as possessing all its author's well-known brilliance and verve, when the fact is that B's brilliance and verve have become as depressing as only ancient *filles de joie* can be? That C's book is said to be untrue to life and a libel on human nature and a distortion of

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facts, when C was honestly endeavoring to depict a square inch of the earth's surface as he imagines God sees it?

In a recent book that includes some foolishness and some wisdom, as books often do, Ezra Pound defines very wisely the scope of the arts, including literature:

> The arts give us a great percentage of the lasting and unassailable data regarding the nature of man, of immaterial man, of man considered as a thinking and sentient creature. They begin where the science of medicine leaves off, or rather they overlap that science.

The implication is obvious. If this data is to be of any use at all, if it is not to become actually and extremely mischievous, it must be as true as human observation can make it.

> This brings us to the immorality of bad art. Bad art is inaccurate art. It is art that makes false reports. If a scientist falsifies a report either deliberately or through negligence, we consider him either a criminal or a bad scientist according to the enormity of his offence, and he is punished or despised accordingly. . . . Yet it takes a deal of talking to convince a layman that bad art is "immoral", and that good art, however "immoral" it is, is wholly a thing of virtue.

From this point of view, ill-considered or insincere criticism would be doubly a crime; it would be as criminal, to continue Mr. Pound's figure, as is the pharmacist who carelessly or wilfully misreads a physician's prescription; and so far from being a matter of no particular import, it justifies Anatole France's conception of it as the new theology.

When, is it asked, will criticism be as respected a branch of literature in America as it is in France? The answer is, obviously, when it is as respectable. The audience does not make the play, nor the public the poet. They react upon each other, it is true, and in a sense Shakespeare is the product of his time. But only in the very broadest sense; the bow of Ulysses always waits, and the men who bend it are few. But among the spirits who dare to try, there is a generation other than that of the flesh. One inherits from another; no potent seed perishes from the earth. And criticism in this country is on its upward curve; we have begun to recognize that unsentimentality, sincerity, and courage are as distinctly moral qualities when tested upon a novel or a book of poems as upon what we are accustomed to regard as the larger issues of life. The more bravely we spend our strength upon the bow, the sooner will come the man who shall draw the arrow to its head. As old Walt Whitman might have said, in that curious mixture of tongues and grammars he was so fond of, *En avant, Camarados!*

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ALL OVER THE LOT

BY H. W. BOYNTON

If you are in a mood for good cheer and vague high hopes of human nature and its world, do not descend into "The Valley of the Squinting Windows". Or if, to put it more mildly, you have found yourself disheartened by Patrick MacGill's "Glenmornan", beware how you expose your spirits to the influences of this deeper and darker vale. I often think, "Now it's time to take a holiday, at least, from all this comparing"; and straightway a brace of novels, or a half-dozen, will turn up at the same moment and refuse to be thought of apart from each other. I might almost have felt "The Valley of the Squinting Windows" on the way, and so held over my mention of "Glenmornan" till this month. For here are the surface likeness and inherent contrast that offer readiest foothold for commentary.

You may say that these are both disagreeable and realistic stories of Irish peasant life, and yet not suggest their difference in quality at all. That difference is the difference between creative realism and naturalism. The points of resemblance are striking enough. In both cases we enter a small Irish community living within itself, but under limitations common to such communities the country over. The valley of Tullanahogue, like Glenmornan, is a place of conventions and subjections. To one as to the other comes back, after experience of the world outside, a youth who, after some struggle, becomes a victim of his surroundings. There is room in these places for a sort of squalid individualism, hemmed in and at the same time encouraged and protected by the joint authority of parish priest and gombeen-man. Any man is free to drink himself to death and to sell his family into virtual slavery to publican or priest. But no man may publicly question the authority of the church, and no woman suffer herself to be betrayed. You remember how the lad of Glenmornan gladly gives up his London career, already so well begun, to live in his own place; how he wills to dwell there forever, free and useful and happy on the soil he loves; how he finds life possible there only under the local code, and having broken that code by defying the coarse and venal priest, is shouldered out at once and for good. Mother and sweetheart turn their backs on the blasphemer without a qualm; only the earthy rascal Dennys The Drover chooses to share his exile—which is also his escape.

There is a lift of hopefulness, of wistful idealism in this story which is lacking in "The Valley of the Squinting Windows". Doalty and Dennys at least do go forth out of it all unconquered. And in old Oiney Leahy, for all his servility before his twin masters whiskey and superstition, is the touch of heroic comedy. The John Brennan of the other story is inherently weak. He might have slid into the priesthood if nothing had interfered; but there was his love for the schoolmistress; and his friendship with Ulick Shannon (much the type of

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Pan-like Dennys The Drover, but for his cynical slant); and the disillusioning episode between those two; and finally the revelations of his mother's sin and his own fratricide. There is no escape for him, he is beaten. At the last moment, with the final words of the narrative, we approach the plane of tragic irony: when he stumbles hopelessly drunk into the doorway of the house where that lifelong drunkard, his supposed father, already lies sodden for the night: "He could hear his father muttering drunkenly within. He came nearer, striving to steady himself and walk erect. He quickened his step to further maintain his sense of sobriety. His foot tripped against something and he lurched forward. He was caught in his mother's arms, for, at the sound of his approach, she had opened the door in resigned and mournful expectation. . . 'Oh, Jesus!' she said. . . . There were two of them now."

In his prefatory note the author informs us, after the modern fashion, what his book is and stands for. He is tolerably proud of its having been denounced and burned "after the best mediæval fashion" in the part of Ireland it dealt with. This, he says, was a sign of health not only in the book but in the executioners themselves. It sent them back to the realities from that "consolation of romantic treatment with which the older Irish novel had befuddled them"; and, we gather, Ireland already is rousing to the acceptance in "the new Irish novel" of an honest realism as against both romanticism and the pseudorealism that followed it. What then is honest realism? This writer happily does not hesitate to say what so many other current British novelists evidently have felt, that it is a critter bred in Russia. What he looks for is the happy day when "the Irish realist will approximate more nearly to the quality of the Russian novelists, in which is neither exaggeration of light nor of shadow but a picture of life all gray and quiet, and brightened only by the beauty of tragic reality". Well, if you see life as an affair all gray and quiet, save as enlivened by a suicide or a murder now and then, —why, there you are. But grayness and quietude are not the same things as meanness and squalor; and it may have been some such identification in the present narrative which those indignant peasants sought to cast into their fires.

Life gray and quiet is not the life of "Winesburg, Ohio". A comparison between this book and the "Spoon River Anthology" is inevitable. Here, as there, the inner individual life of a typical American small town is laid bare, or let us say illuminated from within, so that we perceive its reality shining through the dull masks of convention and humdrum. It is a life of vivid feeling and ardent impulse doomed, for the most part, to be suppressed or misdirected, but still existent and potent as nothing is potent in the life of the community as a community. We must meet the fact at the outset that with this writer sex is wellnigh the mainspring of human action. At worst he seems in this book like a man who has too freely imbibed the doctrine of the psychoanalysts, and fares thereafter with eyes slightly "set" along the path of fiction. At best he seems without consciousness of self or of theory to be getting at the root of the matter—one root, at least—for all of us. His style is plain, staccato, perhaps a little deliberately unliterary:

> Wash Williams once had a wife. When he was still a young man he married a woman in Dayton, Ohio. The woman was tall and

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slender and had blue eyes and yellow hair. Wash was himself a comely youth. He loved the woman with a love as absorbing as the hatred he later felt for all women.

Wash Williams is the telegraph operator in Winesburg, the ugliest man in town. Our business with him is to hear how he became a woman-hater; and it is an unpleasant business, out of which shines the redeeming light of the man's battered yet not defeated idealism. And so it is with all these stories. Frank and momentarily disconcerting as their detail often is, we feel in them none of the spiritual grossness of the Russian naturalists and their imitators. Mr. Anderson is of the race of Stevenson; he also is "something of the shorter catechist". Always he seems to be after the true morality that so often governs men and women when they are at odds with, or merely conforming to, conventional morality. I do not know where in prose a tenser moral action is concentrated than in the dozen pages of "The Strength of God", that amazing tale of the conversion of the Reverend Curtis Hartman, to whom, Peeping Tom that he is, God for the first time "manifests himself in the body of a woman". There are youth and hope and honest love in Winesburg, Ohio. Yet young George Willard, whose slim figure threads these pages, must go elsewhere to fulfil himself. He bids farewell to his sweetheart, and we see our last of Winesburg with him, from the train window:

After George counted his money he looked out of the window and was surprised to see that the train was still in Winesburg.

The young man, going out of town to meet the adventure of life, began to think but he did not think of anything very big or dramatic. Things like his mother's death, his departure from Winesburg, the uncertainty of his future life in the city, the serious and larger aspects of his life—did not come into his mind.

He thought of little things—Turk Smallet wheeling boards through the main street of his town in the morning; a tall woman, beautifully gowned, who had once stayed overnight at his father's hotel; Butch Wheeler, the lamplighter of Winesburg, hurrying through the streets on a summer evening and holding the torch in his hand; Helen White standing by a window in the Winesburg post-office and putting a stamp on an envelope.

It may be suspected that most American readers will find themselves so busy recognizing Winesburg that they will have to be reminded to exercise their inherited prerogative of moral judgment upon it.

Our books this month seem to be leading us "all over the lot", for example, from the American realism of a "Winesburg, Ohio" to the Teutonic realism of a "Silent Mill". Behind the first is idealism and even moral fervor; behind the second that tearful sentimentalism which has belonged immemorially to the songs and the fables of the watchers on the Rhine. Here are the oldest materials of German romance. What a part the rustic mill, and especially the rustic "Müllerin" have always played in it! Sudermann takes that institution and that lady—wheels, bins, lashes, plaits, whirring industry, plump coquetry and all,—and shows what fate and a daring modern method (Germanically speaking) can make of them. . . .

Here are the two brothers, the old dour one with a remorse on his chest, and the young gay one, more son to him than brother. Old one acquires young lashed and plaited bride, affectionate but unawakened; to them returns (military service) young gay one. Garden scene: hang sisters-in-law, let's have a word with this pretty girl! "Ah, pretty one!" "Tee-hee, I am your sister!" Awakening of puh-hassion. Heaven help them, no one sees what is up, least of all the dour old brother, who likes to see them play together: nobody but the

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malicious old hired man (or his German equivalent), who lies low. Well, nothing very exciting happens thereafter from, say, a French point of view, but there is no end of emotional pother. The gay young one leaves home and takes to drink, and in the end there is a triangular meeting by the mill-race which results in the death of both brothers, and the forlorn and half-maddened survival of the Müllerin, who spends the rest of her life "crawling at the foot of a crucifix or kneeling at church doors, telling her beads and beating her head against the stones till it bled. . . . She is expiating the great crime which is known as 'youth'." What gives this tale its mawkish flavor for us? Perhaps its almost archaic flavor of a "Victorian" sentiment we have outgrown or outpaced. These lovers stop short of a physical union for which our enlightened modern commentators would find ready and cheerful excuse. Fancy all that row about a mere state of feeling!

To get anything like it at the moment, we have to journey to the other side of the world, to Australia or to India. "The Year Between" represents one of those provincial survivals which are not, it is true, always geographically determined. If we descend far enough in the literary scale, among the Harold Bell Wrights and such, we can find plenty of belated sentimentalism luxuriating close at hand. But "The Year Between" is more than respectably "written", despite passages which may carry us back to "The Duchess" of our callow days. Here is another young wife who is fated to be "awakened" by the third member of the everlasting triangle. The husband is handily put out of the way early in the game, however, and the girl becomes the ward of the honorable third party. They are already in love; but it is clear that if the author does not help them to conceal this perfectly obvious fact from each other for a time, there will be no story worth speaking of. The author does her duty. . . .

A closer analogy with Sudermann's tale is to be had, queerly enough, in "The Home and the World" of that prolific Oriental, Rabindranath Tagore. These modern days! There are triangles, it appears, even in the shadow of the zenana. A young Hindu of a rajah's house marries a girl of his class. She has been reared in the traditions of the purdah, wears with pride the vermilion mark of her wifehood, and "takes the dust of her husband's feet" with worship. But he is of the modern educated type, a university man, and will not accept her servility. He spoils her with kindness and turns her head with new ideas. Then comes the swadeshi, the Nationalist movement, with its breaking down of traditions and safeguards. One of its leaders, Sandip Babu, is a demagogue and a rake who, after a glimpse of the young wife, makes little secret of his designs upon her. The husband, sympathetic in a moderate way with the new movement, endures from this fellow an attitude and behavior not to be tolerated for a moment by an occidental spouse. Sandip is an Eastern proponent of what we now call "Prussianism". He preaches the "great discipline of injustice". The world is governed by the cry, "I want!"

My theory of life makes me certain that the Great is cruel. To be just is for ordinary men,—and it is reserved for the great to be unjust. The surface of the earth was even. The volcano butted it with its fiery horn and found its own eminence,—its justice was not towards its obstacle, but towards itself. Successful injustice and genuine cruel-

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ty have been the only forces by which individual or nation has become millionaire or monarch. . . . I say to everyone, Deliverance is based upon injustice. Injustice is the fire which must keep on burning something in order to save itself from becoming ashes. Whenever an individual or nation becomes incapable of injustice it is swept into the dust-bin of the world.

The young wife is fascinated by this doctrine and its masterful advocate: the goodness and patience of her husband Nikhil seem to her weakness. In the end, however, the squalid egotism of Sandip is made plain, even to himself, and the wife sees that neither Pagan individualism nor vague modern Cause can supersede the claims of the Home. Nikhil, for his part, realizes that in trying to make a helpmate he has nearly spoiled a wife, and that there is safety for her in the traditional attitude of worship at his feet. A conclusion little likely to please the woman of the West!

Strangely ingenuous these two novels seem beside "Two Banks of the Seine". Paris, so liberal a fount of sentiment for alien quaffers, continues to offer her own children a very different brew: bubbling with wit, spiced with amiable scepticism, never merely sentimental, dull, above all never "earnest", as we Anglo-Americans are fated to be, whether we will or no. "Two Banks of the Seine" is a study of Parisian life before the war, as focused in the contact between two distinct elements suggested by the title. It is a comedy of manners tinctured with the realism of the boulevardier. M. Eusèbe Raindal, professor of Egyptology at the Collège de France, attracts the attention of the world of fashion and pleasure across the Seine by a life of Cleopatra which has chanced to treat of the amours of that lady with the ingenuous thoroughness of scholarship. A certain Mme. Chambannes takes it into her head to annex the savant for her own glory. She steals him without difficulty from his good dull wife and his intellectual daughter, and employs him as a sort of amusing third to her cynical husband and her aristocratic lover. The comedy of his senile passion and disillusionment is developed without suppression or remorse. Mme. Chambannes is one of those extraordinarily lifelike and quite ruthless portraits of the married woman of pleasure in which French fiction abounds. In its more superficial way, the book is akin to the satirical "Amethyst Ring" of Anatole France, a fine English version of which has recently been issued.

Mr. Galsworthy's preoccupation with sex makes itself felt as usual, in "Saint's Progress", beneath the graceful precision of his style and the air of earnest inquiry, which are wont to win from his readers quite as much serious attention, on the whole, as his novels deserve. One may feel about him something of what he repeatedly expresses himself as feeling about his "saint", the Reverend Edward Pierson of this tale: that celibacy has not conduced to an altogether wholesome attitude toward sex matters. Pierson, being a widower, and unwilling on principle to remarry, is represented as living in "starvation" through his later years, and achieving sainthood despite a wildness in his blood which must always be kept painfully in hand. That wildness comes out in his daughter Noel, as it has earlier shown itself in his cousin Leila. I for one can quite well bear what these two women do, but I find it hard to be patient with the inherent vulgarians (for all their surface charms of speech and manner) their

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author makes of them. The aging siren Leila who might have seduced our "saint" if she had not been occupied elsewhere, gives up her lover so that he may marry her young cousin, who has previously given herself to her soldier wooer and had a war baby. That is the crudest possible way of stating the sex-snarl of the story: the point is that Mr. Galsworthy's politesse of style succeeds in dressing up the situation, or the series of situations which make up the action, without refining it. These people are in themselves vulgar; but as Mr. Galsworthy honestly doesn't know it, why should his readers—subject, as they are, to the enchantment of his clear, drawling recitative?

A "Wells" this month, too—another one? Thank Heaven, we needn't grow heated this weather, over "The Undying Fire". It is the kind of Wellsian ebullition everyone should be able to accept with good humor and profit: a characteristic bit of improvisation on a congenial theme. God and education have been much on Mr. Wells's mind for the past few years, and he is able to get off a large number of good things about them both in these pages. This to-date version of the story of Job might have been, if the author had cared to make it so, a moving and dramatic tale. However, as somebody has suggested, it is already that in the original form. And this chronicler has now reached the stage where he cannot maintain his interest in any human action that threatens to compete with his supreme concern—the continuous performance going on in his own head. His modern Job does not curse God and die; he creates a God of his own, "a rebellious and adventurous God who may yet bring order into this cruel and frightful chaos in which we seem to be driven hither and thither like leaves before the wind, a God who, in spite of all appearances, may yet rule over it and mould it to his will". . . . "To my will" is of course the unconscious meaning of "Mr. Huss" and his author. Of one thing mild plaint may fairly be made—that so many of these relatively scant pages should be taken up with the restatement and variation of those pronouncements on educational principles and methods which strained or sprained our endurance in "Joan and Peter", only the other day.

Mr. Wells doesn't believe in the novelist's tying himself down to anything in form or substance. He takes occasion in his preface to "The Gay-Dombeys" to set in their places "the austerer school of critics" by whose standards (he says) this is certainly not a perfect novel. "The rules that school insists upon, the rule of restraint, the rule of humorless statement, the complete suppression indeed of the author's personality, are utterly disregarded." I wonder where that school keeps? Certainly, if there is such an institution, it ought to be sought out and dispersed with ignominy. Does any authority or set of authorities anywhere really try to make a "rule" of restraint, or lay down even a general principle of "humorless statement", or breathe even the faintest sigh for "the com-

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The Valley of the Squinting Windows. By Brinsley MacNamara. Brentano's.
Winesburg, Ohio. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch.
The Silent Mill. By Hermann Sudermann. Brentano's.
The Year Between. By Doris Egerton Jones. George W. Jacobs and Co.
The Home and the World. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Co.
Two Banks of the Seine. By Fernand Vandérem. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Saint's Progress. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Undying Fire. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.

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plete suppression of the author's personality"? If so, I agree with Mr. Wells that such persons had better not look for satisfaction to Sir Henry Johnston, who out of a full life has made a full book, of which I shall try to express my admiration another month.

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(*Concluded*)

CHAPTER XII

The Merry-Go-Round

§ 1

The holidays were over. The Coles were once more back in Polchester, and the most exciting period of Jeremy's life had begun. So at any rate he felt it. It might be that in later years there would be new exciting events: lion hunting for instance, or a war, or the tracking of niggers in the heart of Africa—he would be ready for them when they came; but these last weeks before his first departure for school offered him the prospect of the first real independence of his life—there could never be anything quite like that again. . .

Now the event that marks the true beginning of the autumnal season in Polchester, the only way by which you may surely know that summer is over and autumn is come, is Pauper's Fair—from time immemorial, a noted event in Glebeshire life. Even now when fairs have yielded to cinematographs as attractions for the people, Pauper's Fair gives its annual excitement. Though nowadays it has shed, very largely I am afraid, the character that it gloriously maintained thirty years ago, it was at that time the greatest event of the year.

The decent people kept their doors locked, their children at home, and their valuables in the family safe. No upper-class child in Polchester so much as saw the outside of a gypsy van. No family in the village was guarded more carefully in this matter of the Pauper's Fair than the Cole family. Jeremy had no intention of disobedience—but he had returned from the Cow Farm holiday in a strange condition of mind.

Indeed he was, in reality, now beginning to have his independent life. His father, conscious that the child's days had been hitherto spent almost entirely among women, sent him every morning during these last weeks at home down to the curate of St. Martins-in-the-Market to learn a few words of Latin, an easy sum or two, and the rudiments of spelling. This young curate, the Reverend Wilfred Somerset, was apparently intensely amused by Jeremy. He would roar with laughter over nothing at all, smack his thigh and shout, "Good for you, young un," — whatever that might mean; and Jeremy, gazing at him, at his pipe and his trousers, liking him rather but not sufficiently in awe to be really impressed, would ask him questions that seemed to him perfectly simple and natural, but that nevertheless amused the Reverend Wilfred so fundamentally that he was unable to give them an intelligible

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answer. Undoubtedly this encouraged Jeremy's independence. He walked to and from the curate's lodging by himself and was able to observe many interesting things on the way.

He had only been going to Mr. Somerset's a day or two when the announcements of the fair appeared on the walls of the town. He could not help but see them; there was a large one on the boarding half-way down Orange Street, just opposite the doctor's—a poster with a colored picture of "Wombwell's Circus".

He asked Mr. Somerset whether he were going.

"Oh, I shall slip along one evening, I've no doubt," replied that gentleman. "But it's a bore—a whole week of it—upsets one's work."

"It needn't," said Jeremy, "if you stay indoors."

This amused Mr. Somerset immensely. He laughed a great deal.

"We always have to," said Jeremy rather hurt. "We're not allowed farther than the garden."

"Ah, but I'm older than you are," said Mr. Somerset. "It was the same with me once."

"And what did you do? Did you go all the same?"

"You bet I did," said the red-faced hero, more intent on his reminiscences than on the effect that this might have on the morals of his pupil.

On the late afternoon of the day before the opening Jeremy, on his way to Mr. Somerset's, caught the tail-end of "Wombwell's Circus Procession" moving in misty splendor across the market.

He could see but little although he stood on the pedestal of a lamp-post; but Britannia, rocking high in the air, flashing her silver sceptre in the evening air and followed by two enormous and melancholy elephants, caught his gaze. Strains of a band lingered about him. He entered Mr. Somerset's in a frenzy of excitement, but he said nothing. He felt that Mr. Somerset would laugh at him . . . . No use for Mr. Cole to say:

"We must behave as though the fair was not."

For a whole week it would be there and everyone knew it. Jeremy did not mean to be disobedient but after that glimpse of Britannia he knew that he would go.

§ 2

It had, at first, been thought advisable that Jeremy should not go to Mr. Somerset's during fair week.

Mrs. Cole smiled confidently. "I think Jeremy is to be trusted. He would never do anything that you wouldn't like."

Mr. Cole was not so sure. "He's not quite so obedient as I should wish. He shows an independence . . . ."

After some hesitation it was decided that he might be trusted. But even after that he was never put upon his honor. "If I don't promise I needn't mind," he said to himself and waited breathlessly — but nothing came.

Wednesday would be the night. On Wednesday evenings his father had a service which prevented him from returning home until half-past eight. He would go to Somerset's at half-past four and would be expected home at half-past six; there would be no real alarm about him until his father's return from church and he could therefore be sure of two hours' bliss.

He felt aloof and apart, as though no one could touch him. He would not have minded simply going in to them all and saying, "I'm off to the fair". The obvious drawback to that would have been that he would have been

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shut up in his room and then they might make him give his word. He would not break any promises.

When Wednesday came it was a lovely day.

"I'm going to Mr. Somerset's, mother", he said, putting two exercise books and a very new and shining blue Latin exercise book together.

The old woman opened the door when he rang Mr. Somerset's bell.

"Master's been called away", she said in her croaking voice. "A burial. 'E 'adn't time to let you know. 'Tell the little gen'l'man', 'e said, 'I'm sorry—'"

"All right", said Jeremy, "thank you".

He descended the steps, then stood where he was, in the street looking up and down. Who could deny that it was all being arranged for him? He felt more than ever like God as he looked proudly about him. Everything served his purpose. The jingling of the money in his pocket reminded him that he must waste no more time. He started off.

Even his progress through the town seemed wonderful—quite unattended at last, as he had always all his life longed to be. It was his first introduction to the world—he had never been in a large crowd before,—and it is not to be denied but that his heart beat thick and his knees trembled a little. But he pulled himself together. Who was he to be afraid? But the books under his arm were a nuisance. He suddenly dropped them in among the legs and boots of the people.

Here was a stile with a large wooden fence on either side of it, and a red-faced man saying: "Pay your sixpences now! Come along . . . pay your sixpences now." From the other side of the fence came a torrent of sound, so discordant and so tumultuous that it was impossible to separate the elements of it one from another—screams, shrieks, the bellowing of animals, and the monotonous rise and fall of scraps of tune—several bars of one and then bars of another, and then everything lost together in the general babel; and to the right of him Jeremy could see not very far away quiet fields with cows grazing, and the dark grave wood on the horizon.

Would he venture? For a moment his heart failed him—a wave of something threatening and terribly powerful seemed to come out to him through the stile, and the people who were passing in looked large and fierce. Then he saw two small boys, their whole bearing one of audacious boldness, push through. He was not going to be beaten. He followed a man with a back like a wall—"One, please", he said.

"Come along now . . . pay your sixpences . . . pay your sixpences—" cried the man. He was through. He stepped at once into something that had for him all the elements of the most terrifying and enchanting of fairy-tales. He was planted, it seemed, in a giant world. At first he could see nothing but the high and thick bodies of the people who moved on every side of him: he peered under shoulders, he was lost among legs and arms, he walked suddenly into waistcoat buttons and was flung thence into walking-sticks.

To Jeremy it was a world of giant heights and depths. Behind the stalls, beyond the lane down which he moved was an uncertain glory, a threatening peril. He fancied that strange animals moved there, he thought he heard a lion roar and an elephant bellow. Pushed forward, he found himself at the end of

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the lane and standing in a semicircular space surrounded by strange-looking booths with painted pictures upon them, and in front of them platforms with wooden steps running up to them. Then so unexpectedly that he gave a little scream, a sudden roar burst out behind him. He turned and indeed the world seemed to have gone mad. A moment ago there had been darkness and dim shadow. Now suddenly there was a huge, whistling, tossing circle of light and flame, and from the center of this a banging, brazen, cymbal-clashing scream issued —a scream that through its strident shrillness he recognized as a tune that he knew, a tune often whistled by Jim at Cow Farm, "And her golden hair was hanging down her back". Whence the tune came he could not tell, from the very belly of the flaming monster it seemed; but, as he watched, he saw that the huge circle whirled ever faster and faster and that up and down on the flame of it colored horses rose and fell, vanishing from light to darkness, from darkness to light, and seeming of their own free will and motion to dance to the thundering music.

It was the most terrific thing that he had ever seen. The most terrific thing. . . . He stood there, his cap on the back of his head, his legs apart, his mouth open; forgetting utterly the crowd, thinking nothing of time or danger or punishment—he gazed with his whole body.

It was finally the horses that caught Jeremy's heart. Half of them at least were without riders, and the empty ones went out pathetically envying the more successful ones and dancing to the music as though with an effort. One especially moved Jeremy's sympathy. He was a fine horse, rather fresher than the others, with a coal-black mane and great black bulging eyes; his saddle was of gold and his trappings of red. As he went round he seemed to catch Jeremy's eyes and to beg him to come to him. He rode more securely than the rest—rising nobly like a horse of fine breeding, falling again with an implication of restrained force as though he would say: "I have only to let myself go and there, my word, you *would* see where I'd get to". His bold black eyes turned beseechingly to Jeremy—surely it was not only a trick of the waving gas; the boy drew closer and closer, never moving his gaze from the horses who had hitherto been whirling at a bacchanalian pace, but who now as at some sudden secret command suddenly slackened, hesitated, fell into a gentle jog-trot, then scarcely rose, scarcely fell, were suddenly still. Jeremy was now at the very edge of the merry-go-round and he saw what it was that you did if you wanted to ride. A stout, dirty man came out among the horses, and resting his hands on their backs as though they were less than nothing to him shouted: "Now's your chance, lidies and gents! Now, lidies and gents! Come along hup! Come along hup! The ride of your life now! A 'alf-penny a time! A 'alfpenny a time and the finest ride of your life!"

Jeremy noticed then that the fine horse with the black mane had stopped close beside him. Impossible to say whether the horse had intended it or no! He was staring now in front of him with the innocent, stupid gaze that animals can assume when they do not wish to give themselves away. But Jeremy could see that he was taking it for granted that Jeremy understood the affair. "If you're such a fool as not to understand", he seemed to say, "well then, I don't want

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you—" Jeremy gazed and the reproach in those eyes was more than he could endure. And at any moment someone else might settle himself on that beautiful back! There, that stupid, fat, giggling girl! No—she had moved elsewhere. . . . He could endure it no longer and with a thumping heart, clutching a scalding penny in a red-hot hand, he mounted the steps. "One ride—little gen'elman. 'Ere you are! 'Old on now! Oh, you wants that one, do yer? Right ye are—yer pays yer money and yer takes yer choice—" He lifted Jeremy up. "Put yer arms round 'is neck now—'e won't bite yer!"

Bite him indeed! Jeremy felt as he clutched the cool head and let his hand slide over the stiff black mane, that he knew more about that horse than his owner did. He seemed to feel beneath him the horse's response to his clutching knees, the head seemed to rise for a moment and nod to him and the eyes to say: "It's all right. I'll look after you. I'll give you the best ride of your life!"

He felt indeed that the gaze of the whole world was upon him, but he responded to it proudly, staring boldly around him as though he had been seated on merry-go-rounds all his days. Perhaps some in the gaping crowd knew him and were saying: "Why, there's the Reverend Cole's kid—"; never mind, he was above scandal. From where he was he could see the fair lifted up and translated into a fantastic splendor. Nothing was certain, nothing defined—above him was a canopy of evening sky with circles and chains of stars mixed with the rosy haze of the flame of the fair. . .

He did not see it all as he sat on his horse—he was as yet too young; but he did feel the contrast between the din and glare around him and the silence and dark beyond, and, afterward, looking back, he knew that he had found in that same contrast the very heart of romance. As it was he simply clutched his horse's beautiful head and waited for the ride to begin. . .

They were off! He felt his horse quiver under him, he saw the mansions of the two-headed giant and the fat lady slip to the right, the light seemed to swing like the skirt of someone's dress, upward across the floor, and from the heart of the golden woman and the king and the minstrel at the center a scream burst forth as though they were announcing the end of the world. After that he had no clear idea as to what occurred. He was swung into space, and all the life that had been so stationary—the booths, the lights, the men and women, the very stars—went swinging with him as though to cheer him on; the horse under him galloped before, and the faster he galloped the wilder was the music and the dizzier the world. He was exultant, omnipotent, supreme. He had long known that this glory was somewhere if it could only be found—all his days he seemed to have been searching for it; he beat his horse's neck, he drove his legs against his sides: "Go on! go on! go on!" he cried; "faster! faster! faster!"

He shouted, he cried aloud, he was so happy that he thought of no one and nothing. . . The flame danced about him in a circle, he seemed to rise so high that there was a sudden stillness, he was in the very heart of the stars; then came the supreme moment when, as he had always known that one day he would be, he was master of the world. . . Then, like Lucifer, he fell. Slowly, the stars receded, the music slackened, people

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rocked onto their feet again. . . His horse gave a last little leap and died.

This marvelous experience he repeated four times and every time with an ecstasy more complete than the last. He rushed to a height, he fell, he rushed again, he fell; and at every return to a sober life his one intention was instantly to be off on his steed once more. He was about to start on his fifth journey—he had paid his halfpenny, he was sitting forward with his hands on the black mane, his eyes staring were filled already with the glory that he knew was coming to him, his cheeks were crimson, his hat on the back of his head, his hair flying. He heard a voice, quiet and cool, a little below him, but very near:

"Jeremy . . Jeremy. Come off that. You've got to go home."

He looked down and saw his Uncle Samuel.

§ 3

It was all over; he knew at once that it was all over. As he slipped down from his dear horse, he gave the glossy, dark mane one last pat; then with a little sigh, he found his feet, stumbled over the wooden steps, and was at his uncle's side.

"Well," said Uncle Samuel sarcastically. "It's nothing to you, I suppose, that the town crier is at this moment ringing his bell for you up and down the market-place?"

"Does father know?" Jeremy asked quickly.

"He does," answered Uncle Samuel.

Jeremy cast one last look around the place—all the noise of the fair bathed him up to his forehead. He swam in it for the last time. He tried to catch one last glimpse of his coal-black charger; then, with a sigh, he said, turning to his uncle: "I suppose we'd better be going."

"Yes, I suppose we had," said Uncle Samuel, still sarcastically.

They threaded their way through the fair, passed the wooden stile, and were once again in the streets, dark and ancient under the moon, with all the noise and glare behind them. Jeremy was thinking to himself: "It doesn't matter what father does, or how angry he is, *that* was worth it." Only a year ago to be punished by his father had been a terrible thing.

"Did they send you, or did you just come of yourself, Uncle?" asked Jeremy.

"I happened to be taking the air in that direction," said Uncle Samuel.

"I hope you didn't come away before you wanted to," said Jeremy politely.

"I did not," said his uncle.

At the door of their house Uncle Samuel stopped and said:

"Young man, in the future if you want to go running off somewhere, you'd better content yourself with my studio and make a mess there."

"Oh, may I?" cried Jeremy delighted. That studio had been always a forbidden place to them and had therefore its air of enchanting mystery.

"Won't you really mind my coming?" he asked.

"I shall probably hate it," answered his uncle. "But there's nothing I wouldn't do for the family."

The boy walked to his father's study and knocked on the door. He did have then, at the sound of that knock, a moment of panic.

"Come in!" said his father.

He pushed open the door and entered. The scene that followed was grave and sad and yet in the end strangely unimpressive. His father talked too much. As he talked, Jeremy's thoughts would fly back to the

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coal-black horse and to that moment when he had seemed to fly into the very heart of the stars. The end of it was that Jeremy received six strokes on the hand with a ruler. Mr. Cole was not good at this kind of thing and twice he missed Jeremy's hand altogether, and looked very foolish. It was not an edifying scene. Jeremy left the room, his head high, his spirit obstinate and his father remained—puzzled, distressed, at a loss, anxious to do what was right, but unable to touch his son at all. . . Jeremy went up to his room. He opened his window and looked out. He could smell the burnt leaves of a bonfire—he fancied that he could see a white shadow where it had been. Then, on the wind, came the distant music of the fair: "Tum-te-tum . . tum-te-tum . . whirr-whirr-whirr-bang-bang."

Somewhere an owl cried, and then another owl answered. He rubbed his sore hand against his trousers—then, thinking of his black horse, he smiled. He was a free man. In a week he would go to school, then he would go to college, then he would be a horse-trainer. . . He was in bed; faintly into the dark room stole the scent of the bonfire and the noise of the fair: "tum-te-tum . . tum-te-tum." He was asleep, riding on a giant charger across boundless plains.

§ 4

The last day! Jeremy, suddenly waking, realized this with a confusion of feeling as though he were sentenced to the dentist's but, oddly enough, looked forward to his visit. Going to school, one had of course long ago perceived, was a mixed business, but the balance was now greatly to the good. After breakfast he did not know quite what to do, and it was obvious also that no one knew quite what to do with him.

Mrs. Cole said: "Jeremy dear, Ponting has never sent that letter-paper and envelopes that he promised and Father must have them today. Would you go down and bring them back with you? Father will write a note."

No one seemed to realize what an abysmal change from earlier conditions this casual sentence marked. That he should go to Ponting's, which was on the farther side of the town, alone and unattended, seemed to no one peculiar—and yet only six months ago a walk without Miss Jones was undreamed of, and before her no more than nine months back there was the Jampot! He was delighted to go, but of course he did not show his delight.

All he said was: "Yes, Mother."

He was in his new clothes, stiff black jacket, black knickerbockers, black stockings, black boots. No more navy suits with white braid and whistles! Perhaps he would see the dean's Ernest. It was his most urgent desire!

He started off accompanied by a barking, bounding Hamlet who showed no perception of the calamity that threatened to tumble upon him. For Jeremy, leaving Hamlet was a dreadful affair. In three months a dog can change more swiftly than a human being, and Hamlet, although not a supremely greedy dog, had shown of late increasing signs of a love of good food and a regrettable tendency to fawn upon the giver of the same, even when it was Aunt Amy. Jeremy had checked this tendency and had issued punishments when necessary and Hamlet had accepted the same without a murmur. So long as Jeremy was there Hamlet's character was secure, but now, during this long absence, anything might happen. There was

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no one to whom Jeremy might leave him, no one who had the slightest idea what a dog should do and what he should not.

These melancholy thoughts filled Jeremy's mind when he started upon his walk, but soon he was absorbed by his surroundings. He realized even more drastically than the facts warranted that he was making his farewell to the town. He sighed and, with a strange pain at his heart that he could not analyze, moved up the hill.

"Come here, Hamlet—how dare you?" he ordered in so sharp and military a voice that Hamlet, who had merely cast a most innocent glance at a disdainful and conceited white poodle, looked up at his master with surprise.

When the midday chimes had rung out and his duties were performed, Jeremy decided then that he would go home across the green and down Orchard Lane. He had a wish to enter the cathedral for a moment; such a visit would, after all, complete the round of his experiences. . . All was space and silence, light and dusk. It seemed to Jeremy that he had never been there before; he stood, breathless, as though in a moment something must inevitably happen. Although he did not think of it, the moment was one of a sequence that had come to him during the year: his entry into the theatre with his uncle, his first conversation with the sea captain, the hour when his mother had been so ill, the evening on the beach when Charlotte had been frightened, the time when Hamlet had been lost and he had slept with him under a tree. All these moments had been something more than merely themselves, had had something behind them or inside them for which, simply, they stood as words stand for pictures. He analyzed, of course, nothing, being a perfectly healthy small boy; but if afterward he looked back, these were the moments that he saw as one sees stations on a journey. One day he would know for what they stood. . .

Back again in the bosom of his family he felt that they were beginning to be aware of his departure.

"What shall we do this evening, Jeremy—your last evening?" said his mother.

Everyone looked at him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said uncomfortably. "Just as usual, I suppose."

"Well, I think," said Mrs. Cole, "that we'll have high tea at half-past seven and the children shall stay up afterward and we'll have 'Midshipman Easy'."

Jeremy loved his mother intensely at that moment. How did she know so exactly what was right? She made so little disturbance, was so quiet and was never angry, and yet she was always right when the others were always wrong. She knew that above all things he loved high tea—fish pie and boiled eggs and tea and jam and cake—a horrible meal that his later judgment would utterly condemn, but nevertheless something so cosy and so comfortable that no later meal would be able to rival it in those qualities.

"Oh, that will be lovely!" he said, his face shining all over.

Nevertheless, as the afternoon advanced a strange new sense of insecurity, unhappiness, and forlornness crept increasingly upon him. He realized that he had that morning said goodby to the town and now he felt as though he had, in some way, hurt or insulted it.

And all the afternoon he was saying farewell to the house. He did not

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wander from room to room, but rather sat up in the schoolroom pretending to mend a fishing-rod which Mr. Monk had given him that summer. He did not really care about the rod—he was not even thinking of it. He heard all the sounds of the house as he sat there. His gloom increased. He was exchanging a world he knew for a world that he did not know. He bothered himself all the afternoon with unnecessary, stupid affairs to cover his deep discomfort. He whistled carelessly and out of tune, he poked the fire and walked about. He was increasingly aware of Hamlet and Mary. Mary was determining so hard that she would show no emotion at all that she was a painful sight to witness. She scarcely spoke to him, and only answered in monosyllables if he asked her something.

And Hamlet had suddenly discovered that the atmosphere of the house was unusual. He had expected, in the first place, to be taken for a walk that afternoon; then his master was very busy doing nothing, which was most unusual. Then at tea-time his worst suspicions were confirmed. Jeremy suddenly made a fuss of him, pouring his tea into his saucer, giving him a piece of bread and jam and an extra lump of sugar. Hamlet drank his tea and ate his bread and jam thoughtfully. They were very nice, but what was the matter?

He looked up through his hair and discovered that his master's eyes were restless and unhappy, and that he was thinking of things that disturbed him. He went away to the fire and, sitting on his haunches gazing in his metaphysical way at the flames, considered the matter. Jeremy came over to him and drawing him back to him, laid his head upon his knee and so held him. Hamlet did not move save occasionally to sigh and, once or twice, to snap in a sudden way that he had, at an imaginary fly. He thought that in all probability his master had been punished for something and in this he was deeply sympathetic—never seeing why his master need be punished for anything, and resenting the stupidity of human beings with their eternal desire to be, in some way or other, asserting their authority.

Jeremy sat on the floor at his mother's feet while she read "Midshipman Easy". It was all so cozy, the room was so comfortable with all the familiar pictures and photographs and books, and Helen and Mary diligently sewing, and Hamlet stretched out in front of the fire, his nose on his paws —six months ago Jeremy would have felt utterly and absolutely part of it. Now he was outside it and, at the same time, was inside nothing else. It might be that in a week's time he would be so familiar with his new world that he would be as happy as a cricket—he did not know. He only knew that at this moment he would have given all that he had to fling his arms round his mother's neck, to be hugged and kissed and nursed by her —and that, at the same time, he would have died rather than do such a thing.

The evening came to an end. The girls got up and said goodnight. His mother kissed him, holding him perhaps for a moment longer than usual, but at that same instant she said:

"Oh, I must remind Ella about the half-past-seven breakfast again—she always has to be told everything twice".

The girls went on ahead, Jeremy and Hamlet following closely behind.

In the morning events moved too quickly for thought. He had still the same lonely pain at his heart but now

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he simply was not given time to consider it.

His father called him into the study. He gave him ten shillings and a new prayer book. Jeremy knew that he was trying to come close to him and be a friend of a new kind to him. He heard in a distance such words as: " . . . a new world, full of trial and temptation. God sees us . . . work at your Latin . . . cricket and football . . . prayers every night . . ." but he could feel no emotion, nothing but terror lest some sudden, stupid, emotional scene should occur. Nothing occurred. He kissed his father and went.

Then quite suddenly just as he came down in his hat and coat and heard that the cab was there, his restraint melted, he was free and impulsive and natural. He kissed Mary, telling her:

"You have my toy village—I'd like you to—yes, rather. I mean it."

He kissed Helen and Barbara, and then held to his mother not caring whether all the world was there to see. The old life was going with him! He was not leaving it after all. The town and the house and all the things to which he had thought that he had said goodby were going with him.

Hamlet! He found the dog struggling to get into the cab. That was more than he could stand. He was not going to make a fool of himself, but the only way to be secure was to get into the cab and hide there. He caught Hamlet's head, gave it a kiss, then jumped in—catching a last glimpse of the family grouped at the door, the servants at the window, the old garden with the dead leaves gathering upon it, Hamlet held, struggling, in Mary's arms.

He choked down his sobs, felt the ten shillings in his pocket, then with a mighty resolve to which it seemed that the labors of Hercules were as nothing, leaned out and waved his hand. The cab rolled off.

Hamlet lay down upon the mat just inside the hall door. Some one tried to pull him away. He growled, showing his teeth. His master had gone out. He would wait for his return, and no one should move him.

(*The End*)

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SHOULD COLLECTORS READ BOOKS?

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

It always has been the privilege of book collectors to criticize their fellows for the use they make—or do not make—of their treasures. The sales of the present season have been notable for the number of private libraries which have come into the market during the lifetime of their owners. In the days of John Hill Burton, who made the dogmatic assertion that a collector should confine all his transactions in the market to purchasing only, it was thought that when a collector put any of his books under the hammer of the auctioneer he did so involuntarily, and suspicions were awakened as to his financial soundness. Nowadays there are almost as many reasons for selling as for collecting. Rare books have always been looked upon by many of their possessors as more or less of an investment. The commercial instinct is revealed in the records of the ancient Egyptians. When Athens was stricken with famine, Ptolemy Euergetes, by allowing Egyptian corn to be sold, obtained from the Athenians the official copy of the works of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides. Fifteen talents were deposited to guarantee the safe return of the manuscripts, but the crafty Ptolemy, who seems to have been one of the earliest to appreciate a first edition, sent back a sumptuous copy, kept the originals, and forfeited the guarantee.

Now whether or not a collector sells his books is a matter of primary concern to himself. If he buys an automobile, nobody complains because he parts with it at the end of the season or exchanges it for another model. Certain collectors, however, seem to take it for granted, as did Burton, that a book-lover must be so infatuated with his treasures that nothing but death should be allowed to part him and his books. Burton made the specious argument that the possessor of a rare book takes an exaggerated view of its market value, and is likely to become unscrupulous in his effort to do justice to himself. The sales of the present season do not bear out this view. If such libraries as those of Herschel V. Jones and Lord Mostyn paid their owners a handsome profit by their dispersal in the auction room, let the non-selling collector congratulate the owner for his good investment, and himself for the opportunity to secure the rare books which their former possessor, to his way of thinking, did not seem to appreciate. The same collector who is inclined to find fault with Henry E. Huntington for buying libraries *en bloc*—libraries of books which he cannot possibly find time to read, is likely to cavil because Mr. Huntington has disposed of some of his choicest and rarest works in the auction room. But collectors of rare books usually possess individuality in a marked degree, and no two view things from the same angle—which is a good thing for book collecting in general.

But there is another complaint, almost as old as that against the commercial instinct of book collectors—that the modern wealthy collector does

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not use his books. "Scarcely without exception", said a book collector whose name I will not use—or of whose magnificent special collection I will not give a hint lest it instantly lead to identification, "scarcely without exception, I find the wealthy collector has very little bibliographical knowledge and practically no biographical knowledge of the men who have written the books he collects. As for a love of reading and literary taste, that is absolutely nil. None of the collectors read their books."

Now this arraignment is a serious one. Of course to know how serious it is, one should know all this collector's book-loving, or rather book-collecting, associates. It is gratifying to learn that there are exceptions, in his case. It goes without saying that he himself is not an offender; that his own bibliographical knowledge is profound; his acquaintance with the life-details of his favorite author almost amounts to a personal acquaintance, his love of reading is a passion, and his own literary taste is unimpeachable. The charge that the wealthy collector does not read his books is another matter. Probably he intends to do so when he gets time. For the present he is satisfied with allowing his friends to see his books and talk with him about them, reserving for himself the pleasure of knowing as much about his books, some day, as does the man to whom he shows them. If he is able to indulge in the luxury of a librarian for his private collection, he may keep the librarian sitting up o' nights to read the books and impart to him on the following morning the kernel of knowledge in the nut which the librarian has cracked. Such vicarious reading saves a lot of time and is likely to do no harm, either to the librarian or the owner of the book. At any rate, if the librarian has directed his attention to something that he wishes to know more about, there is the book in his library.

The dealer in rare books, who looks upon them as merchandise, is not stirred to wrath by the discovery that the collector does not read the books he sells him. The "Aristotle" with the Commentary of Averroes, printed by Andreas di Asola at Venice in 1483, weighs about thirty pounds, and has been described as "the most magnificent book in the world". Making due allowance for the enthusiasm of the possessor who thus described it, it *is* a magnificent book and one of the monuments of early printing. But its weight would make it serviceable as a receptacle for pressed autumn leaves or for holding open the door of the butler's pantry. If the owner of the "Aristotle" decides to put it to such base uses, the dealer has no fault to find. His contention is that the purchaser of a rare book has an absolute right to do what he pleases with it, and that it is no other collector's business. From his point of view he is perfectly right.

There is honorable and ancient precedent for the use which many wealthy collectors make of their libraries today. Licinius Lucullus, returning from his Eastern campaigns in 67 B. C., came laden with spoil in the form of "a great number of books which were well transcribed"; and as Plutarch says, "the mode in which they were used was more honorable to him than the acquisition of them; for the libraries were open to all, and the walking places which surrounded them; and the reading-rooms were accessible to the Greeks without any restriction, and they went there as to an abode of the Muses and spent the

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day there in company with one another, gladly betaking themselves to the libraries from their other occupations". Lucullus was a plebeian much given to display; but he was a man of literary tastes, a patron of literature, and had the glad hand for the Greek literati and the philosophers, feeling himself repaid by the pleasure and amusement which discussion of his treasures gave him. Cicero's large library was principally for his own use, although it is not conceivable that he was able to read more than a fraction of the books he collected.

Studying the lives of the great book collectors of the past, one is struck by the fact that the buyers of books in all ages have been conservers rather than creators. Yet the service performed is perhaps none the less useful. With a single exception, Henry E. Huntington has a copy of the first edition of every known Shakespeare quarto, yet he doubtless delegates to George Watson Cole the reading of them. The student of Shakespeare quartos who is a producer of literary comment could not naturally own all these treasures, and perhaps would not wish for them all, if he could; yet I have never heard that access to this magnificent collection was refused to the poorest student who had a serious purpose. Here the conserver performs a function possibly even more important than that of the producer—for the product may not be worth while, and a later commentator may find undiscovered richness in what a less painstaking forebear has passed over unnoticed. Reprints of most of the Shakespeare quartos are available, and it is not often necessary to consult the priceless originals; yet it is a satisfaction in which the caviling collector may share, to know that in the last resort a copy of the original is available. A few scholars know how much of knowledge has been allowed to go out of the treasures of the Morgan library; let it remain caviar to the general.

That the majority of wealthy book collectors possess little bibliographical knowledge is undoubtedly true. Nor is it really to be expected. Bibliography is not one of the pursuits which leads to wealth; and many of our richest collectors have been so occupied with obtaining in other ways the wealth which would supply the materials for bibliographical uses, that they have not had the time to study the material. That pleasure is reserved for themselves at some future time, or for someone else immediately. Yet it is equally true that much of our bibliographical knowledge comes from these same collections, and in the case of my erudite and critical friend, the collector of the works of say, John Gilpin, valuable and lasting bibliographical work has been done by the owner. The science of bibliography owes much to the late Luther S. Livingston, although his means did not enable him to become an extensive collector of rare books. Yet all private libraries were open to him, and their owners found pleasure in allowing their collections to be used for the benefit of bibliography in general. The mean or miserly collector is in such a hopeless minority that his "splendid isolation"—or shall we call it hoggishness—makes him an object of execration among his fellows. So there is really little cause for complaint because one collector does not use his books in the way that another would.

As for biographical knowledge of the writer whose books are collected,

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that is another matter of personal taste. Some readers cannot enjoy a book without knowing all about the personality of the writer apart from his writings. The disillusionments which sometimes follow the pursuit of personal knowledge are often pathetic or ludicrous. It is a question whether the real lover of literature, after all, is not the one who is satisfied with knowing so much of the author as is contained in his work, and is content to let it go at that. The thrills which may come from reading "The Fall of the House of Usher" may not be accentuated by learning that Poe was sometimes muddled with taking a drink; it adds no pleasure to a story like "A Municipal Report" to know that O. Henry once served a term in prison. There is some reason why a collector of Thackeray or Dickens or any other author should wish to know such details of the author's life as touch upon his literary workmanship. But if Thackeray took delight in swinging cats by their tails or Dickens took four lumps of sugar in his tea, I do not care to know of it. Probably most collectors of Thackeray and Dickens know the essential facts of the lives of those chosen authors—enough, at least, to give them an understanding of how, when, where, and why their different books were produced. Indictment discharged.

It is a desirable although sometimes an inconvenient thing, to have "literary taste". But if a collector of rare books lacks it, he cannot fairly be called anathema. The very thing which he is accused of lacking is a thing about which there can be no dispute, according to a well-acknowledged maxim. The formation of a literary taste is not an overnight matter. If some gentleman finds himself in the possession of unexpected wealth and turns his attention to the collecting of rare books, he is not wholly to be blamed for not having at the same time acquired an appreciation of the finer qualities of the new possession. The only reasonable course for other collectors, it seems to me, is to help him to develop an appreciation of what he has got, and to impress upon him the canons of literary taste, trusting that he has seen "a beam in darkness; let it grow".

Now comes the charge that the collector does not read his books. We all know the old story of the collector who was horrified by finding that another collector had actually been caught reading a book. It impressed him with the same feeling that one might have in finding that a collector of old English plate was using it on his dining-room table every day, or that a collector of unused postage stamps was using them for postage. That is another side of the shield.

We all like the collector who buys rare books not only to show to his friends: who allows students and scholars to use them freely for the enrichment of bibliographical and other literature; who finds time to study them for himself and contributes to human knowledge by his labors. But in the nature of things this is not possible for all collectors, wealthy or otherwise; and the larger and more valuable the collection, the greater the handicaps placed in the owner's way. But does the indictment lie solely against the modern wealthy collector? Take a few of the books that collectors delight to place in their libraries, usually in first editions, and see how many of them would be read by their owners. And these are books that are generally

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known and talked about. For instance, how many people have ever read "dear old Izaak Walton's 'Compleat Angler'"? The owner may tell you that his copy is the "correct" first edition, with the word "Fordidg" on page 88; with "contention" instead of "contentment" on page 245, "dilgence" instead of "diligence" on the recto of A3, and page 217 reversed in printing. But there is little chance that he has learned these facts for himself in reading the book. And there is still less chance that you would be in a position to deny any other categorical statement which he might make regarding the text of Walton's "immortal classic of angling". Take Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy", with its thousands of references to the writers of antiquity. Much time has been spent in running down the authorities so profusely quoted, and the result has been to leave no doubt as to Burton's omniscient reading. On any subject under the sun Burton can be quoted, if one has the time to go through his sections, subsections and subdivisions of subdivisions; but be he collector or gentle reader, no man has any more business with sitting down and reading Burton through from cover to cover than he has with reading seriatim a book of "Familiar Quotations". "Robinson Crusoe" is an exceptional case. Most of us read it before we came to the age of book collecting—very few afterward.

Yet there is pleasure and profit in reading some of these collectors' books. Since the discovery of Lord Mostyn's copy of the first English secular drama, "Fulgens and Lucrece", "Gammer Gurton's Nedle" has fallen into third place. But the old English play, which is yet attributed in some quarters to John Still, is worth while. Its humor is broad, familiar and sometimes grotesque. The incidents are connected, and the characters, not omitting Gib, the cat, are sharply drawn. Yet as reading material ten thousand dollars seems to be an absurdly high price. No purchaser of a copy at this figure can be blamed, but only pitied, if he does not read the little quarto. So, too, of John Gower's "Confessio Amantis". It might profit a man to read it, if only to find the answer of the question which puzzled Florent and which he happily answered: "What alle women most desire". Yet most book collectors would prefer to give a woman her own way at the outset rather than read through the long poem of "the morall Gower".

Therefore we must not be too hard on the collector who does not read his books. Happy if he is able to do so. To few men is it to be given to collect books as did the late Frederick L. Gay. During sixteen years of his life he read the three thousand volumes written by his colonial ancestors and their contemporaries, which came into his possession by bequest. As he read, he noted other titles which would help to a fuller understanding of his chosen studies. As he bought these, he read them. Puritan theology, genealogy, and early New England history interested him. Through verifying footnotes he came to study the "Calendar of British State Papers", and had transcripts made of those which held the slightest prospect of additional information, filling fifty-six bound volumes. A rough list of these was made; seventy-five copies were printed in a volume of two hundred and seventy-three pages and sent to students with the introductory statement that these transcripts were "at the service of

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those who receive this book from me". This series of volumes, now given to the Massachusetts Historical Society, is for the benefit of future historians who may make profitable use of them. Mr. Gay's activities extended to many lines of research, and his splendid collection of American and British historical tracts, now in the Harvard Library, testifies to the value of intelligent book collecting by one who reads his books.

If other collectors fail to accomplish the work that ample means and leisure allowed this Boston collector to do, it only leaves more work for the collector of the future. It seems as unnecessary to defend the ways of collectors as it does to chide them for being collectors at all. It is useless for the man of science to explain to the mystic that his philosophy is unscientific. The mystic knows it, and does not care a rap. The critic who complains that his associates do not read their books must answer the question with which they reply: "Why should we?"

Coming back to the original matter, it seems that any collector has a perfect legal right to dispose of his books as he sees fit. Undoubtedly a higher purpose can be served by putting his books where they will be useful to scholarship for all time, than by using them for kindling the kitchen fire. He has a moral right to dispose of them either by auction sale or by private sale, or by giving them to his friends, or in any other manner which will insure their preservation. The collector who has had the pleasure of acquiring a fine library of books of any author, having enjoyed them and made such use of them as will be of benefit to those who follow after him, cannot do better than put them in the hands of other collectors who may find in their possession the same pleasure that he has had. If the purchaser reads them, uses them, or places them at the service of others, all the better. If the seller finds that his books bring more than they have cost him, he should rejoice, and we with him. There are collectors, like A. Edward Newton, who still believe, with Burton, that they should never sell a book. Very well, let them keep their treasures while they live, and enrich learning as much as they are able. If another collector wishes to dispose of his great collection of the works of Dickens and let others get them for what they are willing to pay, let him do it and take up some other line of collecting. If book collecting seems to have fallen into evil ways and "gentlemen amateurs become speculators" in the book market, the evidence is not preponderating. More book collectors are being made than are dying off or are losing interest; and it is for the collector who is a thorough book-lover, student of biography, bibliographer, and reader with literary taste, to greet the reinforcing host with open arms and show them the charts of the land that lies before them, full of trenches to be taken and heights to be stormed.

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HISTORY AS LITERATURE: AND THE INDIVIDUAL DEFINITION

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

What is an American? It should not be difficult to arrive at the individual definition. The history of America is, comparatively, a short chronicle; and the Declaration of Independence was the brief opening chapter of a modern tale. It is a vivid, direct, pulsing narrative, not obscure in meaning nor doubtful in trend. Not by candlelight in dark places has America worked out one hundred and forty years of her destined way, but under open sky. That dear nickname, "God's Country"—humble and significant, or blasphemous and bombastic, according as you regard Deity, —was the coinage of some crude poet who felt that a roof did not shut him away from the enkindled blue, and from the stars, which are the light by day and night from the eyes of Him who dwelleth in the heavens. The persistence of the phrase shows that he voiced the thought of his tribesmen, who have woven the stars into their flags and taken the eagle for their symbol.

If the average American today really knows little of his country beyond his own emotions toward it, if he understands the history of his country so imperfectly that he has not a clear concept of either the emblem or the symbol, the fault lies with the writers of American history. Shrouded in dulness, befogged by blind prejudice and wilfully perverted through partisanship and propaganda, the narrative of America has come into the American's hands to bore and to mislead him. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that, as far as the relation of the past to the present and the future is concerned, all he has learned is that he should cross his fingers, blow hard, and curse England on every fourth of July, and, on the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, prepare for the chance to go in and take Canada away from her. Small blame to him that he has not found the individual definition in history written after this fashion, for it is not there. There is little if anything there to help him answer the question, "What is an American?"

Dulness, perversion, propaganda, hymn-of-hate-stuff—all have conspired to keep the native American as ignorant of the spiritual history and import of America as if he were an agitating immigrant from darkest Bolshevikia, with a beardful of tangled theories, making his initial landing from Ellis Island by a graceful leap onto the nearest corner soapbox in Manhattan.

It is one thing, and a soothing thing, to inveigh against poky historians and propagandists; but invective does not uncover the root of the evil. Pokes and partisans have only occupied the field because it was left open to them. They have assisted in spreading, but they did not create, the erroneous belief prevalent in America that history is not vital, that the past is dead and the present cut off from it; that the age of invention,

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revolutionizing industry and commerce, and the consequent development of big business and labor unionism, have made a new America in which the principles and ideals of the earliest days of independence are scrapped along with the hand-loom and the long musket. If that were true, we should be living in an isolated period of time and energy. But an isolated period of time and energy is, to use a favorite word of Herbert Spencer's, "unthinkable". We live in an outgrowth of the past and are linked closely to that past; linked by those principles which were first reached inductively by the fathers of America, then asserted, then demonstrated; and which work in the American consciousness today to preserve American nationalism and American individualism for the betterment of the whole social order.

Principles are abstract, and the American craves the concrete. It is through the example that he understands the rule. He declares for the practical as against the theoretical. That is one reason why he has no grasp of history; because the history he has read lacks the human equation which would make him feel it relative and practical to himself, which would make him see it as a series of examples defining a principle.

There we uncover the root of the trouble as to American written history. It has no vitality in it because it is not literature. It is dead stuff because the drama of human souls has been left out of it. About the best that can be said for most of it—though we must except Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History", a work that interprets—is that it is an accurate tabulation of dates and a carefully chronological narration of events with very little indication of the significance of those events. And because the writers have not perceived that the drama of human feelings, motives, and inspirations is essential to true historical narrative, they have told us practically nothing about the character, the habits and customs, domestic and social, of the common people during significant periods. Hence the background of the acting scenes has been blank. Against a blank background figures move but they do not live. They have no kin. They are unrelated. Not linked, themselves, to the massed life of their period, they fail to link their period to ours through the human sympathy which makes all men and times intelligible and near.

The life and pursuits of the people in times of peace are as vital, historically, as their wars. The farmer, the trader, the inventor, the poet, the man who turns the lathe are moulders of the nation and, as such, should have their rightful place in history, as well as the soldier or the statesman. The democratic state which gives them an orderly freedom wherein to achieve for themselves and for their nation,—and the material results of their energies thus won under democratic systems,—are what the statesman seeks to make secure and the soldier to defend. Can we really understand the leading character in any scene of historic drama unless we study his environment and so learn to see him, not as a strange being standing out against his nation and his period by reason of his differences, but as the sum of the urge and desire of his fellows, as the articulator for the dumb? Ibsen, consummate historical dramatist, has defined the great man unforgetably in his "Kongs-Emnerne", translated by William Archer under the title "The Pretenders":

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Who is the greatest man? He whom the cravings of his time seize like a passion, begetting thoughts he himself cannot fathom, and pointing to paths which lead he knows not whither, but which he follows and must follow till he hears the people shout for joy, and, looking around him with wondering eyes, finds himself the hero of a great achievement.

What Ibsen uttered there, through the mouth of Bishop Nicholas, went into the building of his play. Poet, priest, peasant, townsman, background the action of the rival kings. This method did not originate with Ibsen. Shakespeare employed it before him, and the Greeks before Shakespeare. It is the dramatic method, essential to true dramatic form. There is no great drama without it.

Macaulay, writing to be read not staged, employed the same principle in narrative. Who that has read them can forget his few lines depicting the brutal Jeffreys backgrounded by the England of his time? Or his presentation of William of Orange dominating the historic stage against the living frieze of European conflict? If the Englishman has, indeed, as he has been said to have, more self-knowledge than other nationals, if the individual definition is clearer to him, it is because his country has had at least three great historians, Macaulay, Green, and Froude—and a fourth, Shakespeare.

Our neighbor to the north has fared better than we have in the matter of history vitally written and presented in a form easy for the busy man of today to assimilate. "Canada and its Provinces" and "The Chronicles of Canada"—the latter issued in thirty-two small handy volumes—coordinate Canadian history and present it accurately and dramatically. This is history as literature, facts treated by the literary and not by the "book-keeping" method; the past made alive and significant, and the affairs of today given an equal place with those of the past. It is Canadian history unified, and complete up to date; the compendium of Canadian ideals, activities, and fruitions.

The success of these Canadian "Chronicles", proving that there is a reading public for history when history is so written that it sympathetically addresses the public, has had an effect on our side of the line; for it has inspired the publication of that larger series "The Chronicles of America". These are some fifty volumes which deal with practically every phase of the history of the North American continent. The twenty volumes already issued indicate the vast scope of the series, covering, as they do, a range of subjects from "The Spanish Conquerors" by Irving Berdine Richman and "Elizabethan Sea Dogs" by William Wood, to "The American Spirit in Literature" by Bliss Perry; from "The Passing of the Frontier" by Emerson Hough to "The Age of Big Business" by Burton J. Hendrick; from "Pioneers of the Old South" by Mary Johnston and "The Fathers of New England" by Charles M. Andrews to "The Old Merchant Marine" by Ralph D. Paine; from "Washington and His Colleagues", a chronicle of the rise and fall of Federalism by Henry Jones Ford, to "The Boss and the Machine" by Samuel P. Orth.

The scope is wider here than in the Canadian "Chronicles". "The Chronicles of America" mark not only a departure from the usual method of presenting American history, but from all previous historical publications. Their plan is a new one in the world of books. It works out the tradition of the great historian in a way that was not attempted by any of them; and

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the result is the story of America's selfhood—national, commercial, social, and educational—with its chapters so coordinated and correlated that the whole series goes far toward achieving the projector's purpose—namely, a complete statement of America and of Americanism.

Americanism is the dominant note in these volumes. Its spiritual militancy pervades them. These books were written during the Great War—during the first years of it before America entered it as a nation, but while American youth in no small numbers was casting down the implements of peaceful pursuits to take part in the issue, even in many instances renouncing citizenship to strike for democracy. Democracy in the throes of a life-and-death struggle forced the issues of the war home to the individual American. And no writer of American history could resist the rays of illumination cast the world over from those flaming trenches where not only Belgian and French, but men of the American's own blood and speech, counted life as nothing for the sake of liberty and the sanctity of the covenant. It was a sublime hour in which to pen America's epic, an hour to make literary crusaders—crusaders, not fanatics—in the cause of Americanism. Those young Americans who surrendered citizenship to offer themselves for a world's liberation, recognized then what the mass of their countrymen saw more slowly—in short, that there is a broader, nobler Americanism than mere citizenship defines. The stars light the *whole* earth and reflect upon the darkest pool; and only in the higher atmosphere, where are neither barriers nor bounds, is the swift strength of the eagle proved.

From the Atlantic seaboard—the first frontier of the western world—to the Appalachians, from the Appalachians to the Ohio and from the Ohio to the Pacific, the American has spread his ideal and his law. On frontier after frontier, as he wrought for posterity, he has found and inscribed the individual definition. The Great War has taught him that the Pacific shore is not, for him, the last frontier. It has led him—or driven him, if you choose—out upon a spiritual frontier where there is work to be wrought for humanity and the ages, a spiritual frontier where he is to find and inscribe anew his individual definition, American still.

History as literature has at last made its appearance in the American world of books. Therefore it seems safe enough to prophesy that the old style of history writing—the inadequate, uninterpretative, and partisan—has had its day. Such histories are being weeded out of American schools and colleges; just as "The Chronicles of America" are ready to take up the first few feet of space on the emptied shelves. The shelves should be filled. The talent and genius of American writers is called upon, by both a national and an international need, to adventure in the realm of fact. Macaulay, excellent poet and incomparable essayist, found, as historian of his country, a work that demanded and perfected the use of all his varied gifts. And Shakespeare—?

America's Shakespeare lags but we may at least hope that somewhere he is on the way. The field of historic drama is wide open. Its possibilities are immense. To both the spoken drama and the motion-picture, American history offers great themes and stirring scenes. To the genius of the playwright, American history should appeal with the same inspiration that

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kindled Shakespeare to the creation of his historic dramas; and that lifted Ibsen's genius to its loftiest mark in "The Pretenders" and in "Emperor and Gallilean". Here is a field for a drama that shall endure, and that shall take its rank beside American classics in poetry and fiction.

The theatre of Shakespeare's day was the great educator of the nation. It entertained, thrilled, and made patriots of the nightly dwellers in the pit. Can we Americanize our non-reading amusement-seekers of foreign birth and foreign ideas without the aid of the theatre? They are insatiable theatregoers. This is a question worth considering. How better can America and Americanism be defined to them than by the living, moving, speaking presentation of great characters and dramatic scenes from the true record of the nation with which they have voluntarily sought to identify themselves through citizenship?

The Chronicles of America: The Spanish Conquerors. By Irving Berdine Richman; Elizabethan Sea-Dogs. By William Wood; Crusaders of New France. By William Bennett Munro; Pioneers of the Old South. By Mary Johnston; The Fathers of New England. By Charles M. Andrews; Dutch and English on the Hudson. By Maud Wilder Goodwin; The Conquest of New France. By George M. Wrong; The Eve of the Revolution. By Carl Becker; Washington and His Colleagues. By Henry Jones Ford; The Old Northwest. By Frederic Austin Ogg; The Forty-Niners. By Stewart Edward White; The Passing of the Frontier. By Emerson Hough; The Cotton Kingdom. By William E. Dodd; The Anti-Slavery Crusade. By Jesse Macy; Abraham Lincoln and the Union. By Nathaniel W. Stephenson; The Age of Big Business. By Burton J. Hendrick; The Old Merchant Marine. By Ralph D. Paine; The Day of the Confederacy. By Nathaniel W. Stephenson; The Boss and the Machine. By Samuel P. Orth; The American Spirit in Literature. By Bliss Perry. Yale University Press.

Canada and Its Provinces. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

The Chronicles of Canada. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

ENDYMION SINGS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I dreamed the cold moon down out of the sky
Upon my heart to lie
Shining and pure and white
But cold no longer, through a summer night.
When I awoke at dawn, I was alone
But happy—I had known
The body and the soul
Of love made mine, in one triumphant whole.
Never can walk again
Among his fellow men
Endymion as he was before she came.
Nor is herself the same.
Where was but silver snow
Is now a still white fire too strong for flame.
As to the kindly glow
Of a warm hearth, I stretch my hands tonight
Where through my cottage window streams her light,
And looking up I see
On that far loveliness, faint amethyst
And sapphire shadows, that remember me
And how I kissed.

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TOM KETTLE

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

Among the young Irishmen who began to affect the future of their native land in the opening years of the new century there was none more brilliant, more lovable, more certainly possessed of genius, than the late Lieutenant T. M. Kettle. It is not as "Lieutenant Kettle", though, that those of us who knew him want specially to think of him now. To us he will always be "Tom Kettle", and we shall remember him as the most delightful and companionable human being in the Dublin of those days. You would not find a man with a richer vein of kindly humor and tender charm in a day's journey in Ireland—and that is saying a great deal. While he was the wittiest man in the wittiest city in the world, he was not of those who, in George Herbert's phrase, "had rather lose their friend than their jest". He never said an unkind thing in his life—or if he did it was richly deserved, and Kettle probably felt sorry afterward for having said it.

People used to treasure up his quips and phrases, subsequently retailing them as "Kettle's latest". In these *facetiæ* of his there was a great deal more than mere verbal gymnastic, and not seldom they enshrined a vital truth. His remark about Home Rule, for example, has become famous: "Home Rule may be divorce between two administrations; it will be a marriage between two nations. You are in any case free to choose for your inspiration between alimony and matrimony. The emphasis in either case is on the last syllable." In one of these essays he declares—and his words could very well serve as text for a whole series of Lampton lectures—"The Catholics take their beliefs *table d'hôte*, the Protestants theirs *à la carte*". Once upon a time he discovered what was wrong with the author of "A Story-Teller's Holiday"—that he was "suffering from the sick imagination of the growing boy". Once, in one of those days of depression which sometimes came to him in the years immediately before the war he called Dublin "the City of Dreadful Whispers", and it was he who first had the inspiration to speak of the "belloquacity" of the most versatile of living English publicists and men of letters.

But Kettle was much more than a wit. He was a first-rate scholar in his special field, the national economics of Ireland, of which subject he had been appointed professor in the National University a few years before the war. He sat as Nationalist member for East Tyrone for four years, taking his seat in 1906; and—after his own leader, the late John Redmond—he was esteemed the finest orator in the House of Commons. Early in his parliamentary career he made his reputation, in London, as a highly-skilled literary journalist. He used to review for Robert Lynd in the "Daily News". To "Public Opinion", "The British Review", "The Dublin Review", he contributed occasionally, and always with rare distinction. It is to be regretted that a few of the best of those short "Daily News" articles have not been added to the present collection. One

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remembers well, in particular, a masterly review of Lynd's "Rambles in Ireland". He was a poet besides, and a fine poet too. By those who were privileged to hear him recite it, his poem for the unveiling of the Parnell monument can never be forgotten; and in his verses on the occasion of the visit to Dublin, in August, 1912, of Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, he pays an equally beautiful and poignant tribute to "The Chief". His noble lines to his daughter Betty, written in the field before Guillemont, cannot be denied their place beside Brooke's five sonnets, Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle", and the three or four other imperishable poems that the Great War has bestowed upon English literature.

Of "The Day's Burden: Studies Literary and Political, and Miscellaneous Essays", it will perhaps be sufficient to record that it is a much amplified edition of the little pocketbook of essays which Gill and Company of Dublin published for Kettle in 1910. The amplification is due to the inclusion of various essays published in periodicals since that year, the topics of several of which reflect Kettle's increasing preoccupation with social and economic questions. Most of the later as well as several of the earlier essays first entered print in easily accessible reviews and magazines. Two or three of these essays have come to be regarded as having special social and critical value: the essays, for example, on "A New Way of Misunderstanding Hamlet" and on "The Fatigue of Anatole France". (Of the later France quality, as embodied in "L'Ile des Pingouins" there are not many good brief treatments; this is one of the best.) Both reverently and eloquently, in his fine apology for the right kind of asceticism, "Body *v.* Soul", Kettle pleads the cause of the body. He writes:

> We have forgotten that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, or remembered it only at catechism time. But so it is, and in the light of this interpretation the trivialities of every day shine with an unsuspected poetry. It is an interpretation confirmed by all our fairest instincts. Most of us have had moments when sensations of which we are commonly a little ashamed lost their supposed grossness, when a cup of milk drunk among the mountains had in it a lyric ecstasy, and the least spiritual of the senses was transfused with spirit.

To those who are oppressed by undue pessimism or exalted by undue optimism concerning the immediate future of this erratic planet (if the pleonasm be not unpardonable), Kettle, toward the close of the last of these essays, "The Unimportance of Politics", gives the sound advice that they should, nursing neither unconquerable hope nor inviolable despair, "ripen in the joyous humiliations of marriage and the dynamic wisdom of the nursery", and "devote themselves to those pursuits by which the soul of man is bettered: a reduction of his golf handicap, music, religion, and ascetical control of the enlarging girth".

It is sad to think that a voice of such wisdom and sanity and courage has been forever stilled.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in June in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
3. Patricia Brent, Spinster	*Anonymous*	DORAN
4. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5. The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
6. The Arrow of Gold	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
4. The Shadow of the Cathedral	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
5. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
6. Dawn	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. A Land-Girl's Love Story	*Berta Ruck*	DODD, MEAD
3. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
4. The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
5. The Arrow of Gold	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Arrow of Gold	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
4. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5. A Land-Girl's Love Story	*Berta Ruck*	DODD, MEAD
6. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. Patricia Brent, Spinster	*Anonymous*	DORAN
4. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
5. A Land-Girl's Love Story	*Berta Ruck*	DODD, MEAD
6. The Arrow of Gold	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN
3. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
4. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
5. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
6. Ten Years Near the German Frontier	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN
4. Yashka	*Maria Botchkareva*	STOKES
5. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
6. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
3. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
4. Ten Years Near the German Frontier	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN
5. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN
6. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
4. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
5. Ten Years Near the German Frontier	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN
6. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
3. Ten Years Near the German Frontier	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN
4. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
5. Yashka	*Maria Botchkareva*	STOKES
6. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
4. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
5. Ten Years Near the German Frontier	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN
6. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

All who have a regard for the cultivation of literary journalism in America mark with sincere regret the passing of "The Bellman", which published its last issue on June 28. It was an excellent and a thoroughly distinctive publication. Its point of view was sound in wind and limb. It took a considerable pride, to which it was well entitled, in fostering the talent of a large number of our best younger writers, not a few of them little or not at all known when first they appeared in its pages. The first article, by the way, which the present editor of THE BOOKMAN had accepted by a real magazine was published in "The Bellman". The magazine was ever happy in its alertness to welcome poetry of promise. With its quaint dress, its admirable typography, and the rich cream paper upon which it was printed, it was a pleasure to the eye.

As the New York "Evening Sun" says editorially, with its passing, "Minneapolis where it was published, and the country in general are the losers. It had a sense of right, knowledge, and judgment to guide it, and a good English style. It is a pity it is to disappear." The "Sun" continues:

> The motives for its retirement are just a trifle obscure, as it made its expenses and a profit on the investment. It dies out of debt and returning the original capital to the investors. It had money to fight for expansion and simply did not do so, because, apparently, it never felt an impulse in that line.
>
> Seemingly the chief reason for cessation is that Mr. William C. Edgar, the founder, editor and publisher, finds himself precluded by other occupations from giving personal attention any longer to the details of editing and is averse to entrusting them to any one else. Further, he shrinks from the inevitable time when the paper should pass into other hands if it were continued indefinitely. He prefers the method of "happy dispatch" to the slow and uncertain action of fate.

Perhaps the recent Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo is not popularly regarded as a literary event. It has, however, literary connotations. In one of the most learned and erudite editorials which ever appeared in the New York "Times", that paper begins its article of a column and a quarter by reminding us that:

> William Hazlitt, who in the judgment of Charles Lamb was "one of the finest and wisest spirits breathing" when "in his natural and healthy state", wrote a lively essay about the prizefight between Tom Hickman, the "gasman", and Bill Neate, which he witnessed after exposing himself to discomforts on the journey to the ringside such as pilgrims to Toledo the past week did not endure. Was Hazlitt "in his natural and healthy state" when he reveled in a gladiatorial combat between two bruisers with pickled hands, and described their blood-spilling valor as "the high and heroic state of man"? Though the answer be a firm No, the question intrudes incorrigibly, Who won? Bill Neate, who gave the "gasman" his quietus in the eighteenth round. "Where am I? What is the matter?" asked Tom Hickman. It has been a gory exhibition, but to see it Hazlitt regarded himself as privileged. One of his companions on the way back was reading "The New Eloise", which prompts the friend of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb to say: "Ladies, after this will you contend that a love for the Fancy is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?"

The New York "Evening Post" recently had an editorial on "Books We Lie About" with a guilty conscience. It said that we all cheat ourselves into believing that we have read books that we know little or nothing about. So we do; so we do, come to think of it. And anybody, anybody at all, will lie about a book if he is hard enough pressed.

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The Gossip Shop knows a man, knows him well, in fact he is the Gossip Shop's own brother, who not long ago became involved with a gentleman in a discussion of the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Said this gentleman to our brother: "Of course, you know this one." It was an uncomfortable situation; but our brother is an honest man, and so he piped up: "Nope; sorry but I don't." "Well", said the gentleman, "doubtless you know that one; you surely must." Our brother was in a pretty bad hole now; but his will to right still held out, and he replied, somewhat faintly: "Not that one either." The gentleman was merciless, quite. "Probably", he pursued our brother, "probably, then, you don't know the other one either." Our brother was gone, lost, he could bear it no longer. "Oh! that one", he cried, brightening up, "that one, indeed! I most certainly do. Delightful thing, delightful thing!"

"The Unpop" is no more. Or rather it no longer so calls itself. Fact is it seemed to be too unpop. Yep; "The Unpartizan Review" appeared in place of the July number of "The Unpopular Review". In a leading article, among a good many other topics, the editor discourses concerning the change of title. When six years ago the magazine was started it was told that it could never succeed under its title. One friend of the management wrote in: "Why in, something or other, 'The Unpopular Review'?" He continued: "I took it for granted that it held nothing I would care for; and so, although it was yours, didn't subscribe. But one of your readers sent me a subscription last Christmas, and I find in it much that interests me." An extract from a recent volunteered letter regarding the title begins: "For the love of Mike, Mr.——, don't change the name of 'The Unpop'!"

The editor explains that the old name died hard,—

> . . . . harder with us than with anybody else. Nearly everybody whom we consulted regarding a new name begged us to hold on to the old one. But they are of the limited constituency that can catch on. The country's leading professor of journalism raised a laugh at our expense and his own by unintentionally exclaiming at a Century Club table, "Why! The name is the best thing about 'The Review'."

He unbosoms himself further saying that while "The Review" had a greater *succès d'estime* than he could have hoped for,—

> . . . . perhaps we may as well own up that we are now well content to forego a title which, as more than one friend who likes it nevertheless said "throws down a challenge to every opponent". We are not as bellicose as we were when we took that title: we are six years older, have had two boys in the army, and have had enough of fighting. And in many other ways we have realized that fighting is not as good as informing and explaining and conciliating and co-operating.

And in conclusion:

> Anybody who read the scrap on partizanship in the last "Casserole" will know a leading cause of the selection of our present title. We trust, indeed, that the title applies to our whole record, and will apply until the end. Yet it gives an impression of more exclusive attention to politics than we intend. But there will be an objection to any title that has any meaning of much merit; but ordinary misapprehensions conveyed by a title ought to be easily corrected by the contents.

Speaking merely for itself the Gossip Shop should say that it was in sentiment always a kind of a pal of "The Unpop", and it has a hearty greeting for the magazine under its new name.

Joseph Alexander Altsheler, writer of stories of adventure for boys and the editor of the "Thrice a Week World", died of heart disease at his home in New York early in June, aged fifty-seven years. His books for

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boys include "The Sun of Saratoga", "A Herald of the West", "The Last Rebel", "In Circling Camps", "My Captive", "Guthrie of the Times", "The Young Trailers", "The Forest Runners", "The Free Rangers", "The Horsemen of the Plains", "The Guns of Europe", "The Rulers of the Lakes", and many others. Probably no present-day writer of books for boys approaches, in year in and year out popularity, Mr. Altsheler. He had over forty books to his credit, nearly all of which have run through at least ten generous printings. It is doubtful if Alger, Henty, or any of the boys' favorites of the past ever enjoyed a larger sale in an equal period of time. Shortly before Mr. Altsheler's death his publishers reported that they were at that time reprinting fourteen of Altsheler's books.

There are a number of peculiarities of the literary supplements of the New York "Sun". One of the peculiarities of "Books and the Book World" may be said to be, in the opinion of the Gossip Shop, its uncommon readability. Another is the habit of its editor, "Bill" Overton, of letting its front page story deal with any book which he has happened most to fancy in one week, without any mathematical calculation, so to say, as to whether it really is the most "important" book of the moment. Perhaps the most peculiar peculiarity, however, of this newspaper supplement is a technical one, and has probably not been noticed by the general reader; but it is a puzzle to a professional makeup man how Mr. Overton always contrives to manage it. And this is the fact that no article in "Books and the Book World" ever turns the page.

The Gossip Shop is happy to announce a new juvenile department in THE BOOKMAN.

Annie Carroll Moore, supervisor of work with children in the New York Public Library and a recognized authority on the subject of children's books and reading, will review the new publications for a twelvemonth in a series of articles beginning with the September number. Since there is at present no sustained reviewing of children's books in this country or in England, the department may be regarded as one of great interest to authors, publishers, librarians, booksellers, parents, and teachers.

Miss Moore will contribute articles on the reading of young people (between 14 and 18) as well as on the reading of children under ten years old. The treatment will be suggestive and informing rather than prescriptive in character.

This bimonthly feature will comprise a series of reviews of new books (1919-1920 publications), critical estimates and comparative consideration of older publications, discussion of principles of selection of children's books, short reading lists, etc.

Reviews of children's books are generally confined to the Christmas season. An interesting feature of this new department is that among the articles will be a spring review of children's books probably in the April magazine, and a review of vacation books (old and new), perhaps in the June number. There will be several articles on the fall and holiday books.

The advertising copy writer for the American publishers of Leonard Merrick does, the Gossip Shop thinks, the public a wrong. He certainly does not follow the authorities on the psychology of reading. William Hazlitt declared that he was never able to read a book through after thirty; Samuel Butler, reflecting in his "Note-Books" on "What Audience to Write For", says: "People between the ages of twenty and thirty read a good deal; after thirty their reading drops off and by forty is confined to each person's special subject, newspapers and magazines". And so on. There is an essay about all of this in "W.

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S. P.". Nevertheless, this copy writer announces in the papers that: "If you are past thirty years, have a touch of sentiment, and enjoy the whimsical —introduce yourself at once to Leonard Merrick. Take with you on your vacation 'Conrad in Quest of His Youth', 'The Actor-Manager', and 'Cynthia'." Man alive! it was a number of years under thirty when the editorial department of the Gossip Shop first fell upon all these books. He found no difficulty at all about enjoying them, and (while he is embarrassed at suggesting how a first-rate publishing house should write its advertisements) he is glad he was not told then that he should wait until he was thirty before introducing himself to Leonard Merrick.

The "O. Henry" Hotel at Greensboro, North Carolina, opened its doors to the public with a housewarming celebration on the evening of July 2. Among the guests of honor were the author's widow and her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cesare, wife of the cartoonist, and Professor C. Alphonso Smith, head of the department of English in the United States Naval Academy and O. Henry's biographer. It is reported that the guests agreed that no memorial could be more appropriate for "O. Henry" than a hotel, and that no other would have more pleased his fancy. "A lot of famous writers", said one guest, "have houses they once occupied preserved in their honor. But O. Henry lived most of his life in hotels. A hotel is representative of him as no house could be, and representative, too, of his stories, which were chiefly concerned with the transient guests of life, the waifs and strays of present-day existence who found in hotels and restaurants the setting for so many of their poignant adventures." A portrait of Sidney Porter hangs in the lounging room of the hotel, the silver and linen is all marked with his familiar pen name, and in many of the rooms illustrations from his works decorate the walls.

Being a war librarian in Siberia, even in midwinter, is not all drudgery. There is only one individual occupying precisely that sort of a position. He is Professor Harry Clemons, late reference librarian of Princeton University, who was "borrowed" last autumn by the American Library Association from the University of Nanking, where he is professor of English and university librarian. Professor Clemons was assigned to establish a Library War Service for the American troops at Vladivostok. His letters to the Washington headquarters form an interesting and humorous record of librarianship under difficulties. Here is one instance he reports, which he says is unique in his library experience, and which strikes one also as probably unique among library criticisms:

> A door-filling specimen of an enlisted man, who had borrowed Douglas Fairbanks's "Laugh and Live", brought it back, mildly disgusted.
>
> "This ain't what I want. I thought it was a funny book."
>
> "And you didn't find it funny?" I inquired.
>
> "Naw. Say, have you got anything like Elinor Glyn's 'Three Weeks'? Elinor Glyn's so—so—well, *scientific*, you know."
>
> The soldier finally, after much rummaging of the shelves of the improvised library, went away triumphantly with Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marriage à la Mode".

It was not the same soldier but another enlisted man who remarked to Professor Clemons that "The Saturday Evening Post" was too highbrow for him! And although it has no direct bearing on books, the conclusion expressed by one of the officers of the Siberian expedition that "war-

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fare unfixed one for the sterner pursuits of life" seems worth recording.

Professor Clemons's early efforts to "introduce the short story into the long Siberian nights" were handicapped somewhat by the fragmentary character of the materials he had to work with. These consisted of several boxes of books and magazines contributed by the good people of Manila and shipped up from the Philippines on an army transport. They ranged all the way from an incomplete file of "The Bowler's Magazine" to a number of non-consecutive copies of "Butterick Patterns", and included quantities not only of books without covers, but of books whose value lay chiefly in their covers. But even for the small amount of wheat that could be culled out of this chaff, the soldiers were grateful when Professor Clemons, with the aid of Austrian prisoners of war who had in some way or other been brought all the way from the European front, got the boxes unpacked and sorted; and the books were then put into circulation. One package of eighty books sent to a detached unit outside of Vladivostok had a circulation of three hundred and thirty in the first two weeks.

And when the books sent across the Pacific from the United States finally arrived, a hundred cases of them, how eagerly the soldiers did read them! Here is Professor Clemons's report of the first twenty of the new books taken out:

Adkins, Historical Backgrounds (Captain)
Austin, Unchained Russia (Captain)
Bairnsfather, Fragments from France (Lieutenant)
Boyer and Speranshi, Russian Reader (Sergeant)
Breasted, Ancient Times (Lieutenant)
Churchill, A Traveller in War Time (Lieutenant)
Doyle, A Study in Scarlet (Lieutenant)
Durny, General History of the World, Vol. I (Sergeant)
Fairbanks, Laugh and Live (Private)
Fish, The Development of American Nationality (Lieutenant)
Futrelle, My Lady's Garter (Captain)
Graham, The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary (Lieutenant)
Hazen, Alsace-Lorraine (Lieutenant)
Hazen, Europe Since 1815 (Lieutenant)
Milyoukon, Russian Realities and Problems (Captain)
Page, How to Run an Automobile (Private)
Poole, The Dark People (Lieutenant)
Robinson, Mediæval and Modern Times (Lieutenant)
Wells, Tono-Bungay (Captain)
Wiener, Interpretation of the Russian People (Captain)

For a central library Professor Clemons was assigned a room in an army post-office building. This was converted into a library by the simple process of purchasing a padlock for the door at a cost of thirty-eight cents. That was the only cash expenditure. The cost in "elbow grease" is best told in Professor Clemons's own words:

> The enlisted man who was loaned to me several weeks ago to help open and unpack the twenty-four boxes of old periodicals and books, nearly broke his back and did break his hatchet over the job. When I dismissed him the mess was beyond my powers of description. I judge that the soldier thought the situation was hopeless, for he didn't come back until one afternoon this past week. Meantime the periodicals had been distributed, the boxes and the room cleaned out, shelves put in, and books arranged on the shelves. As I glanced up from my work I saw him standing in the door, with mouth wide open. At my nod he fairly exploded: "My God, you've got it cleaned up!" . . . On that previous day he had, while rubbing his back, confided in me that he wanted to read a book by Marie Corelli. This time it was waiting for him.

The Siberian nights are long, and there is little for the American soldiers to do there. Just what part books are playing in the maintenance of the men's morale cannot of course be precisely assessed, but they do play a part. In Siberia, as in the camps at home or with the A. E. F., the

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librarian, like the chaplain, the Y. M. C. A. man, and the Red Cross worker, becomes the recipient of many intimate confidences. Knotty problems covering every question under the sun in and out of books are put up to him for decision.

Professor Clemons writes:

> Having been reference librarian at Princeton for five years, I am not without experience in the range of reference questions. But yesterday I got one from an embarrassed corporal which even the justly praised selection in the A. L. A. cases failed to answer. After waiting until no one besides himself and your representative was in the little library, he sidled up and asked, "How can one get married in Vladivostok?" The "one" was, of course, the speaker, and the girl, a Russian. The answer was a matter for commanding officers and consuls to express. But the query led to two long conversations in the library, and gave me an opportunity to try to make sure that the boy did not altogether blink the future in the glamour of the present. I suppose that here is a bit of our new internationalism. And the United States has had two millions overseas!

While one set of English publishers are acting on the supposition that the reading world is weary of war, and does not desire to read anything concerning the conflict which has convulsed Europe for five years, another school declares that for as long as the present generation endures, the war will be the only reading for thousands of intelligent human beings. Certain it is that any really new historical document throwing light on the beginnings of the great struggle, has an extraordinary attraction for many people. Hence the great success of Lord French's book. The acute interest aroused in England by Brand Whitlock's wonderful work, "Belgium Under German Occupation", is another case in point. So far there has been no civilian war diary of the kind which former wars, and especially the French Revolution, produced. The nearest approach to anything of the kind were the volumes published by the distinguished portrait-painter, Jacques Blanche. They show how the outbreak of war affected the existence —and shook the nerve and feeling— of a very distinguished and very successful French artist. M. Blanche can write, and the book deserves a place, even if only a modest place, in every future war library, for it gives a side of war life which no one else has thought it worth while to give. M. Blanche was at Dieppe in that fateful August of 1914, and he describes not only his own feelings, but that of all the people round him, and rather indirectly he includes all that was said to him by the delightful and distinguished Englishwoman who is the mother of Mrs. Winston Churchill.

As a matter of fact no publisher, however acute, however sympathetic, however much in touch with his public, knows in the least what that public will suddenly discover they desire to read. It not only frequently, but generally, happens that a book destined to be "a big seller" has gone the round of the publishers before it found a home. This of course is especially true of fiction. The reading public is a dumb public. It has no way of expressing its feelings, its likings, and its prejudices. The professional critic is as far apart from the big public as a human being can well be of any body of opinion contemporary to himself. In the great majority of cases —and it is curious that it should be so—a "big seller" by a new hand receives very bad notices, and so makes its way in spite of, and not because of, praise from the newspapers, and from those who set up to be guides of the public.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, ex-Minister to Denmark, and author of "Ten Years Near the German Fron-

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tier", received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters at Columbia's one hundred and sixty-fifth commencement.

Cardinal Mercier has written his memoirs, and arrangements have now been completed for their publication in both serial and book form on both sides of the Atlantic. It is said that a London daily has paid a great price for the right to print portions of the Cardinal's wonderful story. The book will be issued in America in the fall. The date of Cardinal Mercier's visit to this country is not yet definitely fixed, but he is expected to arrive in October. He says, in a recent interview:

> I shall put myself entirely in the hands of Cardinal Gibbons on my arrival, and he will arrange my program. I shall probably visit the universities, but I have but one thought, namely, to thank the big, wonderful America for all that she has done for Belgium and Christian civilization, and for the help she has given in food, clothing, etc.
>
> Everyone knows that the final success was due to the intervention of the American army. The rapid formation of a complete American army has been a constant cause of admiration and wonder, but I have already said this to many Americans.

There seems to be a good deal doing in the new magazine way over in London just now. In June, it is reported, appeared the first number of "The Story Magazine". It contained a new poem by Rudyard Kipling. About the same time was published the second number of "Vision", said to be a "magazine and review of mysticism and spiritual reconstruction", edited by Dorothy Grenside and Galloway Kyle. The London "Bookman" describes the contents as "An excellent miscellany of prose and verse which challenges the materialistic teachings of scientists and spiritualists, appeals to all who are seeking 'true vision', and holds that 'spiritual truth is gained by the unfoldment by the spirit of its own inherent powers' ".

A bad lot—actors, authors, editors, burglars, etc. The magazine "The Smart Set" does not, according to the periodical "The Writer",—use:

> . . . . war stories, war poems, or war plays; poems of more than forty lines; stories about actors, authors, editors, burglars, prostitutes, newspaper reporters, aviators, vice crusaders, of spies; stories in which the man and girl meet in a Pullman car or in a Greenwich Village eating-house; stories of politics, of the occult, of college life, of the cow country, or of A. D. 2000; jokes or anecdotes; epigrams that are uplifting or that embody puns; one-act plays, which open with the plot being explained into a telephone; stories that have been printed elsewhere, either wholly or in part, or translations, unless accompanied by the written authorization of the original author; or stories or poems dealing with death.

On the day of the death of Joyce Kilmer in France, there appeared in THE BOOKMAN the poem by his friend John Bunker referring to Kilmer, and called "On Bidding Farewell to a Poet Gone to the Wars". This poem is included in a collection of Mr. Bunker's verse, "Shining Fields and Dark Towers", to be published this fall. Another poem in the volume commemorating Mr. Bunker's friendship with Kilmer is called "The Splendid Stranger". The longest and most important poem in the book is "Quest and Haven", a memorial poem on Francis Thompson. Mr. Bunker was born at Cincinnati and educated at Jesuit College in that city. After engaging in a variety of occupations he, as he puts it, "suddenly gave up all work and devoted four years exclusively to the study and composition of poetry". Upon coming to New York, Mr. Bunker at once became intimately associated with Kilmer in his work on the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine and Book Review, "The

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Literary Digest", and in lectures and various literary ventures; and on Kilmer's entering the army he succeeded him as lecturer on poetry at New York University.

Robert Nichols has apparently got home. In a letter from Frank Swinnerton just received by a correspondent in New York Mr. Swinnerton says that Mr. Nichols reports that he (Swinnerton) is well known in the United States; and Mr. Swinnerton asks if that is really true.

Porter Emerson Browne is at work upon an article about Charles Hanson Towne, editor of "McClure's Magazine", which will appear in an early number of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Towne's latest book, a volume of verse —"A World of Windows", has recently been published.

Thomas Hardy, as was the case with George Meredith, has always been far more interested in his own poetic work than in the prose he wrote. That being so, there is something peculiarly appropriate in the tribute which a number of his friends have decided to pay him. The tribute is to take the form of a manuscript anthology of the work of living poets. Each poet has been asked to copy out on a sheet of paper (uniform with that sent to all the other contributors) the poem—preferably a sonnet—which he considers his best work. The committee is headed by the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, and it includes Sir Henry Newbolt, John Masefield, and Walter de la Mare. The Honorable Secretary is Captain Siegfried Sassoon, whom many English writers consider the most remarkable of the now living war poets.

Amy Lowell, whom THE BOOKMAN is happy to number among the contributors to the magazine, has compiled "A Bookshelf of Modern Poets". The collection contains fifty-five titles. Miss Lowell has reviewed all the volumes of the last dozen years in making her list, and only work which she deems the best expression of the several writers, as well as work authentically modern, has been included. Miss Lowell herself, Edgar Lee Masters, John Masefield, Vachel Lindsay, Maxwell Bodenheim, "H. D.", Carl Sandburg and other representative new poets are grouped in this "Bookshelf".

Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. That is, right. Anyhow it is in the book: "For my part, I should be sorry to think that there was nothing between Antony and Cleopatra but an economic situation, and it will require a great deal more evidence than is ever likely to be available, thank God, to persuade me that Tiberius was as blameless a monarch as King George V". From "The Moon and Sixpence" by W. Somerset Maugham.

When Joseph Hergesheimer wrote "Java Head", the question which formed on the lips of those to whom Hergesheimer mattered was "What next"? Which question has been answered by Joseph himself in "Linda Condon" now running serially and to be published in book form in the fall.

Speaking of "Linda" the author says in a letter to Carl Van Vechten:

> You well know, my dear Carl, for how long I have wanted to write the story of Linda Condon, that charming grave child with her straight black bang and vivid blue eyes, placed with her light-hearted mother in hotels of amazing adornment. Here, at last, it is. But—a thing, it seems, inevitable and which we forgot to discuss—Linda grew up. She lost the childhood that was my

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first concern and her story developed into the record of a sustained affair of the heart.

Here, then, is Linda's story—how she left the luxury of her crisp ribbons, her need for gold, for her moment of almost perfect vision. How could I have given her more? And, since I wrote "Linda Condon", it must be, for the discerning like yourself, fundamentally my story as well as hers.

The history of an inordinate number of faults! If Linda Condon had no education, neither had I; and if her companions were often not selected from among the frugal and correct, neither were mine.

Together we rose from the most insidious dangers to a surprising security. You know my life and my friends—what, in the charge of an absent-minded Providence, could be more overpaid?—and you have seen Dorothy. You have, too, generously commended my writing. Well, it is honest. I have never, I think, lied there; or if I did, it was such a small evasion as you could smile at. I must put down what I believe, and then hope for support.

A new publishing house has recently come into being in England—Messrs. Philip Allan and Company of 5, Quality-court, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.2. The head of the firm, Captain P. B. M. Allan, who has recently been demobilized, is a Master of Arts of Cambridge University, and was formerly subeditor and assistant reader in the house of Smith, Elder and Company, and on the staff of "The Cornhill Magazine".

The second of the series of BOOKMAN articles by Frank Swinnerton, whose paper "Novelist-Baiting" was published in the June issue, will be an article on Jane Austen, soon to appear.

In her recent book, "Revolutionary Days", Princess Cantacuzene tells the following incident of peculiar interest to Americans: Prince Cantacuzene was arrested by the revolutionists but soon released. "He was none the worse for his trial", the Princess writes, "except for the loss of his sword and revolver, which had been stolen. These he had greatly valued, the sword having been worn through the Turkish War by an uncle of his, and the revolver carried by my own father (General F. D. Grant) through his campaigns."

Clement K. Shorter is now in his weekly "literary letter" to "The Sphere", informing readers of that paper of "the glamour of New York". In the issue of that publication just come to hand "C. K. S." discusses skyscrapers, New York churches, Broadway, Chinatown, the Bowery, hotels, and so on. He declares: "Ten days in New York have made me the most pro-American of all England's sons". In his next letter, he says, he will write about the "wonderful libraries of New York, public and private. New York is indeed a bookman's paradise."

"The Earthquake" by Arthur Train has been translated and published in France under the title "L'Amérique et la Secousse de la Guerre".

Rex Beach has been elected president, and Booth Tarkington vice-president, of the Authors' League by the council of that body.

Writing on Charles Kingsley in the June London "Bookman" (a Charles Kingsley number) R. Ellis Roberts has this to say:

Certain superior modern critics are fond of referring to the works of the great Victorians as "dead" or as "unread". The question of death may be difficult to decide, for people's conceptions of life differ; but the other accusation "unread" is easy to meet. I do not suppose all the purchasers of books in popular libraries read all they get; but I am unwilling to believe that any one buys novels of old authors purely out of fashion. A sense of duty might make a man buy Gibbon or Burke; but if he buys "The Wo-

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man in White" or "Hard Cash" or "Mary Barton" he buys to read. So I shall not argue about whether Kingsley is read now or not. I merely note that "Westward Ho!" was published in Everyman's Library in 1906 and was reprinted in 1906, 1907, 1909, 1910 and 1911; that "Hereward the Wake" was printed thrice between 1908 and 1911, and "Hypatia" twice in 1907 and 1910—in the same library. I have little doubt that Kingsley's publishers, Macmillan, could tell a story of steady sales; and that other popular, non-copyright editions sell as readily as those issued by Dent. Indeed the modern cry of "unread" is frequently, I believe, a cry of vexation from young men indignant that the romance, the humor, and the realism of their parents and grandparents should still be preferred to their own more artistic and competent productions. The same *cognoscenti* are fond of saying, "No one reads Kipling now", a statement which a glance at the circulation figures of his old or new books would quickly disprove. Kingsley then is still read—that is, his historical novels, his poems, and his children's books. His sermons and historical essays naturally had a more transient appeal.

R. Brimley Johnson's "The Women Novelists", recently published, is on a subject often largely overlooked in the development of English literature. It was the women novelists, according to Mr. Johnson, who "developed—and perfected—the domestic novel. They made novels a reflection and a criticism of life. It seems curious that, with the possible exception of Charlotte Brontë, women were all stern realists". But this last was nothing more nor less, he argues, than a reaction against the prevailing brand of literature "for young ladies" in which the realities were kept carefully out of sight. Mr. Johnson's volume deals with the period from 1778 to 1876—from the publication of "Evelina" to "Daniel Deronda".

Lucas Malet has just delivered to her American publishers the manuscript of her new novel "Deadham Hard", for publication in the early fall. This is the first novel in several years from the pen of the author of "Sir Richard Calmady". Lucas Malet, it will be remembered is the daughter of Charles Kingsley, the author of "Westward Ho". In private life she is Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison.

Everybody, everybody that is of any consequence, knows Burton Rascoe, of the Chicago "Tribune". Some few people have accidently heard of one James Branch Cabell. Therefore it will interest everybody, everybody that is of consequence, to hear that this Mr. Cabell has dedicated a little book of his, soon to appear, to Burton. The book is called, we believe, "Jurgen". It is said to have a sort of a Casanova air. The "acrostic dedication" is as follows:

TO
BURTON RASCOE

Before each tarradiddle
Uncowed by sciolists,
Robuster persons twiddle
Tremendously big fists.

"**O**ur gods are good", they tell us;
"**N**or will our gods defer
Remission of rude fellows'
Ability to err."

So this, your JURGEN, travels
Content to compromise,
Ordainments none unravels
Explicitly . . . and sighs.

The following promotions have been made in the Collier organization: Fred Lewis, who has been with the organization for nine years, during the last two of which he has been comptroller of the company, has been made secretary of P. F. Collier and Son, Inc. Mark Huntington Wiseman has been appointed assistant to the vice-president, and manager of the department of publicity and promotion. Charles Colebaugh has been placed in charge of the advertising department promotion.

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Seems to us kind of a large order. Anyhow, "New Paths", edited by C. W. Beaumont and M. T. H. Sadler, a volume recently published in this country, is said (by several gentlemen) to be to the present literary England what "The Yellow Book" was to the eighteen-nineties.

The Gossip Shop welcomes the opportunity to print the following communication to:

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I have read with much interest the article, by Murray Hill, in the July number of your magazine, which deals in large part with the subject of working for a publishing house. I myself have a position with a publishing house corresponding to that held by the man described in this article. It is my business, also to see persons who call to submit manuscripts.

Mr. Hill has most of these types on his list. There is one, however, which he has overlooked, and a type so numerous that I think mention should be made of him. This is the person who offers a manuscript which got out in attractive form should sell at about thirty cents a copy.

MARMADUKE COURTNEY PLUM.

Mrs. William De Morgan, before she died, was able to complete both the novels on which her husband was working at the time of his death. One of them, "The Old Madhouse", lacked only a chapter; the other, "The Old Man's Youth and the Young Man's Old Age", lacked a more considerable portion, but notes for both of them were ample. "The Old Madhouse" was held back because of the war but will be published shortly. "The Old Man's Youth and the Young Man's Old Age" will be published sometime in 1920.

A new novel of Romain Rolland's, "Colas Breugnon", is to appear in the fall.

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Futurist Stories, by Margery Verner Reed [Kennerley]. *Short sketches in eccentric style.*

Lad: A Dog, by Albert Payson Terhune [Dutton]. *The true story of a collie.*

The Clintons and Others, by Archibald Marshall [Dodd, Mead]. *Further experiences of the Clinton family.*

Second Marriage, by Viola Meynell [Doran]. *An English story of daughters' marriages.*

To Every Man His Work, by Etta Florence Stock [Four Seas]. *A story of the redemption of two men.*

Russian Short Stories, ed. by Harry C. Schweikert, M.A. [Scott, Foresman]. *A collection for use in schools.*

The Year Between, by Doris Egerton Jones, illus. [Jacobs]. *The story of an Australian waif.*

The King's Widow, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds [Doran]. *The tale of a young king supposed to be dead.*

The Redemption of Charley Phillips, by Etta Florence Stock. [Four Seas]. *A short story about a successful business man.*

Love Time in Picardy, by William Addison Lathrop [Britton]. *A war story of Picardy.*

Pinto Ben and Other Stories, by William S. Hart and Mary Hart [Britton]. *Three Western stories by the movie star and his sister.*

Luna Benamor, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, trans. by Isaac Goldberg [Luce]. *A novel of Gibraltar, with several Valencian tales.*

The Lucky Mill, by Ioan Slavici, trans. by A. Mircea Emperle [Duffield]. *A tale of Roumanian life.*

The Yellow Lord, by Will Levington Comfort [Doran]. *Adventures on an island in the Pacific.*

A Gallant Lady, by Percy Brebner [Duffield]. *A romance of the time of Louis XIV.*

Oranges and Lemons, by Mary C. E. Wemyss [Houghton]. *The story of a bachelor uncle and aunt and their wards.*

Our House, by Henry Seidel Canby [Macmillan]. *The working-out of an American's career.*

An Ethiopian Saga, by Richmond Haigh [Holt]. *A tale of South Africa.*

Hidden Treasure, by John Thomas Simpson, illus. [Lippincott]. *The story of an old farm made into a modern home.*

Jimmie Higgins, by Upton Sinclair [Boni and Liveright]. *The ups-and-downs of a young Socialist.*

Foreign Magic, by Jean Carter Cochran, illus. [Doran]. *Tales of life in China.*

The Cup of Fury, by Rupert Hughes, illus. [Harper]. *An American girl's adventures with German spies.*

The Swallow, by Ruth Dunbar [Boni and Liveright]. *Experiences of a survivor of the Lafayette Escadrille.*

Temptations, by David Pinski, trans. by Isaac Goldberg [Brentano]. *Serious stories of Jewish life.*

Across the Stream by E. F. Benson [Doran]. *The story of a dead brother's influence.*

Aristokia, by A. Washington Pezet, illus. [Century]. *A humorous prophecy of a kingless Utopia.*

Blue Grass and Broadway, by Maria Thompson Daviess [Century]. *A country girl's experiences as playwright.*

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A Grass Widow, by R. E. Boyns [San Francisco: Harr Wagner]. *A California tale of a faithless wife.*

The Holiday Husband, by Dolf Wyllarde [Lane]. *A girl's romance during a two weeks' holiday*

The Born Fool, by John Walter Byrd [Doran]. *An English story of an erratic father's son.*

The Silent Mill, by Hermann Sudermann [Brentano]. *A love story involving two brothers.*

The Valley of the Squinting Windows, by Brinsley MacNamara [Brentano]. *A novel of Irish village life.*

Black Sheep Chapel, by Margaret Baillie-Saunders [Doran]. *The worldly experiences of a cloistered boy and girl.*

The Wicked Marquis, by E. Phillips Oppenheim [Little, Brown]. *A tale of English intrigue.*

War Stories, edited by Roy J. Holmes and A. Starbuck [Crowell]. *A collection from American magazines.*

All the World, by Charles M. Sheldon [Doran]. *A reconstruction story.*

Labrador Days, by Wilfred T. Grenfell [Houghton]. *Tales of the Labrador coast.*

Mary Barton, by Elizabeth C. Gaskell; Selected English Short Stories [Nineteenth Century]; Resurrection, by Leo Tolstoy [Oxford]. *Three volumes in The World's Classics pocket-edition series.*

Military Servitude and Grandeur, by Alfred de Vigny, trans. by Frances Wilson Huard [Doran]. *Sketches of the Napoleonic wars.*

Miss Fingal, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford [Scribner]. *A reincarnation novel about a spinster.*

Democracy, by Shaw Desmond [Scribner]. *A labor story of England today.*

In Secret, by Robert W. Chambers [Doran]. *A patriotic American girl's experiences as detective.*

Winesburg, Ohio, by Sherwood Anderson [Huebsch]. *Tales of small-town life in Ohio.*

The Home and the World, by Rabindranath Tagore [Macmillan]. *An Indian novel of conflict.*

The Life of the Party, by Irvin S. Cobb, illus. [Doran]. *Misfortunes of a man after a Greenwich Village party.*

Flesh and Phantasy, by Newton A. Fuessle [Cornhill]. *Fanciful stories of modern life.*

A Life at Stake, by Marcel Berger, trans. by Fitzwater Wray [Putnam]. *Experiences of a French auxiliary.*

More E. K. Means, by E. K. Means, illus. [Putnam]. *Further dialect stories of the Louisiana negro.*

The Gay-Dombeys, by Sir Harry Johnston [Macmillan]. *A Victorian novel, presenting descendants of Dickens characters.*

Red Friday, by George Kibbe Turner [Little, Brown]. *A story of American Bolshevism.*

The Undying Fire, by H. G. Wells [Macmillan]. *A religious novel of contemporary England.*

All the Brothers Were Valiant, by Ben Ames Williams [Macmillan]. *A story of shipwreck and pirates.*

Saint's Progress, by John Galsworthy [Scribner]. *A war story of a vicar and his daughters.*

"A Smile a Minute", by H. C. Witwer, illus. [Small, Maynard]. *War letters of a baseball player.*

It is reported that the author of "Walking-Stick Papers" declares that nobody but an amateur gets out one book at a time. Last year he published three books, his "Booth Tarkington" and the volumes "Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters" in addition to his book of essays. He has two new volumes coming this fall: "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People".

Admirers of "Anne of Green Gables" will be interested to know that the heroine is to appear in the movies this fall, as the publishers have placed the motion-picture rights of the four "Anne" books, "Anne of Green Gables", "Anne of Avonlea", "Chronicles of Avonlea", and "Anne of the Island"—of which the total circulation, it is said, is nearly 700,000—with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The probable star will be Mary Miles Minter.

Coincident with the announcement by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York of its proposed early production of an operatic version of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", comes word that the Belgian author himself will make a lecture tour of America in the early part of next year. As far as it is known to the Gossip Shop this will be Maeterlinck's first visit to this country.

A book of verse is announced by Iris Tree, the daughter of the actor, the late Sir Herbert Tree. The frontispiece in the volume is a reproduction of a portrait bust of Miss Tree by the sculptor, Jacob Epstein.

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Henry, that is of course Henry Blackman Sell of the Chicago "Daily News", who commutes to New York for lunch, was in to see the Gossip Shop the other day. He used all the while that new phrase "horning in". New at any rate to the East. But Hen really ought to get a new cane, and a much better one. A man, Hen, is known by the cane he keeps.

Owing to the illness of Gene Stratton-Porter, reported early in July, the publication of her book on the family life of birds, announced for August 15, will be deferred. The publication date will be announced later.

Mlle. Alice Blum, who did her part so successfully in helping to win the war by teaching French to a large part of the Rainbow Division at Camp Mills, New York, and whose system, presented in her book, "An Oral French Method", kept her much in demand before clubs and other organizations, has returned to Paris and to the practice there of her profession before the war, that is teaching French largely to Americans resident or sojourning in the French capital.

Rex Beach's book "Too Fat to Fight" it is said has been in large demand in the East, especially in Japan. The publishers have received repeated orders for the book from the "flowery kingdom". The little volume portrays the efforts of an extremely fat man to get into the army. He was thwarted on every side, but his good will and perseverance won out. The hero of this book differs widely from 'Poleon Doret, that other figure around whom Mr. Beach wove most of his plot in "The Winds of Chance", a story of the Alaskan gold-fields.

Wolves, by Alden W. Welch [Knopf]. *A country boy's adventures in business.*

Our Wonderful Selves, by Roland Pertwee [Knopf]. *The love story of an artist-playwright in Paris and London.*

The Actor-Manager; Cynthia, by Leonard Merrick [Dutton]. *Volumes in the uniform edition of Merrick.*

The Little Daughter of Jerusalem, by Myriam Harry [Dutton]. *The tale of a converted Jew's daughter.*

The White Island, by Michael Wood [Dutton]. *Experiences of a mystic boy.*

The Story Without a Name, by Barbey D'Aurevilly [Brentano]. *A French mother's search for vengeance.*

The Great Modern English Stories, ed. by Edward J. O'Brien [Boni and Liveright]. *A collection of some fifteen English stories.*

The Curious Republic of Gondour, by Samuel L. Clemens [Boni and Liveright]. *A collection of seventeen 1870 sketches.*

Out O' Luck, by J. Thorne Smith, Jr., illus. [Stokes]. *"Biltmore Oswald's" experiences at sea.*

The Convictions of Christopher Sterling, by Harold Begbie [McBride]. *The story of a conscientious objector.*

Anymoon, by Horace Bleackley [Lane]. *Postwar experiences of an English socialist.*

The Mystery Keepers, by Marion Fox [Lane]. *The story of a family ghost.*

The Two Crossings of Madge Swalue, by Henri Davignon [Lane]. *The war story of a Belgian's English wife.*

Dangerous Days, by Mary Roberts Rinehart [Doran]. *Love affairs of a munition-manufacturer's family.*

La Bodega, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez [Dutton]. *The love story of a Spanish vine-grower's daughter.*

The Haunted Bookshop, by Christopher Morley [Doubleday]. *Narrative sketches of a second-hand bookshop.*

You Never Saw Such a Girl, by George Weston [Dodd, Mead]. *A country girl's experiences in Newport.*

History and Political Science

Parliament and the Taxpayer, by G. H. Davenport, B.A. [London: Skeffington]. *An historical survey.*

The Century of Hope, by F. S. Marvin [Oxford]. *Western history from 1815 to the War.*

From Appomattox to Germany, by Percy Keese Fitzhugh, illus. [Harpers]. *A history of the United States from the Civil War to 1914.*

Democracy and the Eastern Question, by Thomas F. Millard [Century]. *A discussion of the Far East vs. America.*

Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta, trans. and ed. by Herbert Eugene Bolton, Ph.D., 2 vols. [Arthur H. Clark]. *An account of how California, Sonora and Arizona began.*

India's Silent Revolution, by Fred B. Fisher [Macmillan]. *An American view of the India situation.*

The Dramatic Story of Old Glory, by Samuel Abbott, illus. [Boni and Liveright]. *An historical narrative.*

Selected Speeches and Documents on British Colonial Policy, edited by Arthur Barriedale Keith, 2 vols [Oxford]. *Pocket-edition documents from 1763 to 1917.*

The British Empire, by George Burton

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Adams [Putnam]. *Essays on British vs. American ideals.*

The Oxford History of India, by Vincent A. Smith, C.I.E., illus. [Oxford]. *A survey from earliest times to* 1911.

The State and the Nation, by Edward Jenks, M.A., B.C.L. [Dutton]. *An explanation of the functions of government.*

Decrees and Constitution of Soviet Russia [Nation]. *A pamphlet reprinted from "The Nation".*

Albania, Past and Present, by Constantine A. Chekrezi, with maps [Macmillan]. *A citizen's interpretation.*

Fifty Years of Europe, by Charles Downer Hazen, with maps [Holt]. *European history from* 1870-1919.

The Problem of the Pacific, by C. Brunsdon Fletcher, with a map [Holt]. *Political aspects of the Pacific.*

The German Empire, 1867-1914, by William Harbutt Dawson, 2 vols. [Macmillan]. *A study of German thought and life.*

Biography

Marie Bashkirtseff, trans. by Mary J. Serrano [Dutton]. *A new edition of the young artist's journal.*

Set Down in Malice, by Gerald Cumberland [Brentano]. *Personal sketches of contemporary Englishmen.*

The Story of General Pershing, by Everett T. Tomlinson, illus. [Appleton]. *The life and career of the A. E. F. commander.*

The Life of John Redmond, by Warre B. Wells [Doran]. *A biography backgrounded by Irish politics.*

"Great-Heart," by Neil MacIntyre, illus. [New York: Rudge]. *The life story of Theodore Roosevelt.*

The Journal of a Disappointed Man, by W. N. P. Barbellion [Doran]. *The narrative diary of a young naturalist.*

The Iron Hunter, by Chase S. Osborn, illus. [Macmillan]. *The autobiography of the former governor of Michigan.*

An American Idyll, by Cornelia Stratton Parker [Atlantic Monthly]. *A biography of Carleton H. Parker.*

Just Me, by Pearl White [Doran]. *The movie actress's autobiography.*

The Dickens Circle, by J. W. T. Ley, illus. [Dutton]. *Fifty-nine chapters of fact and anecdote.*

Sociology and Economics

The Blind, by Harry Best, Ph.D. [Macmillan]. *A national survey of work for the blind.*

Social Work, by Richard C. Cabot, M.D. [Houghton]. *A study of the social worker vs. the doctor.*

Management and Men, by Meyer Bloomfield [Century]. *A discussion of British labor problems.*

The Six-Hour Day, by Lord Leverhulme [Holt]. *British addresses on industrial questions.*

The Shop Committee, by William Leavitt Stoddard, A.M. [Macmillan]. *An outline of principles and operation.*

Peace and Prosperity, by John B. Alden [pub. at Neshanic, N. J.]. *A discussion of reconstruction questions.*

The Libraries of the American State and National Institutions for Defectives, Dependent and Delinquents, by Florence Rising Curtis [Univ. of Minn.]. *A study of the library as social agent.*

Among the applications for Charters in the American Legion received, just before the going to press of the August BOOKMAN, at State Headquarters, New York City, was one from the service men in Flatbush, Brooklyn, who asked that their post be named the Joyce Kilmer Post, in memory of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, who fell fighting with the old Sixty-ninth.

It had been expected that newspaper men in New York City would organize a post in Manhattan bearing the same name.

A contributor to THE BOOKMAN, F. Tennyson Jesse, author of "Secret Bread", "The Milky Way", and other novels, gives in "The Sword of Deborah", recently published, first-hand impressions of the British woman's army in France. The book relates the unheard-of, almost fabulous labor and achievement of women in relation to the war. It tells what English women did, what they bore, and how.

The government urgently needs large numbers of stenographers, typists, and bookkeepers (men and women) in Washington, D. C. Usual entrance salaries: stenographers $1,200, typists $1,100, bookkeepers $1,100 and $1,200 a year, aside from any temporary bonuses allowed. Higher-salaried positions are usually filled through promotion. The government constantly maintains a list of available rooms in private houses in Washington, and conducts attractive residence halls to accommodate a limited number. Living conditions are considerably improved. Full information and application blanks may be obtained from the secretary of the local board of civil service examiners at the post-office or customhouse in any city.

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Writers are sometimes regarded by the public as indisposed to work, but at least one author is spending the summer in a manner to shame "the tired business man". Harry Kemp, the tramp poet, author of "The Passing God", gives his program for a strenuous vacation at Saranac as follows: his mornings are occupied with swimming, Latin and Greek, his afternoons with the writing of poetry. In the evenings, lest he should become idle, he discusses his next day's work with his wife. The "tired business man" should be glad that he has nothing on his hands but business.

According to the London "Herald" Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet and philosopher, has requested the Viceroy of India to relieve him of the "honor" of knighthood as a protest against the recent outrages committed against Indian people in the Punjab in the name of "law and order".

"Sketches and Reviews" is a new book by Walter Pater. That is, it is new as a book, and these collected and here reprinted book reviews and fugitive criticisms will be altogether new to numerous Paterians.

The title of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel announced for the fall is "Lord Buntingford". It is said to be a story of London of today.

It is rumored in London that General Allenby has agreed to write the history of the Palestine campaign.

The head of the firm of the American publishers of George Bernard Shaw is now in Europe, and has se-

New Life Currents in China, by Mary Ninde Gamewell, illus. [Missionary Educ. Movement]. *An outline of conditions in China.*

What is America? by Edward Alsworth Ross, illus. [Century]. *An outline of American social evolution.*

The Politics of Industry, by Glenn Frank [Century]. *Papers on social unrest.*

What Happened to Europe, by Frank A. Vanderlip [Macmillan]. *A study of financial and industrial conditions.*

Essays and Literary Criticism

In Defense of Harriet Shelley, by Mark Twain, illus. [Harper]. *The title essay in a collection of nineteen.*

The Dry Rot of Society, by Marian Cox [Brentano]. *Five satirical essays.*

Painting, by W. A. Sinclair; Nowadays, by Lord Dunsany. The Seven Arts Series [Four Seas]. *Booklets on painting and poetry.*

Chimney-Pot Papers, by Charles S. Brooks, illus. [Yale]. *Informal essays on everyday subjects.*

Rousseau and Romanticism, by Irving Babbitt [Houghton]. *An argument for humanistic romanticism.*

Anatole France, by Lewis Piaget Shanks [Open Court]. *A biographical and interpretative discussion.*

Prefaces, by Don Marquis, illus. [Appleton]. *Collected papers of the colyumist.*

Sketches and Reviews, by Walter Pater [Boni and Liveright]. *Critiques on Oscar Wilde, George Moore, and others.*

Religion and Spiritualism

Student Witnesses for Christ, by S. Ralph Harlow [Association]. *Sketches of native missionaries in Asia Minor.*

On to Christ, by Edwin A. McAlpin, Jr. [Doran]. *An outline of the church's failures and hopes.*

Gone West, by a Soldier Doctor [Knopf]. *Messages from a dead physician.*

The Meeting of the Spheres or Letters from Dr. Coulter, by Charlotte G. Herbine [Brentano]. *Letters from the spirit world.*

On the Threshold of the Spiritual World, by Horatio W. Dresser [Sully]. *The soldiers' view of death.*

History of Religions, by George Foot Moore, Vol. II [Scribner]. *Outlines of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism.*

Between Two Worlds, by John Heston Willey [Association]. *Papers on afterlife.*

Religion and Culture, by Frederick Schleiter [Columbia Univ.]. *A survey of methods in the science of religion.*

Why We Fail as Christians, by Robert Hunter [Macmillan]. *A study of Tolstoi's search for truth.*

Zionism and the Future of Palestine, by Morris Jastrow, Jr. [Macmillan]. *A criticism of political Zionism.*

Poetry

The Pursuit of Happiness, by Benjamin R. C. Low [Lane]. *Collected sonnets and shorter poems.*

Songs While Wandering, by A. Newberry Choyce [Lane]. *Verses of an Englishman in America.*

The Marines, by Adolphe E. Smyle [Knickerbocker]. *War verse, partly in dialect.*

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Small Craft; Sailor Town, by C. Fox-Smith [Doran]. *Two volumes of sea poems.*

The Mountainy Singer, by Seosamh MacCathmhaoil [Four Seas]. *A new edition of collected Irish lyrics.*

War and Love, by Richard Aldington [Four Seas]. *Free verse poems written during the war.*

Types of Pan, by Keith Preston [Houghton]. *The colyumist's verses collected.*

Out-of-Doors; Gods and Devils, by John Russell McCarthy [James T. White]. *Two volumes on nature and religion.*

Nursey Rhymes of New York City, by Louis How [Knopf]. *Short local poems.*

Syncopation, by Robert DeCamp Leland [Poetry-Drama]. *A free-verse commentary on modern life.*

Singing Places, by Margaret Barber Bowen [Cornhill]. *Commemorative lyrics.*

Night Magic, by Ruth Elliot [Stratford]. *Out-of-doors, love and child verses.*

Hadassah, by Florette Truesdell Miller [Stratford]. *The story of Esther in verse.*

Hylethen, by Isaac Flagg [Stratford]. *Verse suggested by the Greek classics.*

The Way of Wonder, by May Doney [Doran]. *Poetry about God and nature.*

The Luzumiyat of Abu'l-Ala, trans. by Ameen Rihani [James T. White]. *The philosophy of an Arabian poet.*

The Ghost Town Lundy, by Col. Charles A. Lundy [Four Seas]. *The story of a deserted Sierra town.*

War Verse, edited by Frank Foxcroft [Crowell]. *A new edition, with forty more English poems.*

Verse for Patriots, compiled by Jean Broadhurst and Clara L. Rhodes, illus. [Lippincott]. *A modern collection for secondary schools.*

The Hound of Heaven, by Francis Thompson [Four Seas]. *A pamphlet reprint.*

Sonnets, by Herbert Scholfield [Knopf]. *Some 120 subjective sonnets.*

The Beloved Stranger, by Witter Bynner [Knopf]. *Love poems in free verse.*

Pierrot Wounded, by Walter Adolphe Roberts [Britton]. *Collected war verse.*

Poems, by James Griswold [Scribner Press]. *Lyrical verse of a late war surgeon.*

Theodore Roosevelt, by Russell J. Wilbur [Houghton]. *Verses reprinted from "The New Republic".*

The Poems and Prose Poems of Charles Baudelaire [Brentano]. *A collection with an appreciation by James Huneker.*

The Passing God, by Harry Kemp [Brentano]. *Love lyrics, with a narrative poem.*

Poems, by Iris Tree, illus. [Lane]. *Lyrical poems by Sir Herbert Tree's daughter.*

W. B. in California [privately printed at Berkeley Calif.]. *Poems dedicated to Witter Bynner.*

A World of Windows, by Charles Hanson Towne [Doran]. *A collection of some fifty poems.*

New Voices, by Marguerite Wilkinson, illus. [Macmillan]. *A critical discussion of new poets, with selections.*

Drama

Contemporary Spanish Dramatists, by Charles Alfred Turrell [Badger]. *Translations of six modern Spanish plays.*

The Marsh Maiden, by Felix Gould [Four Seas]. *Three fanciful plays of a marsh region.*

cured for immediate publication a new book of plays by Mr. Shaw. In view of this author's comparative quiet in the field of literature where his friends are most numerous, such a book should be welcomed.

In the selection of poetry for his list there is distinct evidence of Mr. Huebsch's tendency to seek new talent. Among the volumes that he published last season were the "first" books of Lola Ridge, Jean Starr Untermeyer, and Alter Brody. He, too, introduced Irene Rutherford McLeod. Now comes the announcement of a collection by Winifred Welles, a young American known heretofore by only a few magazine poems, "The Hesitant Heart".

The librarian of a large public library in the Middle West complains to THE BOOKMAN as follows:

It is interesting to note the sudden popularity of a given word or phrase, and to guess at the reason. Are writers, as a rule, subject to changes in fashion, in language used, as are our women in clothing? Do words or phrases —not referring to the ordinary slang of the street, or the jargon of the sport writer— have their day of sunshine and die, or drift into the forgotten or clouded past?

Some few years ago, there was a great run on the use of the perfectly good word *obsessed* in its various phrases. For instance, five writers in one number of "The Century" used the word. Two of them were amply justified, but one couldn't say as much for the others.

Now, another word is seemingly becoming the rage. The book reviewers and advertisers have annexed the word, and we find ourselves all tangled up with *intrigue*. Is it the result of the world war?

In your last issue a reviewer is *intrigued* into saying things; while another is *intrigued* into reading a certain book; and a third finds another title is *intriguing*.

Sure, it is a fine word, a mouth-full phrase, but that is no reason why it should so suddenly be pushed into the six-best-seller class, and thereby forced into a brief life.

Please set up the danger signal; sidetrack the writers who simply push it into the limelight to show they are up to the

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minute; keep it from the ten cent music box record, or the "nickelodeon". Let it live by keeping it in its proper place.

The American publishers of President Wilson's "The Life of George Washington" have sold translation rights of the book to the Dutch publishing house of Rembrandt, who will publish it in Holland, and will also bring it out in a German translation for sale in Germany.

To all readers of THE BOOKMAN who may have occasion to communicate with "The Publishers' Weekly", be it told that the address of that journal, invaluable to the trade, is now: 62 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

A new magazine for women, "Judy", made its appearance in July. Among the editors are Mary Carolyn Davies and Margaret Sangster. The address of the magazine is 158 West 11th Street, New York City.

The Roosevelt Memorial Committee has planned a campaign for subscriptions to the fund which will culminate about the week of October 19-26 this year. The object of the fund is threefold: 1. To erect a fitting monument in Washington. 2. To purchase and maintain a park in Oyster Bay, including at some future day, the house at Sagamore Hill. 3. The formation of an association for the development and application of the Roosevelt ideals. The honorary presidents of the association are William H. Taft and Charles E. Hughes; the honorary vice-presidents—Henry Cabot Lodge, John Mitchell, A. T. Hert, Hiram W. Johnson, and John T. King. William Boyce Thompson is president. The address of the Association is 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Everybody's Husband, by Gilbert Cannan [Huebsch]. *A play voicing four generations of women.*

Numbers, by Grover Theis [Nicholas L. Brown]. *Five one-act plays.*

Judith, by Arnold Bennett [Doran]. *A play based on the Book of Judith.*

War and Reconstruction

Vagabonds of the Sea, by René Milan, trans. by Randolph Bourne [Dutton]. *Life on a French naval vessel.*

The Web, by Emerson Hough [Reilly and Lee]. *The history of the American Protective League.*

Fighting the Flying Circus, by Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker, with maps [Stokes]. *An American ace's story.*

Night Bombing with the Bedouins, by Robert Reece, Lieut. D. F. C., R. A. F., illus. [Houghton]. *Exploits of the "Bedouin" air squadron.*

The Last Million, by Ian Hay [Houghton]. *Impressions of the American army in France.*

The Freedom of the Seas, by Louise Fargo Brown [Dutton]. *A history and survey.*

Collapse and Reconstruction, by Sir Thomas Barclay [Little, Brown]. *A discussion of European conditions and American principles.*

British Labor and the War, by Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason [Boni and Liveright]. *An exposition of the British labor movement.*

Democratic Ideals and Reality, by H. J. MacKinder, M. P. [Holt]. *The geographical basis of peace.*

Scouting Thrills, by Capt. G. B. McKean [Macmillan]. *An account of a British scout officer's work.*

Reconstruction and National Life, by Cecil Fairfield Lavell, Ph.D. [Macmillan]. *A study of peace problems.*

The War Romance of the Salvation Army, by Evangeline Booth and Grace Livingston Hill, illus. [Lippincott]. *A story of war activities.*

Reasoned Settlement of International Disputes, Composition of the Court, by George T. Porter [Oxford]. *A paper reprinted* (1913).

The Fledgling, by Charles Bernard Nordhoff [Houghton]. *Letters of an American aviator.*

The Land and the Soldier, by Frederick C. Howe [Scribner]. *Plans for the returned soldier.*

The Dardanelles Campaign, by H. W. Nevinson, illus. and maps [Holt]. *The account of a Gallipoli witness.*

A History of the Great War, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Vol. IV [Doran]. *A record of the 1917 British campaign.*

The Place of Agriculture in Reconstruction, by James B. Morman [Dutton]. *A discussion of land settlements for soldiers.*

Zooms and Spins, by "Rafbird" [London: Sampson Low, Marston]. *Impressions of a British aviator.*

Present Problems in Foreign Policy, by David Jayne Hill [Appleton]. *An examination of peace proposals.*

The Reconstruction of Russia, ed. by Sir Paul Vinogradoff, F.B.A. [Oxford]. *Economic and political essays.*

Japan and World Peace, by K. K. Kawakami [Macmillan]. *A discussion of the League of Nations.*

How to Face Peace, by Gertrude Shelby

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[Holt]. Reconstruction programs in community work.

Sky Fighters of France, by Lieut. Henry Farré, illus. [Houghton]. *Adventures of the official painter of the French Aviation Service.*

1914, by Field-Marshal Viscount French [Houghton]. *An account of British operations during* 1914.

A Stop at Suzanne's, by Greayer Clover, illus. [Doran]. *French sketches by an American aviator.*

Pat Crowe, Aviator, by Lieut. James R. Crowe [Nicholas L. Brown]. *An American aviator's experiences.*

Social Studies of the War, by Elmer T. Clark, illus. [Doran]. *Impressions of European social reactions to the war.*

Italian Sea Power in the Great War, by Archibald Hurd [McBride]. *A survey and estimate.*

America's Munitions, 1917-1918, illus. [Gov. Print. Office]. *The report of the Director of Munitions.*

Small Things, by Margaret Deland [Appleton]. *The author's war impressions of France.*

The Sword of Deborah, by F. Tennyson Jesse, illus. [Doran]. *War achievements of British women.*

Inventions of the Great War, by A. Russell Bond, illus. [Century]. *An untechnical study.*

Travel

Prowling About Panama, by George A. Miller, illus. [Abingdon]. *Sketches of Panama and the Canal Zone.*

Yucatan Scenes and Sounds, by Albert Kelsey, F.A.I.A., illus. [pub. at Philadelphia]. *Impressions of an architect.*

Miscellaneous

The University of Pennsylvania, Franklin's College, by Horace Mather Lippincott, illus. [Lippincott]. *The history of our first university.*

Truth, by Sir Charles Walston [Putnam]. *A reconstruction essay, ten chapters with appendix.*

The Grizzly, by Enos A. Mills, illus. [Houghton]. *Experiences of a Rocky Mountain hunter.*

Education and Citizenship, by Edward Kidder Graham [Putnam]. *A discussion of the American college's function.*

Century Readings in American Literature, ed. by Fred Lewis Pattee, Litt.D. [Century]. *Selections for an American literature course.*

The Realities of Modern Science, by John Mills, illus. [Macmillan]. *A layman's physical chemistry.*

The Law of Mind in Action, by Fenwicke Lindsay Holmes [McBride]. *The basic principles of mental science.*

Mind and Conduct, by Henry Rutgers Marshall, L.H.D., D.S. [Scribner]. *A discussion of the correlation of mind and conduct.*

The Mason-Wasps, by J. Henri Fabre [Dodd, Mead]. *A study of home-building wasps.*

Education in Ancient Israel to 70 A. D., by Fletcher Harper Swift (Open Court). *An outline of Hebrew education.*

Boy Behavior, by W. H. Burger (Association). *A guide for workers with boys.*

Juvenile

The Boy Scouts Book of Stories, ed. by Franklin K. Mathews, illus. [Appleton]. *Thirteen American and British stories.*

The French Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Casenave, bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon Frank Dilnot, American correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle", at a dinner given on July 15 by the Association of Foreign Press Correspondents in the Rendezvous Restaurant. M. Casenave said he acknowledged in behalf of France the work done by foreign newspapers in the United States during the war. Marcel Knecht, of the French High Commission, presided at the dinner. Mr. Dilnot has contributed several articles to THE BOOKMAN.

John Fox, Jr., novelist, died of pneumonia at his home at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, July 8, after a brief illness.

John Fox, Jr., made his first mark as a novelist in developing comparatively unknown phases of life. He made the mountain region of the Blue Grass state famous in a series of brilliant stories. The first to appear was "A Mountain Europa" in 1894, to be followed the next year by "A Cumberland Vendetta". Then followed "Hell-for-Sartain", "The Kentuckians", "Crittenden", "Bluegrass and Rhododendron", "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come", "Christmas Eve on Lonesome", "Knight of the Cumberland", "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine", and "The Heart of the Hills" published in 1913.

I-Wonder-Why Stories, by George Adam [Doran]. *Talks delivered at children's services.*

The Joyous Travelers, by Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poulsson, illus. [Lothrop]. *A collection of stories and ballads.*

Brother Van, by Stella Brummitt [Missionary Educ. Movement]. *The story of a pioneer preacher.*

Living Together as Boys, by W. R. Boorman [Association]. *Discussions on camp spirit.*

Three Plays for Boys, by Frederick L. Fay and M. A. Emerson, Ph.D. [Association] *Plays for boy scouts.*

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Sometimes Even the Critics Go Wrong

Did H. G. Wells write the "Journal of a Disappointed Man"?

WHAT CRITICS SAY

"The fact that Mr. Wells stands sponsor for it with a solemn and laudatory introduction, in which he carefully gives us certain details regarding the diarist's life, scarcely re-enforces our confidence in its authenticity. On previous occasions, as a matter of fact, Mr. Wells has sought to deceive us, without being successful in his deception. If Mr. Wells did not himself write 'The Journal of a Disappointed Man' it nevertheless bears frequent evidences of his handiwork. In the first place, from its very beginning it is altogether too sophisticated to be the work of a mere boy. . . . Despite the testimony of Mr. Wells and others, we are not prepared to accept the authenticity of this journal. It is in many ways a commendable and ingenious piece of work, but its internal evidence all points to its writing by a practiced literary hand. And that the hand is the indefatigable H. G. Wells's we have little doubt."—Boston *Evening Transcript.*

"For the rest, it is a hoax, whether it is a genuine document or not, and hereafter we should be leary of these concerted boosting campaigns of the London writing fraternity. Certain indications render the authenticity of the document suspect."—Chicago *Daily Tribune.*

"If it be the work of so prolific a writer as H. G. Wells, in a genuine history it is, to say the very least, extremely puzzling. Mr. Wells has given to the volume an interesting 'introduction'; a kindness he also performed, it may be remembered, for a certain book called 'Boon.' But whether fiction or veritable autobiography, the book is a remarkable piece of work, nothing less than the unveiling of a human soul. . . . If this is indeed a work of creative imagination, it is one of which any author would have a right to be proud—even an author so well and so highly established as, for instance, H. G. Wells."—New York *Times.*

WHAT FRANK SWINNERTON SAYS

"Wells definitely did *not* write the book. The author is one . . ., who really is dying, but who is not dead. He is quite unknown to Wells. Publication arose as follows: I read the MS. and thought we ought to do it. I said so. Mair had said that Wells had promised to write a preface, but neither Wells nor Mrs. Wells could recall any such promise. But as the author wrote to us saying that he would be very grateful if Wells would do this, and as Wells is very friendly and intimate with me, Wells agreed. I therefore, when next going to Easton for the week-end (as I often go), took a set—an imperfect set—of the proofs with me. Wells read them all one afternoon, making comments and asking me questions. It was arranged that I should get some biographical particulars. The author also sent along a bundle of his scientific writings, his notebooks, etc. Wells had these for several weeks, and at last produced the preface. He has already explicitly disclaimed the authorship—in a letter to the Westminster Gazette, giving the account I have just given of the manner in which his connection with the book arose. The author really is dying, but his life has been prolonged by the book's success; and I understand that he is now in a nursing home, with no hope of recovery or further literary activity. The only reason for the attribution to Wells is that Barbellion was at South Kensington, and that he admires Wells to the point of sometimes imitating his style of writing. But I can assure you that I am on such terms with Wells as to put absolutely out of the question the idea that Wells should have made a mystification to me. Also, no man could do more than the work Wells does under his own name. The only book he has ever faked was 'Boon,' and that was quite obviously a fake, humorous and nonsensical. But people will not believe plain truth. You may use everything I have said above, excepting the author's real name."

Whichever side you accept, the fact remains that "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" by W. N. P. Barbellion is the literary surprise of the season. Every bookseller has it. Net $2.00

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Mr. Fox went to Cuba during the Spanish-American war as a correspondent with the expeditionary force. He also saw service as a war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war.

"Canon Barnett: His Life, Work, and Friends" by Mrs. Barnett is announced as one of the fall biographies. This volume, it is said, bears the vivid imprint not only of a remarkable personality, but of a social movement which has crystallized into a now universal institution—the university settlement.

Miss Brampton, Archie's governess in the new novel by E. F. Benson, "Across the Stream", could put it all over the Montessori system. She had a delightful habit of setting down in Archie's copy-book, while he was learning to write, such maxims as these: "Never brush your teeth with the housemaid's broom", and an equally provocative one, "He would not sit down, so they bit him".

While Archie was copying these maxims his mind would be filled with entrancing thoughts about the mysterious person who insisted on standing. He thought perhaps the "he" was his father, who liked to stand with his back to the fire, and the "they" referred to the servants who bit him when he would not allow them to mend the fire at tea time. But he always approved of Miss Brampton's methods.

E. Alexander Powell, author of "Fighting in Flanders", "Vive la France!" and other volumes, has been made a Knight of the Order of Leopold by King Albert of Belgium in recognition of his service to Belgium and particularly in recognition of "Fighting in Flanders". This is the highest decoration bestowed by Belgium. Mr. Powell's new book, "The

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Army Behind the Army", the story of the army on this side that enlisted trained and equipped the gold-chevron men that went across, is just about to be published.

A new Dooley book—the first since the publication of "Mr. Dooley Says" in 1910—is announced for early August. "On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils" is the title of the new book, and the "other necessary evils" about which Mr. Dooley speaks across the bar to his friend "Hinnessy" include going to see the doctor, old age, past glories, and criminal trials.

Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" is being given an elaborate screen production this summer. More than a thousand horses and ten thousand people are being used in the various scenes. The government is allowing the producers to use the flagship Minneapolis and bodies of cavalry, infantry, sailors, marines, and aviators for the battle scenes.

Admirers of the works of A. Neil Lyons will be glad to know that his publishers are bringing out next month a new volume entitled, "A London Lot", based on the successful English play, "London Pride". The human, humorous and lovable people of the East End of London (that used to be known as the coster class) figure as usual in this new story.

The author of the poem, "La Passion de notre Frère, le Poilu", a translation of which by Arthur Guiterman appeared in THE BOOKMAN of last December, has published in France a complete edition of his "Rimiaux d'Anjou". M. Leclerc dedicates his volume to François Villon and François Rabelais, "who have taught me," he says, "to understand and to love our native language".

LITERARY AGENTS AND WRITERS' AIDS (*Continued*)

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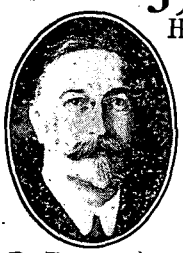

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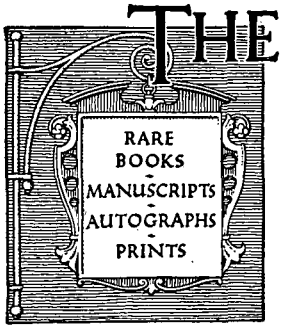

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

The number of "house organs" published in this country is so large as to have caused the Bulletin of Bibliography to issue a list of them. These are not the familiar "parlor organs" of the rural homestead, but magazines regularly published in the interest of some trade or manufacturing concern. Some day a collection of them will reflect credit upon the collector who was thoughtful enough to gather these abstract and brief chronicles of the time and trade.

Next season the Grolier Club will have an exhibition of bookbindings of metal and other materials than leather, which will supplement the interesting exhibition of historical bookbindings which has been on view at the clubhouse for some time. There is plenty of material accessible in the libraries of club members, and lovers of the bibliopegic art are looking forward to the exhibition with much interest.

The discovery of the papers of Cæsar Rodney—the Delaware Signer of the Declaration of Independence—a part of which were sold in Philadelphia recently, shows that there is still a great deal of valuable unpublished autographic material for the collector, if he can only find it. The absence of any important letters of Cæsar Rodney from any of the great autograph collections dispersed in years, started Stan V. Henkels, the veteran Philadelphia auctioneer, on a quest for the Rodney letters, which he rightly surmised must have been kept together. After the death of the last near relative of the Signer, who professed ignorance of the whereabouts of the papers, they were discovered in an attic of the house in which he and his famous ancestor had lived, at Wilmington, Delaware. The finder, one of the heirs, at once knew that a lot of letters signed by Washington, Lafayette, generals in the Revolution and statesmen of the period must be of value; but their market value must have been a still greater surprise than the finding of the papers. Several sets of Signers of the Declaration have been notably improved by the dispersal of this collection, as it has been difficult to obtain good letters of either Cæsar Rodney or George Read, another Signer. Collectors are particularly anxious to obtain letters written in the year of the signing of the Declaration, and here were not only many of these but one actually written by Cæsar Rodney on July 4, 1776, telling how he rode through "thunder and rain" to arrive in Philadelphia in time to sign the immortal document. Some letters of John Adams to Cæsar A. Rodney, the attorney-general under Jefferson and Madison, were particularly interesting. One written in 1818 complains of a situation which has not altogether been

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remedied. "There are", he writes, "but eight states at this time represented in Congress, a Circumstance by no means proper in the present situation of public Affairs." Ten years earlier Jefferson had complained of the dilatory tactics of congress. And now—?

Another important collection of papers which had been lost sight of for many years is now safely reposing in the vaults of the New Hampshire Historical Society, awaiting cataloguing and arrangement. These are the Weare Papers, which included the correspondence of Mesheck Weare, first president of New Hampshire and chairman of the Committee of Safety of that state in the Revolution. There were also historical documents and papers of colonial worthies which had been in the state archives at one time. Librarian Otis G. Hammond of the New Hampshire Historical Society believed the papers to be in existence, but could get no trace of them. One day a friend informed him that they were in the possession of Frank C. Moore of Brooklyn, to whom they came by will from Jacob B. Moore, Jr., who had inherited them from his father, a historian of New Hampshire. They were to be sold at auction, but the state brought proceedings to recover them. After the matter had dragged along in the courts for about three years a settlement was effected with the innocent holders, and the papers, among which were documents and letters of the highest importance to future historians of New Hampshire, were returned to the state. Estimates of their value varied from $40,000 to $60,000. Historical students do not have as easy access to state archives as they did formerly, which is fortunate, perhaps, for some of the states,

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but which has prevented many collectors from enriching their autograph collections. Nowadays, when autographs are offered for sale, they must have a good pedigree and a clear title must be given. The most notable instance of this in recent times was the proposed sale of the Medici papers, in the possession of an Italian duke, but evidently taken years ago from the Italian archives. After they had been catalogued for sale at Sotheby's in London, the Italian government stepped in and prevented the dispersal of one of the most valuable autograph collections in existence.

Now that the war is over, autograph collectors begin to take heart again, and will indulge a little more freely in their chosen hobby. The death of President Roosevelt has brought into the market a considerable number of his letters which for obvious reasons the authors did not care to have made public, even in the limited manner of an auction catalogue, while he was still living. Letters wholly in Theodore Roosevelt's handwriting are not common, and some of these have brought high prices. Those now coming into the market have served to increase the price of his letters rather than diminish it, for some of them are of an intimate character and reveal much of his unique personality. Such letters will be increasingly valuable as time goes by.

Some of the wise autograph collectors started, early in the war, to secure letters and documents of generals and statesmen who have taken a prominent part in the world-struggle, but these are not always easy to acquire. A French autograph dealer recently priced a short and unimportant letter of General Foch at five hundred

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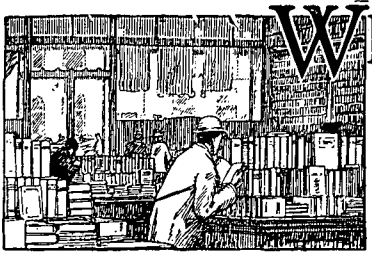

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francs, which is about the price that would be asked for a similar letter of Napoleon Bonaparte. The letters of the leading generals in the Great War have not found their way into the hands of dealers to any extent, and the collector who secures any of them now will have reason to congratulate himself, one of these days.

It is thus and so: in the May number of THE BOOKMAN appeared a Gossip Shop note dealing with the resignation of Padraic Colum from the Poetry Society of America. In the course of the story the note said that "Edward J. Wheeler, president of the society, has repeatedly announced that George Sylvester Viereck was expelled for an overt act in accepting money from the German government after we had gone to war." Mr. Wheeler has apparently denied the assertion attributed to him. A typed copy, received in this office, of a letter written by him to Mr. Viereck reads as follows:

April 2, 1919.

Dear Mr. Viereck:

In answer to the inquiry in your letter of April 1st, namely, whether at any time in my address to the members of the Poetry Society I said you accepted money from the German Government after the United States had entered the war, my answer is, I have not said that, either to the Poetry Society or to any one else at any time.

Respectfully,

(Signed) EDWARD J. WHEELER.

The tenor of our note was the situation as it related to Mr. Colum. In our statement as to what Mr. Wheeler said we followed the report of the

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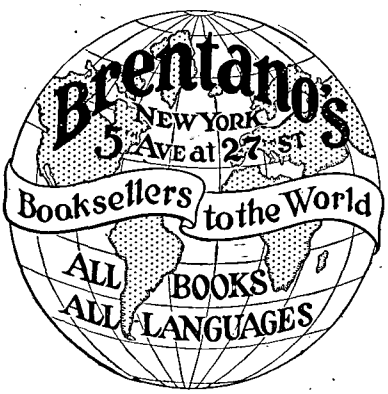

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matter which appeared in a New York newspaper. The newspapers that reprinted the original remark attributed to Mr. Wheeler, we believe, have printed a retraction. Neither did, nor does, THE BOOKMAN wish to say that Mr. Wheeler said what he says he did not say.

James Branch Cabell writes in a letter: "It interests me less to know who actually is the London correspondent of THE BOOKMAN than what meaning he attaches to the word 'calligraphy'. That is the point THE BOOKMAN readers should be invited to guess at, rather than the name of the real Simon Pure." This hifalutin' word appeared in the July causerie of the Londoner.

Dr. Albert H. Buck, whose "Growth of Medicine from the Earliest Times to about 1800" is being published by the Yale University Press, gathered much of the material for his first volume in Europe, but was prevented by the war from continuing his researches there. The great libraries of this country failed to produce all the material he wanted, but in six months of study in Lexington, Kentucky, he found in the Transylvania Medical Collection much material which was not known to exist on this side of the Atlantic. This library, of some 20,000 volumes, was collected by Transylvania University in the first part of the last century. Because of certain local conditions it had been kept from public view for nearly fifty years. Besides the medical collection, which is only one of its departments, it contains many rare books of Americana and on other subjects about which nothing has been known by students generally until within the last year or so.

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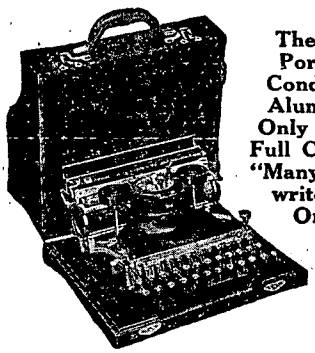

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